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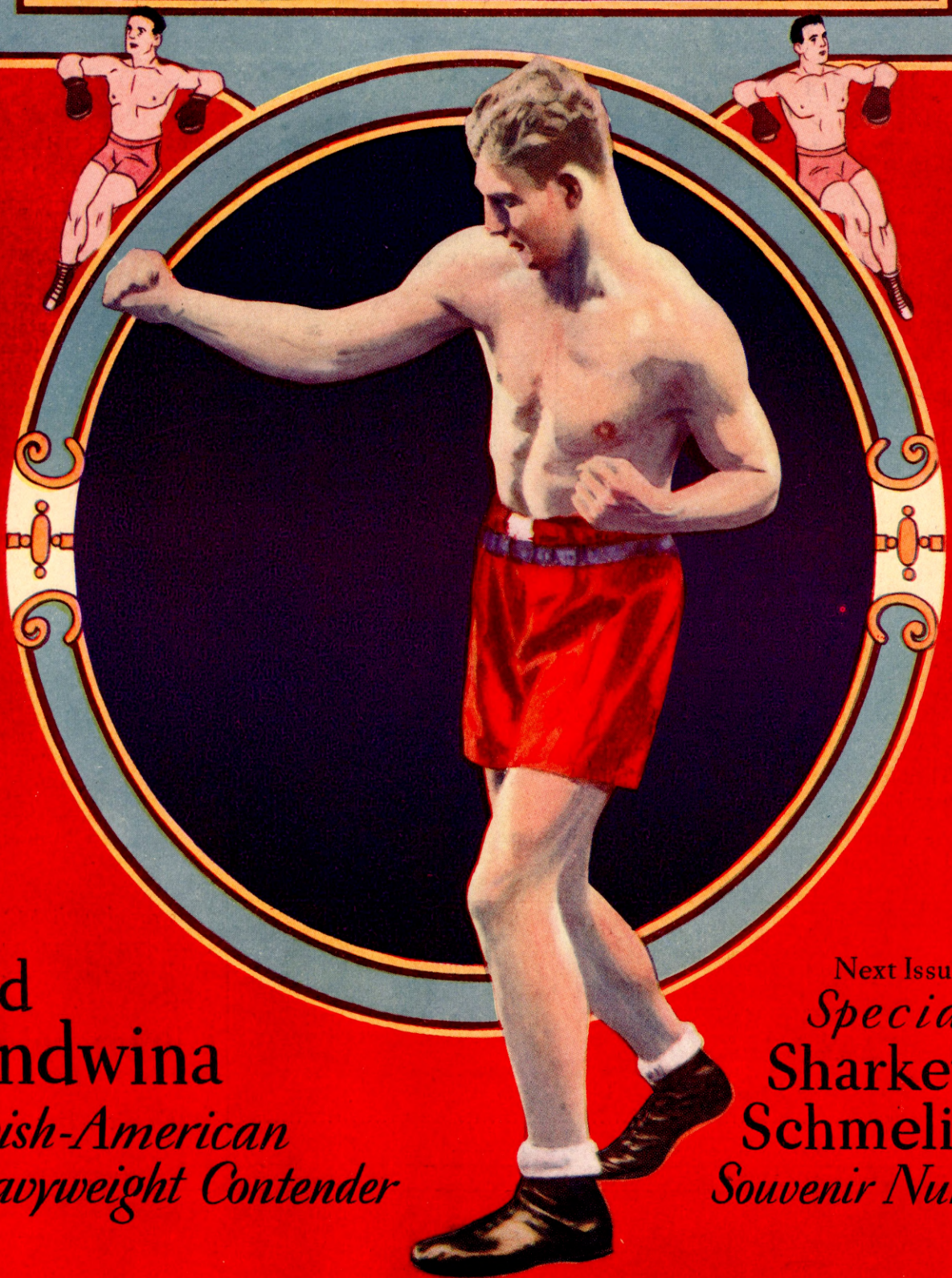

Ted Sandwina

Jewish-American Heavyweight Contender

Next Issue

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Sharkey-Schmeling

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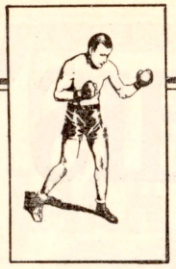

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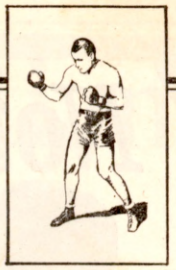

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Table of Contents

		Page
SHARKEY OR SCHMELING?	By Jack Dempsey	4
TEX RICKARD, SCHOOL COMMISSIONER	By Arthur G. Browne	6
BODY PUNCHING, LOST ART, IS REVIVED	By Jack Skelly	8
WHEN DANIEL MENDOZA'S COLORS WERE LOWERED		9
WHEN FITZ AND MAHER PUT LANGTRY ON THE MAP	By Jim Nasium	10
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED		12
BEFORE AND AFTER—IN THE BARE-KNUCKLE DAYS		13
SPIKE WEBB AND NAVAL ACADEMY BOXING	By R. N. Antrim	14
THEIR CONTESTS WERE THRILLERS		16
JOE GRIM, THE IRON MAN	By Jack Kofoed	17
CRAFTY KID McCOY	By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	19
HOW BOUTS ARE JUDGED	By Charles F. Mathison	20
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS—Editorial Comment		22
GOLIATH BUYS HIS GIRL ANOTHER APPLE	By Daniel M. Daniel	24
"HE CAN'T TAKE IT"	By Wilbur Wood	26
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER—Part 2	By Jack Curley as told to Frank Graham	28
IN THE LONG AGO	By A. D. Phillips	30
THE ANTIQUES OF FISTIANA	By Jack Lawrence	31
OLD FACES IN NEW ROLES		33
HERKILIDES, THE FEROCIOUS GREEK	By Joe Humphreys	34
WORLD'S LEADING MIDDLEWEIGHTS		36
FOUR WAYS TO DOWN A WRESTLER		37
SECONDING A FIGHTER—Then and Now		38
THE DOWNFALL OF A CHAMPION		39
NEGRO PUGILISTS WHO SCALED THE HEIGHTS		40
"THERE'S MANY A SLIP"	By Ted Scott	41
FOR THE BOY'S SAKE	By Edwin A. Goewey	42
CLERGYMAN TELLS OF HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH FIGHTERS	By Rev. D. Harold Hickey	44
AL FRIEDMAN, BIBLE SCHOLAR, LINGUIST, BOXER	By Nat Frank	45
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	By Eddie Borden	50
NEW YORK GOSSIP	By Eddie Borden	52
THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA	By Ross E. Kauffman	54
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS	By "Sparrow" Robertson	56
RING CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	By Ted Broadribb	57
FROM DETROIT AND VICINITY	By Ray Bouslog	60
IN CALIFORNIA	By Theron Fiske	61
IN SOUTHERN OHIO	By Jimmy Amann	62
TIMELY GOSSIP AND NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON	By Doc Almy	64
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO	By Frank Mastro	67
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS	By Charles F. Mathison	70

In Our Next Issue

Heavyweight History in Stirring Pictures—Action Photos in color of the leading championship fights from Sullivan to Gene Tunney.

When Careless Corbett lost the title to Fitz—Another interesting story by Jim Nasium.

Hype Igoe, one of America's foremost boxing writers, tells of Lil' Arthur's Lean Days—a story of the "Coffee and—" period in Jack Johnson's Life.

Joe Humphreys continues his reminiscences with a thrilling story of Terry McGovern's Great Triumph over Pedlar Palmer.

Another of the series by Wilbur Wood, "Negro Boxers Revive the Glories of Dixon's Heyday."

These, in addition to the usual fiction by Daniel M. Daniel and Ed Goewey and the third of Jack Curley's articles in his series, "Memoirs of a Promoter."

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The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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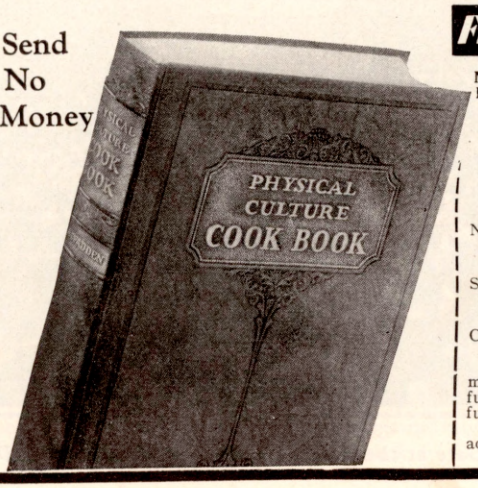

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SHARKEY *or*

Manassa Mauler, in Another Exclusive Article, Handles Subject Frankly

By Jack Dempsey

IN my travels about the country these days, I get the same old oft repeated question, "Who will win the Sharkey-Schmeling fight?"

I usually counter with a similar query—"Well, who will win?" Because, in all sincerity, I have not yet made up my mind definitely as to the probable outcome of that fight, but right now I incline to the belief that Sharkey will keep the title on this side. I want to see Schmeling work before I make a final prediction.

The German hasn't been here for so long that he may have developed something new, especially with that left of his, which he hadn't learned to use very often when he was over here for the Risko and Paulino fights.

At this time Sharkey impresses me as a fighter who knows too much for the Uhlan. You know, Schmeling hasn't been fighting so very long. He came along at a pretty rapid pace once he reached the United States, and fortune has played right into his hands.

What a soft career Schmeling has had going into the fight with Sharkey! Imagine everybody on this side laying a nice new carpet for the foreigner to walk on, in his progress toward a title match! Sharkey had to clean them all from his path, but Schmeling did nothing but remain idle.

It certainly wasn't that way when I reached New York with about a buck in my jeans, looking for a fight. I had to take them on in succession—Anderson, Johnson and the rest, down to Fulton, who was rated a pretty clever heavyweight before I met him in that quick thing over in Jersey.

I had to fight everybody and prove that I deserved the match with Jess Willard at Toledo. When I met Willard under that blazing sun, I decided that it was up to me to impress the fans right off the reel. Maybe I did a good job. I knew right from the start that I had the big boy going, but I had no intention of saving him in any way.

Sharkey looks like the best heavyweight in training, but he is by no means what I would call the ideal fighter. Jack has the stuff, but he is given to moods. And he may have a weakness in the body. He doesn't like to be hit hard in the wind, and it remains to be seen if Schmeling can get to the midsection hard enough and often enough to make this a serious factor.

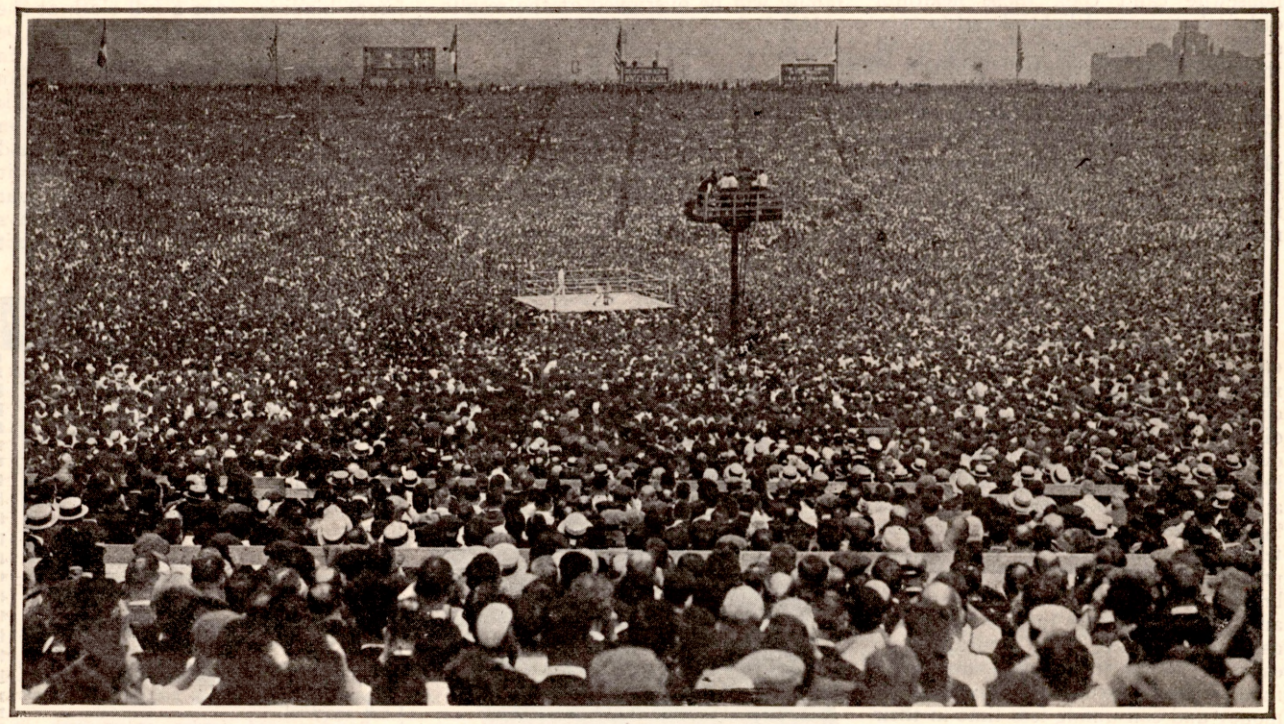
* * *

AS for Schmeling, he impresses me as a fighter who might not like to take it on the jaw. You see, Schmeling has been knocked out. Gypsy Daniels, not a great fighter, did it. Larry Gaines, not a great heavy, also turned the trick. What has been done once or twice, may be done again. That is the strict law of the ring, and history backs it up plenty.

Granted that Sharkey has a body weakness, and Schmeling has a jaw weakness, how should it turn out?

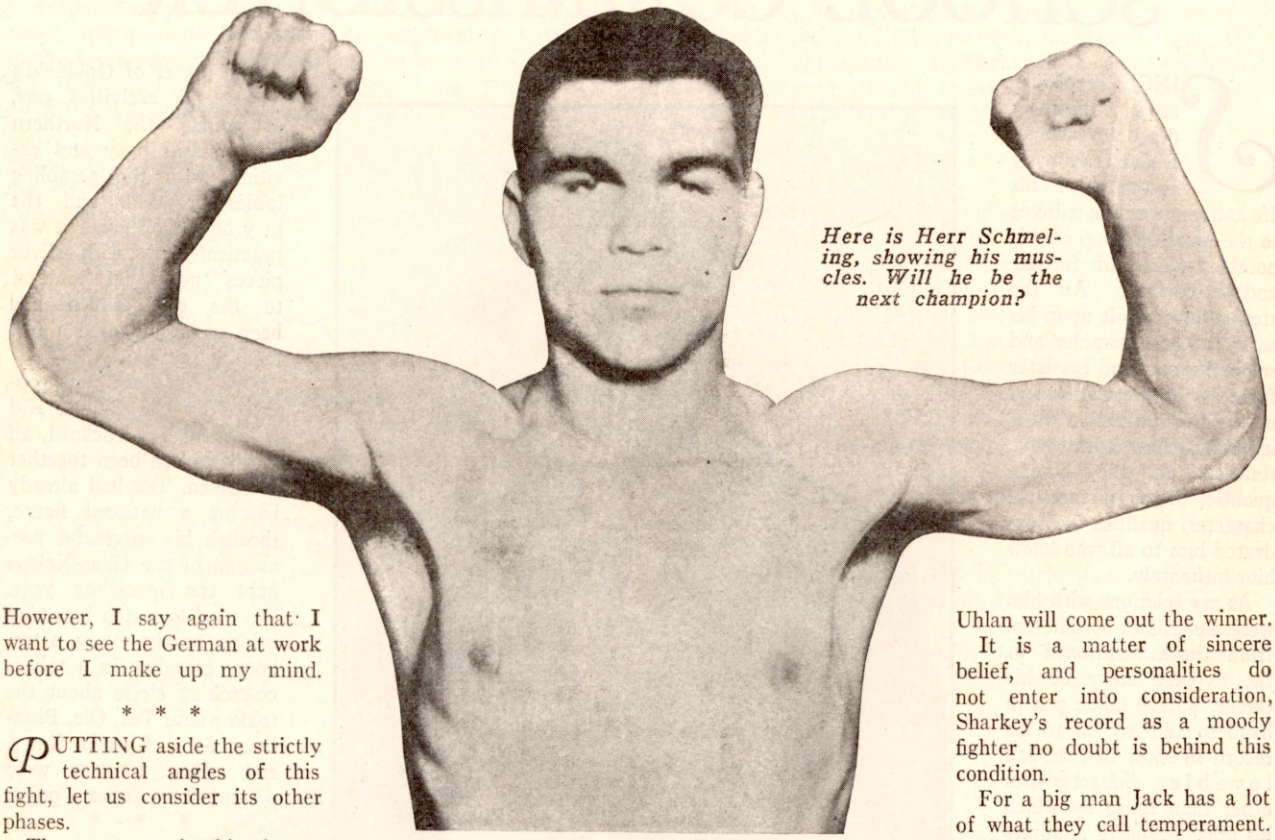
I can see Jack rushing from his corner, eager to get the jump on the German. I can see Sharkey striking for the jaw with those hard lefts of his, and I can see Schmeling coming in with the right for the midriff.

This picture seems to have no great danger for the American.



This is the Million Dollar Gate at the Battle of the Century in which Dempsey knocked out Carpentier

SCHMELING?



Here is Herr Schmeling, showing his muscles. Will he be the next champion?

However, I say again that I want to see the German at work before I make up my mind.

* * *

PUTTING aside the strictly technical angles of this fight, let us consider its other phases.

The contest should give a great impetus to the game on this side. Of course, a Schmeling victory would be great for boxing on the Continent, and it would very likely rouse the Britons, too. The game has spasmodic adventures in Europe.

It makes occasional leaps toward the big money class, which is essential for maintaining the high standards of the sport and its exponents. But it doesn't seem to be able to steady down over there.

A Schmeling triumph would interest Europe more in boxing, and perhaps would lead to an all European fight for the title between Max and Carnera.

Your American likes the international angle in a heavyweight championship fight. The entry of a German into the ring would bring a situation hitherto unmatched in the heavyweight division—that is, in so far as the title is concerned.

I think that the international flavor is the main thing in the building the million dollar gate.

* * *

THAT was the chief factor in the fight I had with Georges Carpentier in Jersey City. Carpentier was a terrific hitter that day, but he was too light for me. Still, the fact that he was a Frenchman made the fight.

An American with Carpentier's ability would not have made a very good looking match. But a foreigner gave the event the proper flavor. Carpentier had in his favor a lot of war drama.

Of course, you must have at least one fighter who is known to be a hitter—and a hard one, too.

I think all the requisites for this million dollar gate are furnished in the Sharkey-Schmeling fight.

You'd be surprised at the number of votes the German gets among followers of the game. I have been amazed in my travels from the Atlantic to the Pacific to find well-known boxing critics taking their places with those who believe the Uhlan will come out the winner.

It is a matter of sincere belief, and personalities do not enter into consideration, Sharkey's record as a moody fighter no doubt is behind this condition.

For a big man Jack has a lot of what they call temperament. He has the fighting instinct, all right. But he also has something that makes him cry, for example. Remember that night at Miami in the Scott fight? How he stood in his corner and wept?

I don't know just why he cried, but I have a suspicion that it was just an overflow of emotion. Now, heavyweights aren't supposed to be emotional. At least, they mustn't show their emotion in public. But Sharkey is one of those I don't care fellows—and emotion or no emotion, he can fight.

* * *

ONLY recently I had a fanning bee with some well-known boxing critics, and I was surprised that so many of them picked Schmeling to win by a knockout.

Now, I am afraid that Sharkey is quite generally underestimated. He has whipped some fine fighters, and he has done it in a fine way. Every now and then in his record you come to a pause, but Sharkey has a way of keeping from two bad fights in a row. I think he's due for a good one against Schmeling.

You know, coming right down to it, whom has the German really licked? Paulino went fifteen rounds with the Uhlan—went the limit and gave Schmeling a whale of a fight. I don't believe the Basque could have gone fifteen rounds with Sharkey at the time.

True, Schmeling stopped Risko in nine rounds, but Risko at that time, was on the downgrade. He had been cuffed around by Harry Persson of Sweden, who was no wonder. Later Risko came on the rebound like a rubber ball, and more recently he got a decision over Campolo in New York.

I am a great admirer of ring achievement and ring records, as against mere belief. That is why I lean toward Sharkey, who knows the tricks of the game and is wise, while the German is a comparatively inexperienced fighter. And I don't like his going back to Germany to (*Continued on page* 46)

TEX RICKARD, SCHOOL COMMISSIONER

SINCE Tex Rickard's untimely death a year ago, I have read many accounts of his life and innumerable tributes to the sportsmanship of this notable soldier of fortune and ex-cowboy. All the stories have dwelt upon his early life as a gambler and saloon-keeper, and his later fame as the great promoter of the Million Dollar Boxing Gate. Few stories have touched on the human qualities of this picturesque character, qualities that endeared him to all who knew him intimately.

As my relations with him were along lines so different from those mentioned in the average story of his career, I have taken pen in hand to add my bit to his record to show that he had lovable characteristics other than those by which his great legion of admirers knew and followed him.

Though many of those articles which have appeared from time to time have told of Tex's loyalty to his friends and his generosity to the less fortunate, they do not show many of the human traits which were revealed to me and about which his friends of later years would no doubt be interested in hearing.

Tex Rickard as he looked when he opened the new Madison Square Garden in New York City

In order to reveal my contacts with him, it is necessary for me to lead up to them by telling something of my own experiences. I will try to make my part in it as brief as possible, for it is only to show how I came to know Tex that I now relate them. In the spring of 1907, I had received several letters from an old college friend who had made a paper fortune in the rush and excitement at Goldfield, that most spectacular of all the wonderful mining camps of American history. He kept urging me to join him. He promised all manner of riches and success. But it was late in September when I finally landed on the scene, and by that time, the bubble had burst, the panic was on, my friend was broke, and conditions in Goldfield were at a very low ebb.

* * *

MOST of the great mushroom fortunes had been wiped out over night, mines were closing down and the unpaid miners were out of both money and work, two of the three local banks had closed their doors, and the soup kitchens were coming into existence. I had just arrived with only sufficient funds for immediate needs, but I was loath to go back east and face my friends with their "I told you so's". So I remained to enjoy my new experience in a wide-open mining camp, all the time hoping something of a break would bring me luck.

The center of Goldfield's picturesque activities was, of course, the Northern Saloon, still busy and exciting, with the gambling tables crowded, and the play heavy, although it was practically all with silver pieces now, in contrast to the gold which had been so largely used a few months previously.

The Northern was operated by Ole Elliott, Kid Hiley and Tex Rickard, all of whom had been together in Alaska. Tex had already become a national figure, through his successful promotion of the Gans-Nelson fight the preceding year. We used to watch him play bridge nearly every afternoon, crowding in a tobacco-reeking circle about the table where Tex, Ole, Pittsburg Sam, Charlie Gates, and other regulars were playing for a dollar a point.

* * *

THE money never was placed on the table and apparently the players must have settled their accounts in private. I remember that I never saw Tex drink anything but a "short beer"; in fact, these games were very quiet and dignified. Except for the fact that Tex's table was always surrounded by a wise gallery whose post-mortems, after a hand had been played, were argued at length pro and con, one would never believe such high stakes were the prizes.

During those few idle weeks, I witnessed a "shoot-up" in the Northern, when I think I beat all the others in the mad rush to the street; saw one lucky gambler break the bank at faro, while hundreds of others were daily losing their last cent on the wheel, at black jack, or with the dice; and had an amusing experience while working for a fortnight as a union steamfitter on the palatial Goldfield Hotel, then in the process of construction. But these incidents have nothing to do with my story of Tex Rickard, and are only colorful happenings in an eventful chapter of an otherwise drab life, and are brought out just to show how well I knew Tex and his early surroundings.

In my various efforts to find something to do, I had made the acquaintance of the local superintendent of schools, a very agreeable and capable gentleman named Cobb. His school attendance had naturally grown very rapidly, and the increased enrollment in the high school made it necessary for him to engage several teachers at the last minute. The fact that I had an A. B. degree from the University of Michigan, and had assured him that I could assist with the coaching of the football team—having frequently watched Yost at work!—had made him quite ready to use me if necessary. In what

His Days on Rawhide Board Recalled

By ARTHUR G. BROWNE

capacity, I do not know, and it was probably most fortunate for the youth of Goldfield that I was never put to the test. But had the enrollment reached 200, additional school funds would automatically have become available, which would have made my employment possible. That the total eventually reached 198 shows what a narrow escape those youngsters had and how close I came to entering the ranks of the pedagogs. It was a close shave all around.

During this period of watchful waiting to see how many youngsters were going to attend the Goldfield high school, the discovery of gold at Rawhide started a new excitement there. Having nothing else to do I early joined this new rush and was soon an active and enthusiastic citizen of this booming mushroom camp. I had a business lot on the main street almost adjoining the branch Northern Saloon which Tex, Kid and Ole had established; a 10 x 12 tent house in the "residential district" and a mining lease on Big-4 Hill, which several of my good friends back east also have sufficient reason to remember and regret.

* * *

AS the excitement continued and this new camp grew by leaps and bounds, there soon came a demand for schools for the children. As Rawhide was in the same county as was Goldfield, and my friend, Supt. Cobb, had jurisdiction over all the schools in Esmeralda County, he promptly came over with a teacher to get the school started. When he ran into me on the ground, he remembered my Michigan degree, and as he had to have a local committee to look after things, he appointed me one of its members. Then as he knew and liked Tex, and had great respect for his organizing and executive ability, he appointed Tex as the other local member, he himself being the third member, and chairman. He then used to come over from Goldfield about once a month to see how things were getting along, and to keep us out of trouble.

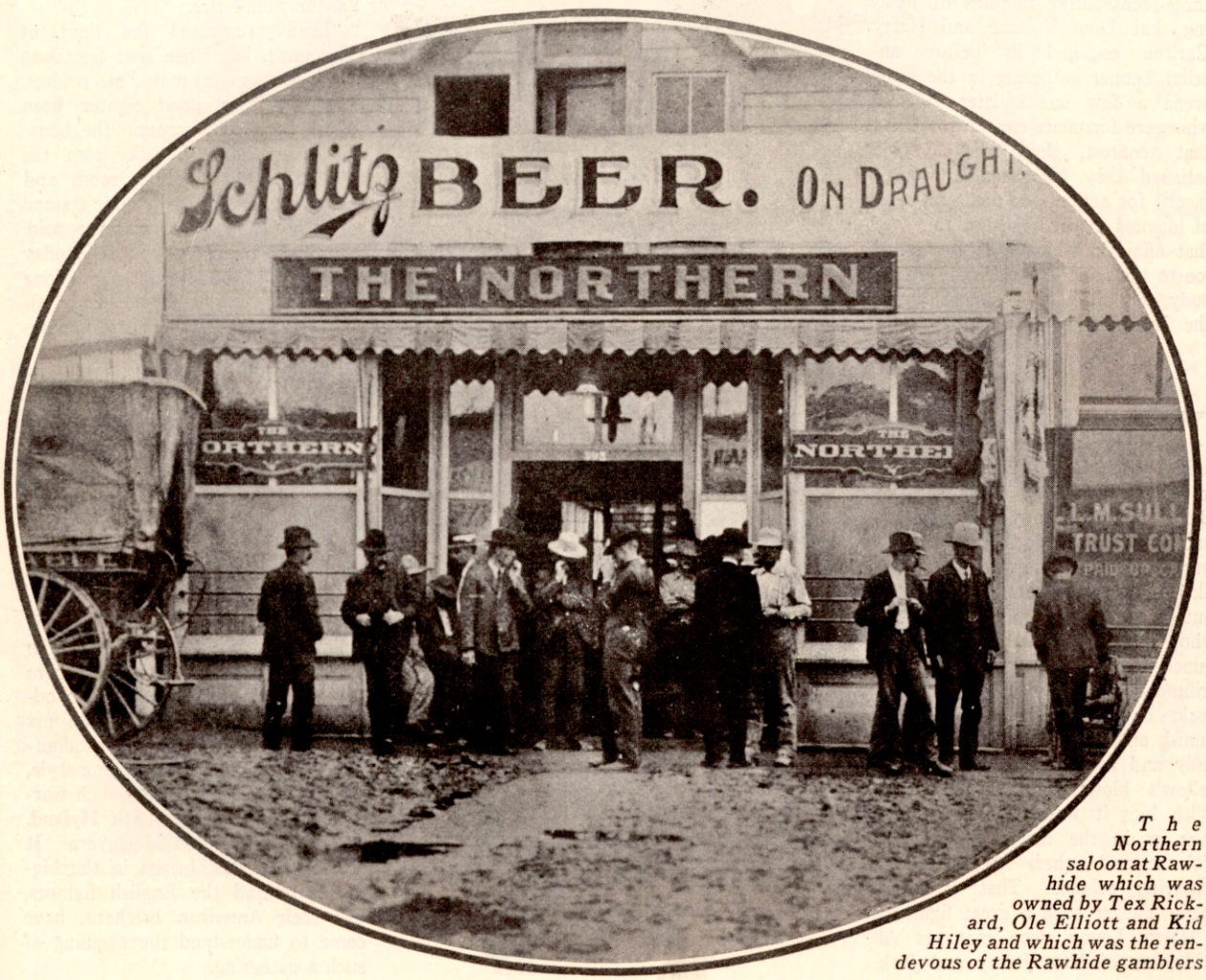
* * *

SO Tex became an active member of a Nevada county school committee, a fact that I believe will be news to the many millions who have read his story and followed his career. He did not want the job—in fact, protested his ignorance, unsuitability, and reputation along such different lines. He tried to impress on Mr. Cobb that he was absolutely unfit for such a post, but Mr. Cobb insisted, and appealed to Tex's civic responsibility—Tex's weakest spot.

So with the assurance that I would act as secretary and do any clerical work that was necessary, Tex finally consented, and from that time on he took a very active interest in the school and its affairs. We always held our meetings at his desk in the back room of the Northern, so he was always present.

We soon had to engage a second teacher, and find larger quarters, which Tex arranged at his own expense. As I recall it, we had between 40 and 50 pupils at the height of the boom.

Tex and I became intimate friends. I always found him ready to do anything he could to (*Continued on page* 71)



The Northern saloon at Rawhide which was owned by Tex Rickard, Ole Elliott and Kid Hiley and which was the rendevous of the Rawhide gamblers

Body Punching, Lost Art, is Revived

By JACK SKELLY

MANY years have elapsed since such body fighters as Jack Kid Berg and Dom Volante, two young British boys, have been on view before the American public. Fighters who employ piston-like action seem to have died with the passing of the school of which Bob Fitzsimmons, Terry McGovern, Battling Nelson, Leach Cross, Fighting Dick Hyland, Cy Smith, Battling Hurley, Harlem Tommy Murphy and others of that period were masters, but now this style is coming into its own again with the English lads leading the field. Out in Chicago there is a boy who has just graduated from the amateurs, Earl Mastro, who is action personified once the gong sends him on his way and in New York, the world center of boxing, there are Al Ridgeway and Tony Canzoneri, among others who closely follow this style of milling.

Only recently, 17,000 persons who packed Madison Square Garden went wild over the terrific pace set by Berg and Bruce Flowers over the ten round route, and a repetition of the affair was staged in their return bout on the Palestine Fund card. But this was nothing compared to the three consecutive minutes of fighting that Dom Volante and Harry Carlton engaged in before another banner gathering in the same arena a few weeks later. Those who were fortunate enough to attend that contest, left the Garden satisfied they had seen a world's record for action, for not a moment of idleness marked the last round of that affair in which the boys stood toe to toe and battered away at the body at a pace that almost forced the Jersey scrapper to collapse.

* * *

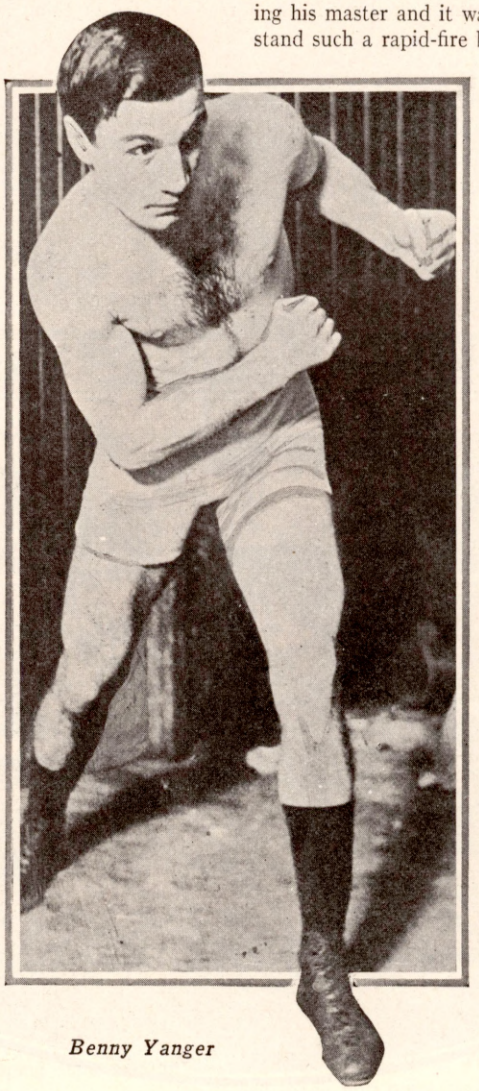
YET even that milling did not compare to the many thrilling fights which Benny Yanger engaged in many years ago. 'Tis said of Benny that as a body fighter he has had few equals since the Queensbury code went into effect. Unlike Berg, who is continuous motion but lacks the punch, and Volante who is almost wholly a body puncher, Yanger possessed every attribute of a great fighter. He could sock, he could take it, he could punish an opponent's body unmercifully and he could avoid the other fellow's blows through cleverness. With him it wasn't just give and take as in the case of Berg and Volante and others of the body-battering school. That is what made Yanger such a great fighter.

Harry Lenny, who manages Al Ridgeway of New Jersey and Jack Dorval, tells of an occasion when Yanger proved his claim to a king-pin among the body fighters. It was when Benny faced Eddie Lenny, Harry's brother, in the ring. Eddie was no setup for any scrapper. With him it was action from start to finish every time he fought.

"On the night when he met Yanger," says Lenny, "my brother started at a whirlwind clip. He made Benny's ears warm for almost two minutes of the first round with a continuous tattoo. Then the fun began. Yanger, rushing at Eddie after emerging from a jabbing attack in a neutral corner, began drumming away on brother's ribs with such rapidity, that Eddie took to travelling backwards.

* * *

"THE crowd was taken off its feet for Eddie's bewildering, brilliant start, indicated a sure victory for him. When that round ended, brother's ribs were aflame from that minute of constant hammering, and on both sides a lump appeared from the effects of the severe punishment. The tide was turned and the crowd soon realized that Eddie was meeting his master and it was just a question of how long he could stand such a rapid-fire bombardment around the body or when Yanger would tire.



Benny Yanger

"Lenny remained the limit of six rounds, but when that fight was over, he was a mass of bruises. Seldom had a good fighter been treated so harshly around the body. He could scarcely walk from the ringside to his dressing room and when he got there, he couldn't stand a rub down so severe was the pain. The body punchers you see today may be good, but it will take a long time before you see the equal of Benny Yanger," was Harry Lenny's parting shot.

Kid Broad, Eddie Hanlon, Aurelio Herrera, Harry Lewis, Tommy Murphy, Matty Baldwin, Joe Bernstein, Austin Rice and George Dixon among other stars who faced the Tipton Slasher in the roped square, could testify to the greatness of Yanger as a body puncher. The modern ring has had few who excelled him.

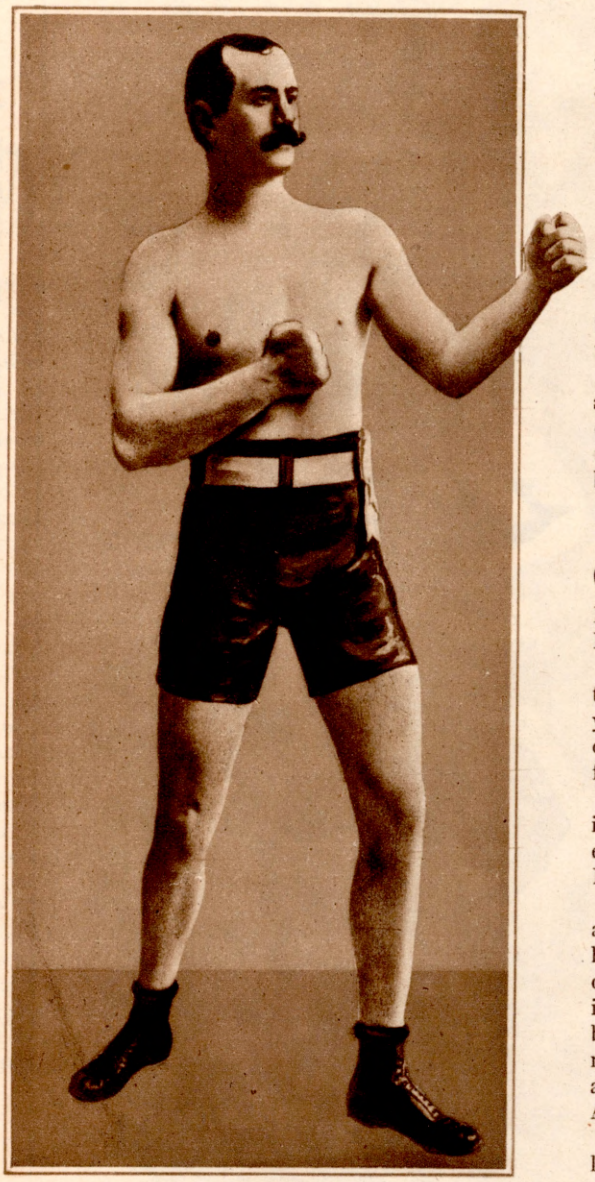
The British style of boxing is rapidly being supplanted by the American. Even in England, where only a few years ago it was an oddity to find a fighter who would mix it, we now have the leaders adopting the close-in, body-punching style, the kind made famous by such warriors of the past as Dick Hyland, Wolgast, Nelson and McGovern. It is the style that brings in the biggest gate and the English fighters, like their American brethern, have come to understand the meaning of such a gathering.

When Daniel Mendoza's Colors Were Lowered

PRIZE-FIGHT IN THE OLDEN TIME. BOXING-MATCH BETWEEN RICHARD HUMPHREYS AND DANIEL MENDOZA AT OLDHAM, IN HAMPSHIRE, 9TH JANUARY, 1788.

The above is a scene in the first battle with Richard Humphreys in 1788 in which the Jewish champion was whipped in 28 minutes.

When *FITZ* and *MAHER*



Maher, before Fitz landed on his jaw

* * *

IT was in the lobby of the La Salle, in Chicago, the morning after the night on which 140,000 persons had crowded into Soldiers' Stadium in that city and paid $2,658,660 to see Jack Dempsey make the gamest fight to recover a lost title that ring history has known, that I found the old ring follower, sitting desconsolate and alone.

"The fight game ain't what it used to be," he grumbled. "The old fight gang has gone down for the last time in a sea of society folk. The Duchess de Caciac has taken the place of Bat Masterson, an' Vincent Astor an' the Marquis of Clydesdale are sittin' in the ringside seats once occupied by Honest John Kelly an' One-Eyed Connolly.

"You don't see none o' the old gang any more—no hell-raisin' parties for weeks before a fight. Just a lot o' well-dressed men an' women that crowd in to see the fight an' then go home again—an' I'm lonesome. Nope, the fight game sure ain't what it used to be," he repeated disconsolately.

And looking back over thirty-five years of fight reporting for newspapers, I knew that the old ring follower had uttered a mouthful.

This Dempsey-Tunney affair in Chicago the night before had been attended by more millionaires than existed in the United States when Corbett took the heavyweight title away from John L. Sullivan. There had been a liberal sprinkling of society women in that great crowd around the arena, and there were state governors, United States senators and city mayors—the type of citizens who used to turn out the state militia to *prevent* fights in the old days—and they had brought their families with them on this occasion.

There was none of that old gathering of the "regulars" a week or ten days before the fight to hold high carnival, none of the licentious liberties and lawlessness that had marked the atmosphere in which the fight game had been born and bred.

* * *

CONTRAST this spectacle at Chicago with the scenes around El Paso, Texas, when Bob Fitzsimmons fought Peter Maher in February, 1896. This was the first big fight I covered as a "cub" sporting reporter.

The border town of El Paso, that had remained undisturbed by street gun fights and border rowdyism for many years, was swept into a condition of feverish excitement for days preceding the fight carnival announced by Dan Stuart for February 14, 1896.

El Paso citizens had raised a purse of $10,000, a big purse in those days, with the provision that the series of fights ending in the heavyweight bout between Fitzsimmons and Maher was to be held in or near the town.

The ink was barely dry on Dan Stuart's signature to the agreement when the governor of Texas issued an edict that he would not permit the fights to be held within the borders of the state of Texas. Despite this gubernatorial edict Stuart issued a manifesto to the effect that the fights would surely be held "in or near El Paso" as provided for in the agreement—there was Juarez, just across the river in Mexico, and there were the then territories of New Mexico and Arizona within easy reach.

Ten days before the date the "fight clans" and camp followers of the prize ring began to drift into El Paso. Newspapers from all the large cities began to send their reporters to the scene, where it looked as though the fighting would not be confined to the men who were advertised to appear in the roped arena. So great were the crowds of sporting men and gamblers drawn to El Paso that other promoters appeared on the scene to open new gambling halls, variety shows, rodeos and bull fights in Juarez, just across the Rio Grande.

* * *

PETER MAHER began training at Las Cruces, New Mexico, forty-five miles northeast of El Paso, and Fitzsimmons established his training quarters in Juarez where he and Nero, his pet lion, became objects of much curiosity. Edison's kinetoscope, one of the first moving picture machines, was rushed through the manufacturing process and completed especially to photograph this heavyweight fight. This was a big factor in attracting widespread attention to the El Paso fight carnival, as at this time no moving pictures had yet been made. This machine, it had been announced, could take "forty pictures a minute" and the *El Paso Herald* proclaimed it "undoubtedly one of the greatest inventions of the age."

In the case of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, which occurred

Put *LANGTRY* on Map

Boxing Has Lost Its Old Tang of Adventure, Says Old Reporter in First of Series

By JIM NASIUM

between ten and twelve at night, the early editions of all New York and San Francisco newspapers next morning had printed actual photographs of the fight that had been sent right from the ringside by radio, and millions of persons all over the United States and Europe "listened in" on the incidents of the fight as they transpired in the ring at Chicago. Thus have the times changed between Fitzsimmons and Maher at El Paso, and Dempsey and Tunney at Chicago.

When it began to be certain that Dan Stuart intended to go through with the fight as scheduled, Texas Rangers were ordered to El Paso to prevent it, the Arizona National Guard mobilized to stop it from being held in Arizona, Federal and state officials gathered in Las Cruces, New Mexico, Mexican troops were dispatched to Juarez to prevent the fight from being moved over the border, and delegate Tom Catron, of New Mexico, rushed a bill through United States Congress barring prize fights in the territories of the United States.

But Dan Stuart maintained his poker face and said that the fight would be held, neither denying nor confirming a current report that Bat Masterson was bringing one hundred Pinkerton detectives to El Paso to aid him in pulling off the fight.

* * *

ON February 10th, Adjutant General Mabry slipped into El Paso with ten grim and well-armed Texas Rangers. During the next few days others arrived under Captain McDonald. General Mabry conferred with the governor of New Mexico, who had come in person to size up the situation, and announced: "The Rangers will act on all soil in dispute between Texas and New Mexico and the United States and Old Mexico."

This announcement covered the situation that had been created by a rumor that the fight would be held on disputed territory as a means of evading the authorities.

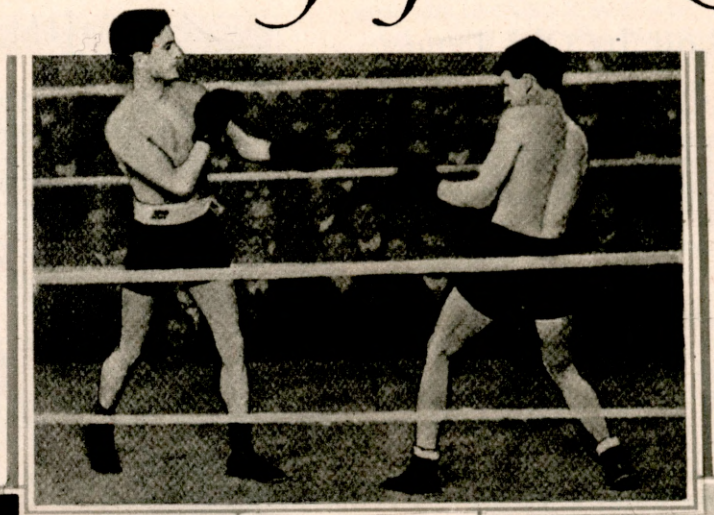
Fitzsimmons as he looked for the Langtry adventure

Left—The great City Hall and Courthouse at Langtry at the time of the fight

About this time Bat Masterson arrived from Denver and a United States Marshal with twelve deputies came from Santa Fe. John L. Sullivan was there as a spectator. Governor Ahumada, of Chihuahua, reached Juarez on February 12th with a detachment of Mexican cavalry which was stationed in troops along the Rio Grande. Colonel Parker, in command at Fort Bliss, issued orders that no officers should leave the post after six p. m.

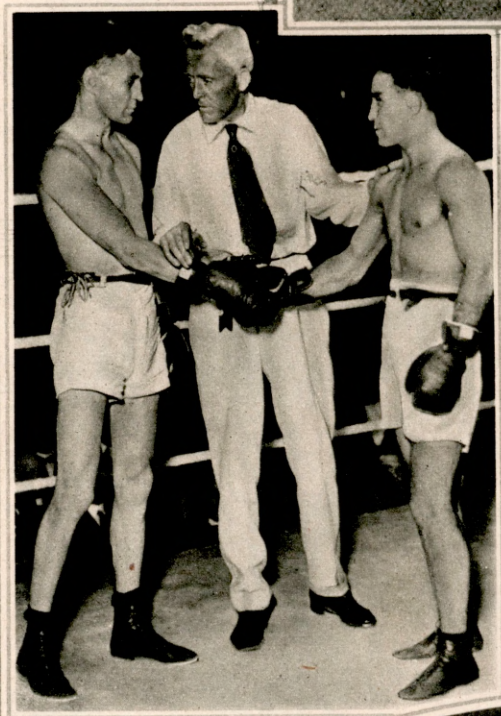
The governor of Arizona ordered companies of the Arizona National Guard to San Simon, where one report said the fight would be held. The *Tucson Citizen* protested in the following language: "Of all the continental Tom Foolery the Territory of Arizona has ever been guilty of the worst is sending the Arizona militia to chase jack rabbits up and down the San Simon valley. The idea of ordering out three or four companies of militia to stop a couple (*Continued on page* 48)

Famous Fights Recalled



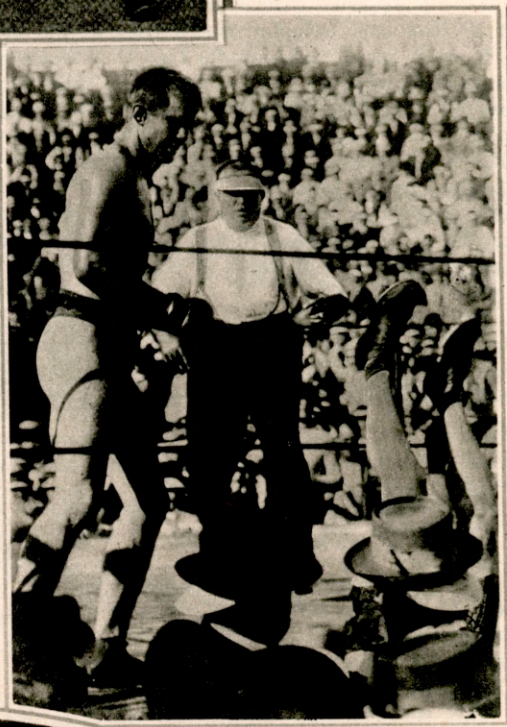
Jem Driscoll (left) and Freddy Welsh, sparring off in their memorable bout at Cardiff, on December 20, 1910, which Driscoll lost on a foul in the tenth round

Series No.6

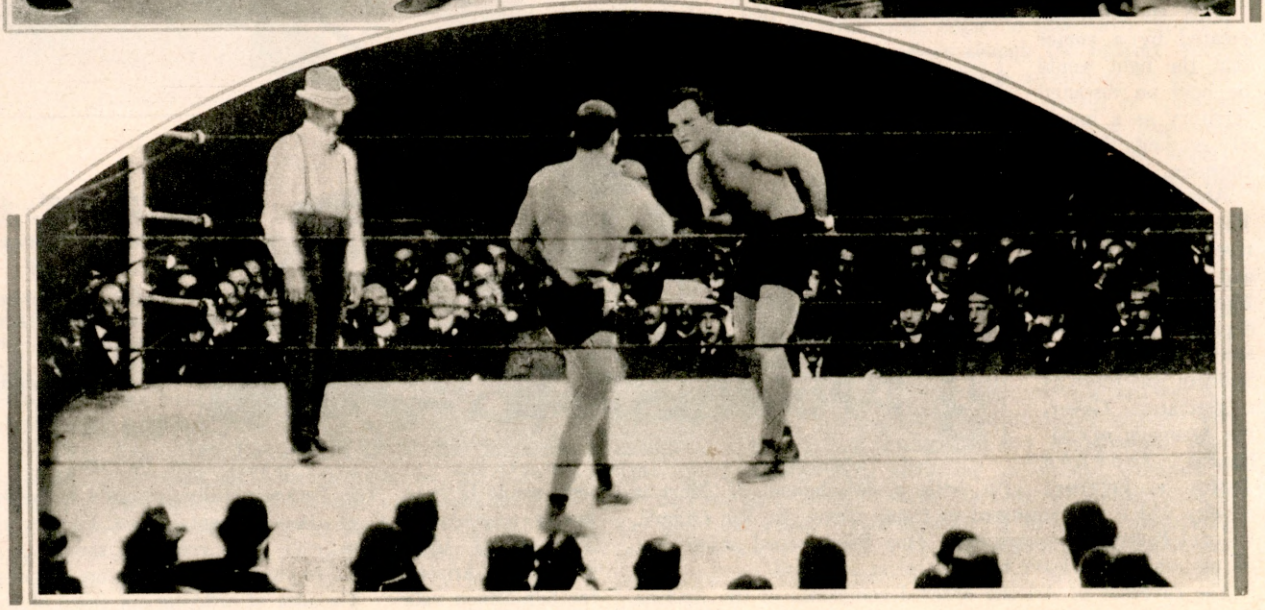


Left — When Joe Welling beat Johnny Dundee in the old Garden in 1920 in 15 rounds. Bill Brown, famous promoter and referee, was the third man in the ring

Right — The Ketchel-Papke tilt on September 8, 1908, at Los Angeles, Cal. Papke knocked out Ketchel in the twelfth round. Here we see Stanley's head outside the ring. He has been over the ropes



Below — Jeffries-Sharkey battle at Coney Island, November 3, 1899. Jeffries received the decision at the end of 25 rounds



Before and After—In the Bare-Knuckle Days

1 IZZY LAZARUS DRINKING WITH HIS FRIENDS IN HIS BAR-ROOM AT BUFFALO.

2 JONES, THE TRAINER, AND HUGHES, THE BACKER, OF THE BENICIA BOY.

3 DAD CUNNINGHAM, THE RING KEEPER.

4 SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED AND "FANCY" CHARACTERS ATTENDING THE FIGHT.

5

6

1—Bar room of Izzy Lazarus at Buffalo, Upper New York's sports rendezvous. 2—Jones, trainer, and Hughes, backer, of John C. Heenan in his fight at Long Point, Canada, with John Morrissey. 3—The picturesque ring-keeper, Dad Cunningham. 4—Distinguished members of the "Fancy" at the fight. 5—A breakfast party given to Heenan. 6—Shaking hands before the mill which was won by Morrissey when Heenan broke his hand on a stake

SPIKE WEBB *and* NAVAL ACADEMY BOXING

TEN successive years of intercollegiate competition without a single defeat in a dual match. That is the record set by Naval Academy boxing teams under the direction of Spike Webb in the last decade. Certainly a performance in which to take exceptional pride—a tribute to Navy fight and to the great little coach who made such a record possible.

Navy's boxing coach is a winner. The diminutive Spike Webb numbers his defeats upon the fingers of a single hand. His victories are innumerable. In his time as a boxing instructor, he has handled six men who have become professional champions of the world. One National Amateur, three Inter-Allied, and five Olympic champions were his pupils. In the Webb regime at the Naval Academy, out of a possible nine Intercollegiate Championships, the Navy has won six and been runner-up in three. Thirty-five individual intercollegiate championships have been taken by Naval Academy men over the same period of time.

* * *

SPIKE WEBB was born in New York City. At the age of fourteen he won his first professional fight. His school was a gymnasium and in his study of hooks and jabs he learned enough to enable him to pile up a string of thirty-four consecutive wins.

When Uncle Sam entered the Great War, Spike was managing a gymnasium in Baltimore. Being by nature a fighter, it was but a short time until the little man was found in the khaki of the Twenty-ninth Division of the United States Army. Quite naturally he was selected as boxing instructor for his division, and in a short time he became known as a maker of champions.

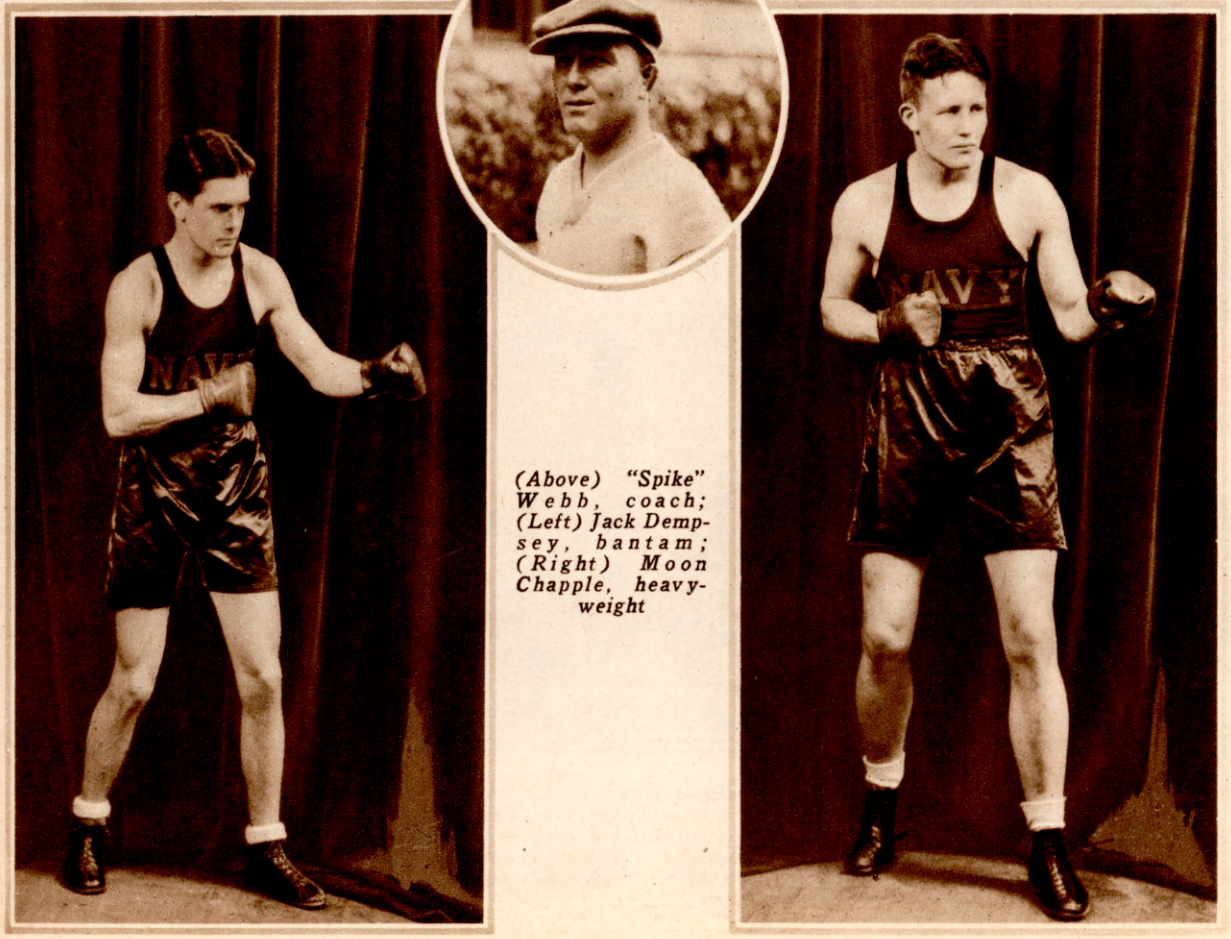
In France, Spike increased the latitude of his coaching until he gained the position of American boxing coach for the Inter-Allied Games. He won the boxing meets by a wide margin for the United States and started a young Marine, Gene Tunney, well on his way toward the heavyweight championship of the world.

* * *

WHEN, in 1919, Webb returned to America, he was engaged by the Naval Academy athletic department to instruct the midshipmen in the rudiments of fisticuffs and it wasn't long before inter-company bouts were common, and then came the novelty of an intercollegiate meet—Navy vs. the University of Pennsylvania!

That was the first college boxing meet ever staged and since then intercollegiate boxing has had a rapid growth. The sport has shown itself to be clean and wholesome, and from coast to coast institutions of higher learning have added it to their athletic curriculum.

Since Spike joined the Naval Academy, boxing has become one of the leading athletic activities at Annapolis. Although the Academy is one of the finest training camps in the world, the way to success is long and hard. Here, as elsewhere, the boy with pugilistic aspirations must start at the bottom. The training of the young fighter entails many months of hard and conscientious work. Bumps and setbacks are common, but the men do not have to be coaxed or wheedled into working. They know that to represent Navy they must fight



(Above) "Spike" Webb, coach; (Left) Jack Dempsey, bantam; (Right) Moon Chapple, heavyweight

A Bit About a Prominent Boxing Coach

By R. N. ANTRIM
(*Midshipman, U. S. Navy*)

to the top. Many drop by the wayside, but those who finish seldom fail to win a title.

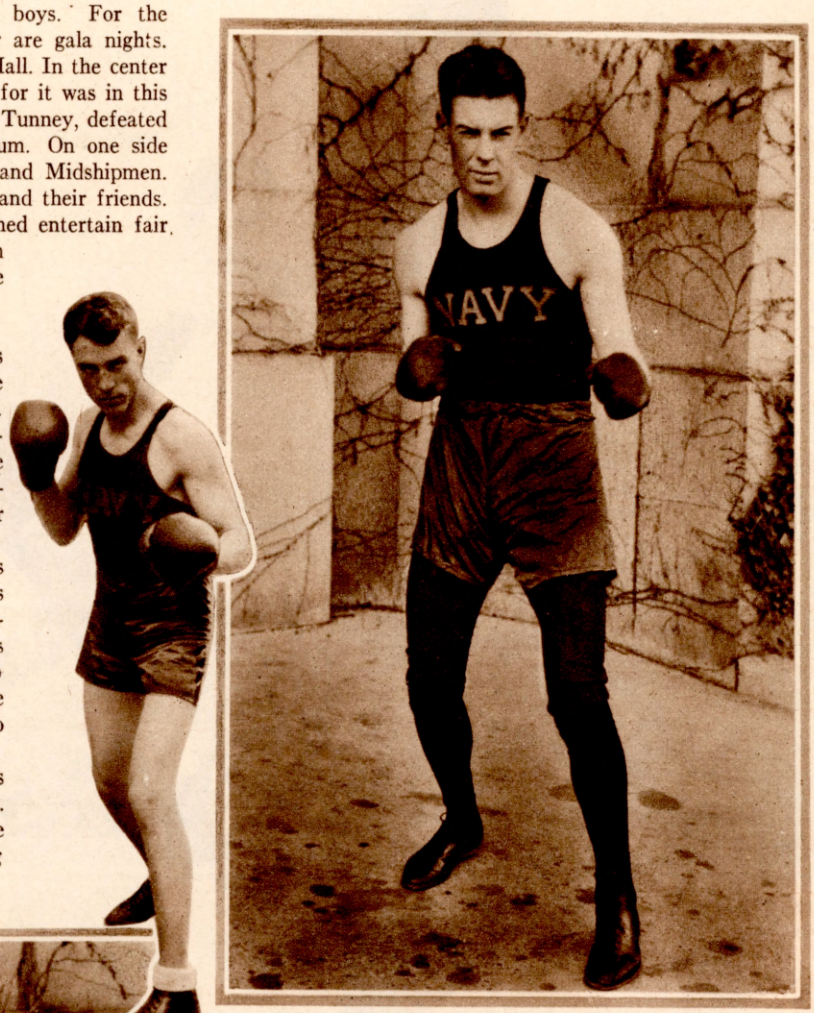
Boxing holds a prominent place on Navy's athletic calendar, and the Midshipmen are proud of Spike's boys. For the Middies, Saturday nights through the winter are gala nights. Gay crowds fill brightly-lighted McDonough Hall. In the center of the floor stands the ring—an historic one, for it was in this same ring that one of Spike's old pupils, Gene Tunney, defeated Jack Dempsey at the Sesquicentennial Stadium. On one side of this center piece is banked the Regiment and Midshipmen. Across the ring sit the officers of the station and their friends. On the third side those Midshipmen so inclined entertain fair visitors pleasantly and colorfully attired. On the fourth side are the followers of the opponents.

* * *

BLUE and gold is everywhere. The air is filled with gayety and glamour. At one end of the hall there is a slight disturbance. The teams enter. Everyone is tense and expectant. On all sides there is cheering. While the crowd studies the boys who are to perform, the timekeepers and judges take their places.

The referee enters the ring. The hall is darkened. Only the square of snowy canvas under the terrific glare of a single light remains. The Knights of the Resin and Canvas clamber through the ropes and are called to the center of the ring. A few words with the referee and they return to their corners to stand waiting.

The bell! The first bout of the evening is on. Swiftly the fighters step into the clearing. Jabbing and hooking they circle about the ring until one or the other finds an opening and launches an attack that warms the hearts of the spectators. It is not difficult to explain the popularity of collegiate boxing.



(Left) Norman Hall, 145 lbs.
(Above) Paul Moran, Navy Captain
(Below) J. A. Fitzgerald, 125 lbs.

* * *

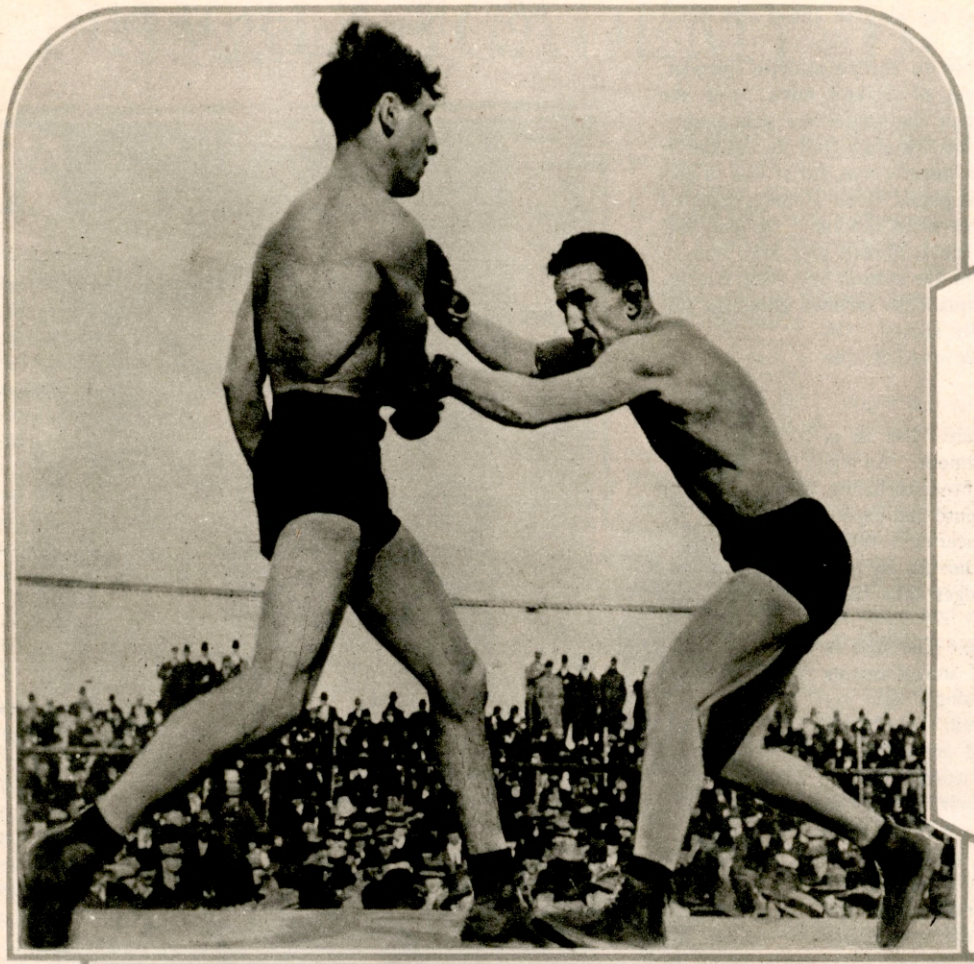
THIS year Navy has the best balanced squad of fighters she has had in her boxing history. Experienced men fill every division. The skipper of the leather-pushers is Pat Moret, a lanky boy from Michigan who has style and a wallop.

The heavyweight berth is held by Moon Chapple, a Montana lad who has been picked on past performance as All-time-all-Navy heavyweight. On down the line one finds men who are fast and strong champing impatiently, waiting for the show to start. Hall and Andrews, rangy men who like the game, are among Navy's leaders. In the lighter weights are Fitzgerald, last year an intercollegiate champion at one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and Dempsey, a little boy who has yet to suffer his first defeat in a collegiate bout.

Navy required this strong showing for the tough schedule that confronted the Academy team this year. Starting off with Dartmouth, a strong New England team, New Hampshire, M. I. T., Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Penn State, Syracuse and Western Maryland, were met in rapid succession. The season wound up with the Intercollegiate Boxing Tournament held at the University of Pennsylvania at which the Middies again showed their mettle.

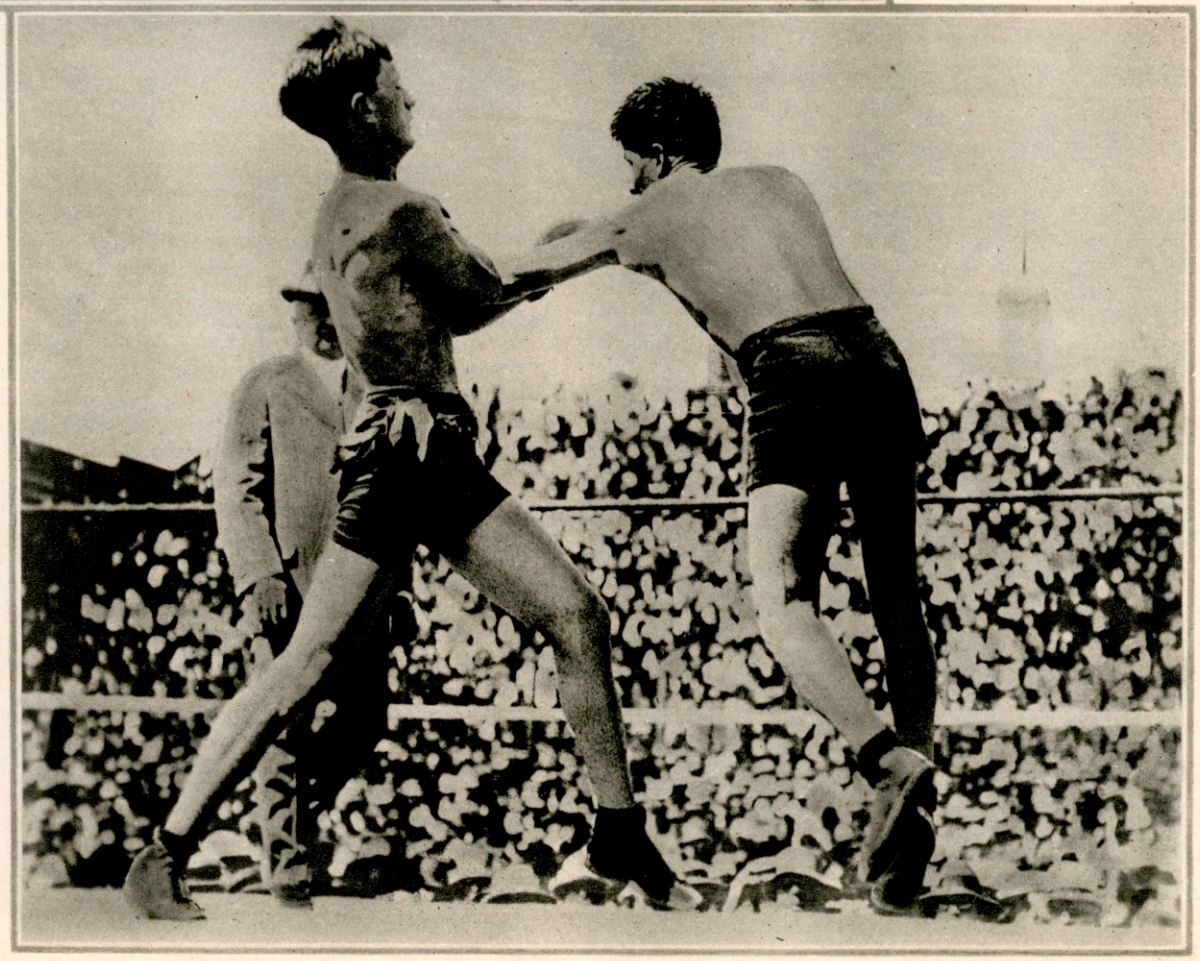
Navy is proud of Spike Webb, and Spike is equally proud of his Midshipmen fighters.

THEIR CONTESTS WERE THRILLERS



(Left) — Harlem Tommy Murphy and Abe Attell in their twenty-round hectic draw at San Francisco, Cal., August 3, 1912. In a previous contest at Daly City, Cal., Tommy beat Abe

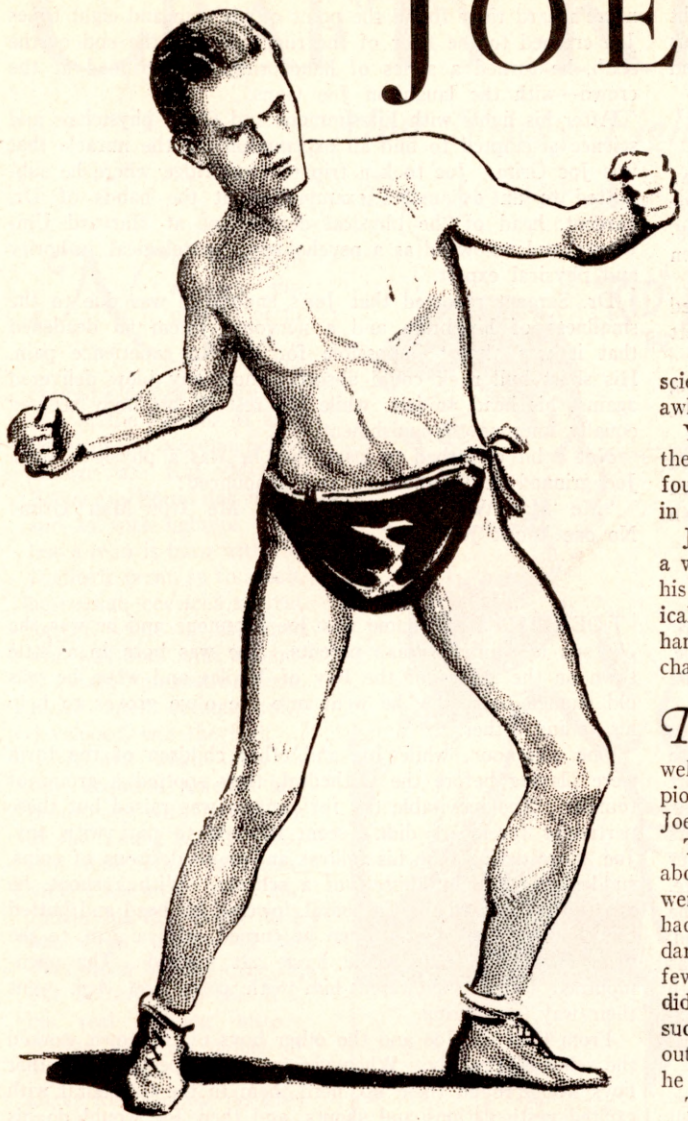
(Below) — When Mexican Joe Rivers and Willie Ritchie fought for the title at San Francisco, July 4, 1913. The Mexican was knocked out in the eleventh round



JOE GRIM

The IRON MAN

By JACK KOFOED



JOE GRIM could neither box nor punch.

He was slow on his feet and slower still in his thought processes. He had none of the accepted assets that go to make a good fighter, but for years he was one of the world's best known pugilists.

They called him "the man they couldn't knock out," and "the man without a solar plexus." He lacked sensation and the consciousness of pain. He was the greatest physical freak the prize-ring ever knew.

Joe Grim was not a big man. He weighed hardly more than 150 pounds, and was not conspicuously muscular. Outwardly there was nothing to set him aside from the run of common men.

Yet, he could assimilate the most frightful beatings with no apparent effect. Clubs and blackjacks harmed him no more than fists. The greatest hitters of his time practiced a two-fisted barrage on his head and body with no success at all.

* * *

THE ring has had many iron men. Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Austin Rice and Charley Sieger come instantly to mind. They, however, were all lightweights who took punishment from men of their own size and weight. Grim offered his body as a target to fighters who outweighed him by many pounds. He has the strangest claim to glory that any athlete ever made.

As a boxer, Joe Grim was a good bootblack, the trade he followed as an urchin on the streets of Philadelphia before he entered the ring. In a dozen years of fighting in which he faced hundreds of men, Joe never learned the rudiments of science. He had no defense. His own blows were wild and awkward swings. He won few fights.

Yet Joe Grim was the idol of Philadelphia for a decade in the early 1900's. Thousands thronged to see him every time he fought. For Grim had a jaw made of steel, a body encased in armor plate.

Joe Grim was beaten terribly in dozens of fights, his body a welt of bruises and bleeding wounds, teeth knocked out and his eyes closed. Any other pugilist would have been a physical wreck after one of the lacings. But Joe—well, he'd turn handsprings on the canvas stained with his own blood, and challenge the world.

* * *

THE greatest fighters of his day tried to land a knockout punch on him and failed. Heavyweights, middleweights, welterweights, lightweights, champions and would-be champions, pounded his jaw and flayed his body, and at the end Joe Grim would still be grinning at them.

There was apprehension, though, in Philadelphia on a night about nineteen years ago. Joe Grim's powers of endurance were to meet their supreme test. The greatest hitter of the day had decided to take a crack at the fellow who defied all standards of pugilism. That hitter was Bob Fitzsimmons, until a few months before, heavyweight champion of the world. There didn't seem a chance even for Joe Grim to survive against such a tremendous puncher as "Big Bob" who, moreover, outweighed his man by thirty pounds and had all the science he needed to hit Joe where and when he would.

Three thousand men packed the arena for the bout. For five rounds they watched the clown take such a beating as the ring has seldom duplicated. In the minute rest between the sixth and last there was hardly a sound in the auditorium. Every eye was fastened upon Joe. Was there any hope for him to last?

Joe answered that question at the sound of the bell, with a bound in the center of the ring facing the crowd. He was blood from temple to his belt, his eyes were almost closed, two teeth were gone and his lips were gashed and bleeding, but he grinned as his right arm shot aloft, shouted his old war-cry:

"Me 'Iron Man' Grim! No one knock Joe out!"

* * *

THE crowd answered with a bellow of joy. Joe waved his arms gleefully in reply, then turned to face his lanky, freckled and giant antagonist, his lips pulling themselves even further apart. Joe Grim was giving his foe the laugh—laughing at Bob Fitzsimmons.

The Cornishman lashed out with his right, a blow Joe didn't even see. His feet swept from under him. Grim fell with a crash in the middle of the ring but he was not out, not he. A quick roll and he came to his feet with a spring.

"That's it, Joe," boomed a voice above the bedlam at the ringside. "Don't let the big tramp knock you out!"

Tramp? A dangerous word to call Fitzsimmons. He charged at Grim, mighty shoulders working like the well-oiled pistons of an engine. Bob struck, and struck again. Joe was knocked from one side of the ring to the other, but his teeth still showed in a smile.

Fitz stepped back, set himself deliberately, drew back his

right fist and shot it forward with every ounce of his weight and power behind it. It was his own terrible solar plexus punch which had knocked James J. Corbett unconscious and had given Ruby Robert the heavyweight crown.

* * *

PLOP! The smack of the glove was heard for rows back of the ringside as it landed true to its mark. Joe Grim went backwards as if propelled by a mighty spring. Crack! The back of Joe's head collided with the wooden post of the ring. He fell in a heap.

Bob wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a gloved hand. He hadn't extended himself any more against Corbett or Jim Jeffries, but it was over now, surely.

Then the hushed crowd saw an amazing thing. The bleeding man on the floor was rolling over agilely—coming to his feet with another handspring. Joe Grim was still smiling.

Bob thought of the scores of great fighters who had collapsed under that punch. His eyes opened wide. He had hit his man with everything he had for six rounds, had knocked him down sixteen times, yet here he was still on his feet.

* * *

FITZ tried again; again he sent home the solar plexus punch with all its murderous steam. Once more Joe Grim bundled up in a heap, only to rebound to his feet just as the bell rang.

The fans clambered into the ring and lifted Joe Grim to their shoulders. Bob, ignored by the crowd, stepped back to his corner in amazement. Then he remembered the report that had been brought to him just before he entered the ring, a story at which he then had hooted derisively. A few hours before the fight, Joe Grim had been told by a fight follower that Fitzsimmons would knock him cold in the first minute. Joe had smiled, picked up an axe handle, and ordered the man to strike him, insisting when his tormentor demurred. The man, big and strong, finally had seized the handle as one holds a baseball bat, striking Joe across the chest with all his might. Grim was knocked to the floor, but had staggered to his feet at once and remarked, with his perpetual smile:

"Go tell Bob about that!"

The story must have been true, Fitz ruminated. He felt of his arms and fists. They were as hard as ever. Then he looked at Joe Grim, still grinning at him above his cheering admirers. Bob couldn't understand how it had happened. For that matter, neither could the fans.

* * *

ONCE again Grim had proved that there was no one like him in pugilism, that the newspapers were justified in calling him the most amazing physical specimen the ring had ever known. That Joe Grim hadn't so much as landed a glove on Bob Fitzsimmons made no difference. Joe had won—because he hadn't been knocked out.

Joe, his body covered with huge squares of plaster, his face criss-crossed with surgical tape, felt no twinge of pain after his lacing. He was thinking only of his new nickname and shouting at intervals with the grin that robbed his words of boastfulness:

"Me 'Iron Man' Grim! No one knock Joe out!"

* * *

WITH a rest of only seven days, Joe Grim climbed into the ring again to give Philadelphia and the boxing world another demonstration of his peculiar powers. This time his opponent was one of the hardest-hitting and cleverest lightweights of history—Joe Gans, the negro whose forty-round fight with Battling Nelson still remains a classic of the ring.

Fitzsimmons had failed to crush his man with his tremendous body punching. Gans thought to prove that Grim, properly flailed on the chin, would go down for the count.

Again Joe Grim was terribly marked. Eight times the negro's hard right found the point of his chin and eight times Joe crashed to the floor of the ring. But at the end of the sixth, he turned a series of handsprings and grinned at the crowd—with the laugh on Joe Gans.

After his fights with Fitzsimmons and Gans, physicians and science attempted to find an explanation for the miracle that was Joe Grim. Joe took a trip to Cambridge where he submitted to an exhaustive examination at the hands of Dr. Sargent, head of the physical department at Harvard University and renowned as a psychologist, neurological authority and physical expert.

Dr. Sargent reported that Joe's endurance was due to the smallness of his brain and a nervous system so deadened that it was almost impossible for him to experience pain. His short bull neck could absorb almost any blow delivered against his head or jaw, while the rest of his body seemed equally immune to punishment.

Not a bit disturbed to learn that he was a physical freak, Joe grinned at Dr. Sargent and announced:

"Me 'Man Without Solar Plexus.' Me 'Iron Man' Grim! No one knock Joe out!"

* * *

JOE GRIM'S real name was Joe Giannone and he was the son of sturdy Italian parents. Joe was born in a little town on the shores of the Bay of Naples and when he was old enough to toddle, he went into the olive groves to help his toiling father.

One afternoon, while Joe and other children of the town were playing before the Cathedral, they spotted a group of tourists. The inevitable cry for pennies was raised but these particular foreigners didn't seem inclined to part with any. Joe, more daring than his fellows and more desirous of coins, suddenly bethought himself of a scheme. With a shout, he ran full tilt toward the Cathedral, lowered his head and butted the church's steel door. Then he turned, with a grin, to see what effect the stunt would have. It worked. The open-mouthed tourists showered him with coins and then went their way, wondering.

From then on, Joe and the other boys of the town worked the scheme regularly. Whenever tourists appeared, the other boys would round them up, herd them to the Cathedral with excited gesticulations and shouts, and then Joe would do his stuff.

One day a foreign physician, astounded by what he had seen, examined Joe's head immediately after its contact with the steel door. He couldn't even find an abrasion. Neither was Joe the slightest bit stunned.

"He'd be a find in America for any hit-the-coon-on-the-head-with-a-baseball show," the doctor informed his party. "I've never encountered a skull like it before."

* * *

WHEN the boy was about ten, the family came to America and settled in Philadelphia among numerous relatives. Joe forgot about the steel door and took to the streets as a bootblack. Street urchins, bigger than he, resented his intrustion into their pet territories and wild brawls resulted. It wasn't long, though, before Joe was left strictly alone. None of the boys could hurt him and, although he couldn't punch very hard himself, he always wore them down. More disturbing than that, however, were the eagerness with which he accepted battle and the grin which none of them ever could chase from his face.

A hanger-on of a third-rate fight club in Philadelphia witnessed a particularly vicious and long-drawn-out battle which Joe fought with a boy who outweighed him by twenty pounds. It wasn't long afterwards before Joe was induced to try his luck in the Queensberry arena.

In his first few fights, the fans laughed at Joe. He couldn't box and he didn't stand a chance of winning. For the man who is beaten regularly, the fighting world ordinarily has little use.

(*Continued on page* 49)

CRAFTY KID McCOY

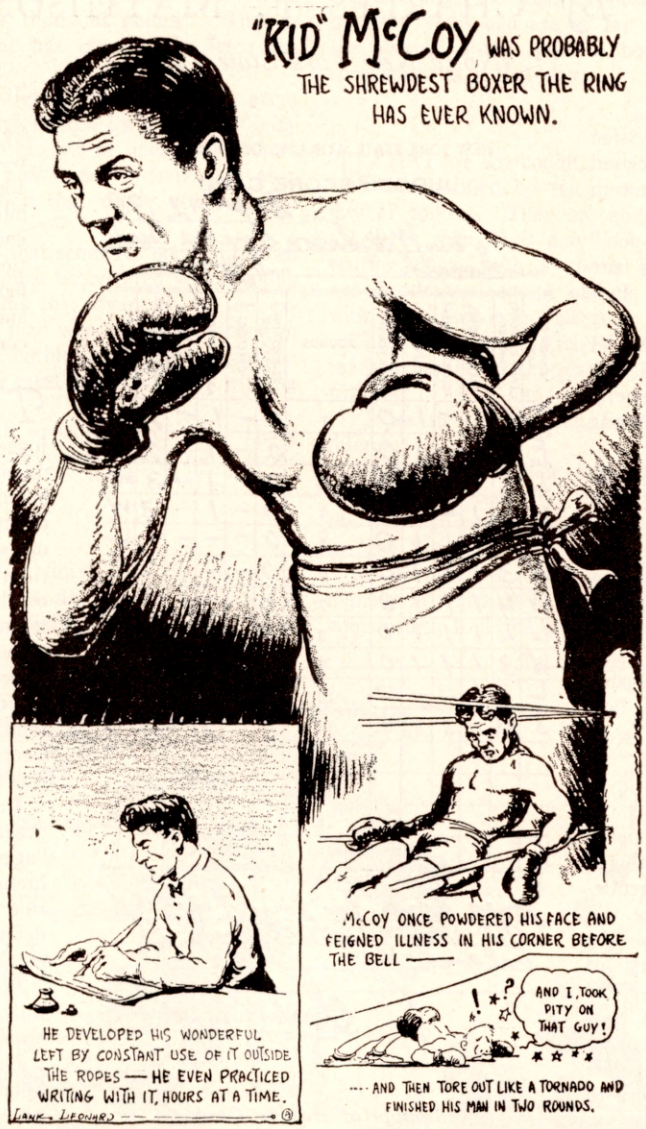
Most Tricky Fighter of All Time

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

NO boxer in modern pugilism occupied a more exalted place in the estimation of the patrons of boxing than did Norman Selby, known as Kid McCoy. Poets are born, not made, and so with fighters. Unless a man is born with the pugilistic germ, so to speak, he seldom becomes a great fighter. One of the men who was born with a goodly sized pugilistic germ, which later became fully developed, was the Kid.

McCoy, when only a boy, acquired practice and proficiency with the gloves at the Young Men's Christian Association in Louisville, Kentucky, and fought his first battle with one Pete Jenkins in St. Paul when he was only 18, but according to the Kid, his real fighting history started with his defeat of Tommy Ryan, several years later, for McCoy declares that he never had any confidence, never thought he could fight until he defeated his master, Tommy Ryan.

"That was the turning point in my career," writes McCoy from San Quentin Prison, "for with that victory I began to realize that I could mix it with the best of them. In fact, I gained such confidence, that I firmly believed I could lick any man in the world. It was that confidence that enabled me to gain prestige."



For the employment of ring tricks, some of which are tried to this day, but seldom succeed, for ring ingenuity, for grace and ring generalship, it is doubtful if any fighter of the past or present had anything on McCoy. McCoy, who spends his rest periods at prison reading magazines and books, in a letter to the writer, relates some mighty interesting data regarding his most colorful career.

* * *

"I THINK there isn't a boxer of the present day nor was there one in my heyday, who made a closer study of an opponent than I did," says McCoy. "First, I studied the game of fighting just as a student would study his lessons. I observed the best points of all fighters of my time, practiced their best blows until I became as adept in their use as the fighters from whom I gained them, and then made it a point to observe every move of my opponent from the time I entered the ring until the gong unleashed us. That is why I made a huge success of boxing.

"Whenever I learned of a new punch, I made certain that I soon knew how it was delivered. Such was the case particularly after my fight with Shadow Maber, who taught me my first boxing lesson. It was after my second fight with Al Roberts, which I won in five rounds, that Shadow Maber, the Australian, recognized as one of the greatest welterweights then in this country, got me into my first important battle. Maber was one of my seconds in the Roberts bout and following that contest we had a heated dispute in a barber shop over what he figured his services were worth.

"We decided to settle our dispute in the ring and signed articles. We agreed to box at the People's Club of Cincinnati, but the police interfered and put an end, for a while, to the fistic sport there.

* * *

"WE moved from there down to Memphis, where we were offered a $400 purse from the Pastime Club and accepted, and I won that bout in ten rounds. I learned more from Maber in that bout than from any of my other contests. I often practiced blows which Maber used and, in my later contests, I used many that this clever Australian had among his repertoire.

Particularly did I study the use of the left hand, and my ability in its use was the result of long and continuous practice. Often at night, I used to sit at the table and practice writing with the left hand. Likewise, when I played baseball, for I was fond of that pastime, I would practice throwing both with the right and left hand.

"When I went out on the road, I would run forward then backwards and wound up by sidestepping. I think I could have beat any runner in the country at running backwards, and I attribute my shiftiness in the ring to this training. My crouching position was the result of long study. I developed it as a means for defense and I doubt that any boxers of my time, had a better defense than I."

McCoy, as is well known, put many a fighter away through the adoption of a ruse which (*Continued on page* 47)

How Bouts Are Judged Under Commission Rule

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

(Noted New York State Judge)

"IT was the rankest decision ever broadcast," declared Mr. X, with no attempt to conceal his rage.

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Z. "These judges are either blind or incompetent. Perhaps both."

"Of course," added Mr. X, "I didn't mind the fifty bucks I lost through the ruling, but it is shameful the way these judges pick the wrong boxer as the winner."

"I lost only $25," said Mr. Z, "and if the Jingo Kid had won fairly you never would have heard a squawk out of me. Why, say, the Kid fairly blushed when he was announced as the winner."

"Something will have to be done about these rotten decisions," said Mr. X, "or the whole boxing game will go to the everlasting bow wows."

"Right you are," said Mr. Z.

* * *

THE writer is by no means hopeful of doing "something" to alleviate the sad cases of gentlemen of the X and Z type, but will attempt to shed a bit of light on the manner in which a majority of judges arrive at their decisions. The judges who officiate under the New York State Athletic Commission are guided by printed rules, and while none of the officials ever expect to satisfy the spectators who wager on the bouts, yet, in a majority of instances, the judges' decisions are satisfactory to the onlookers who do not bet but go to contests solely for the excitement following thrilling bouts.

NEW YORK STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION

JUDGES SCORE CARD

DATE Sept. 12 1929

CLUB Madison Square Garden

NAME Smith — NAME Jones

WINNER OF ROUND	CLEAN EFFECTIVE PUNCHES	RING GENERALSHIP	AGGRESSIVENESS	DEFENSE	DEDUCTIONS FOR FOULS	ROUNDS	DEDUCTIONS FOR FOULS	DEFENSE	AGGRESSIVENESS	RING GENERALSHIP	CLEAN EFFECTIVE PUNCHES	WINNER OF ROUND
W	3	1	-	1	0	1	0	-	1	-	2	L
E	2	1	-	1	0	2	0	-	1	-	2	E
L	2	1	-	-	0	3	0	-	1	-	3	W
L	2	1	-	1	0	4	0	-	1	-	3	W
W	2	1	1	1	0	5	0	-	-	-	1	L
W	3	1	1	1	0	6	0	-	-	-	2	L
W	4	1	1	1	0	7	0	-	-	-	1	L
L	2	1	1	1	0	8	0	-	1	-	3	W
W	3	1	1	1	0	9	0	-	1	-	2	L
L	2	1	-	-	0	10	0	-	1	-	3	W
5	25	10	5	8	0	11	0	0	7	-	22	4-
						12						
						13						
						14						
						15						

REMARKS:-

Jones down for count of 9 in 7th round. Smith down 1st. Balance 5th.

Charles F. Mathison

SIGNATURE

Sample of Boxing Card

The Walker law boxing rules, drawn by a committee of which I was a member, instruct the judges as follows:

Decisions of judges shall be based primarily on effectiveness, taking into consideration these points:

1—A clean, forceful hit, landed on any vulnerable part of the body, above the belt, should be credited in proportion to its damaging effect.

2—Aggressiveness is next in importance, and points should be awarded to the contestant who sustains the action of a round by the greatest number of skillful attacks.

3—Defensive work is relatively important, and points should be given for cleverly avoiding or blocking a blow.

4—Points should be awarded where ring generalship is conspicuous.

5—Points should be deducted when a contestant persistently delays the action of a contest by clinching and by lack of proper aggressiveness.

6—Points should be deducted for a foul even though it is unintentional and not serious enough to warrant disqualification. Under the new rules, a fighter who fouls loses the round and if both foul, the round is recorded as even.

* * *

THESE are the six cardinal rules that govern the decisions of judges, under the New York Commission, and they are strictly adhered to by a majority of the officials. Unfortunately, the devotees of boxing are unfamiliar with the rules, which is the cause of much of the criticism of decisions. As a matter of fact, many persons are unaware that the London and Queensberry rules have been superseded by State Commission regulations, and frequently quote the ancient dogmas, in support of their contention.

Doubtless there is greater misapprehension as to what constitutes "aggressiveness" than any other branch of the science of boxing. The rule is specific and convincing. It defines aggressiveness as the "Greatest Number of Skillful Attacks."

What is a skillful attack? Naturally an attack that results in the landing of clean, forceful blows.

Yet many observers hold to the opinion that a boxer who rushes at his opponent and burdens the air with wild, ineffective blows, is the aggressor. The other boxer may land three clean blows to one by the "aggressor," and yet the futile rushes of the latter are set down as winning the bout.

The deduction of points for clinching, which is one of the major evils of modern boxing, does not deter most boxers from holding, and holding and hitting. Especially a boxer who is on the receiving end. It is a relief to a fighter getting a lambasting, to hang on to the hitter until the referee drags them apart "without a blow." There will be no improvement in that respect until such time as the referee is authorized to disqualify a few of the persistent clinchers.

* * *

THERE is only one incident on which all spectators agree and that is the knockout. When the referee counts ten over a fallen boxer, it is generally conceded that the man on his feet has won the contest. Even the most rabid betting man will concede he has lost his wager, and he consoles himself by berating the fighter who took the count.

But in the 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 round bouts that go to a decision nearly every spectator has apparently agreed to disagree with every other onlooker as to the merits of the decision. Very few boxing addicts keep the score of a contest, and insist that their memory is perfect as to what took place at an important period of the battle. Baseball fans usually keep a score card, and can back up their claims by reference to the record.

There is a marked divergence of opinion as to the value of a knockdown. The assertion has frequently been made that a "knockdown counts one thousand points." That is one of the absurd dictums that has come down from the dim and grim past.

The value of a knockdown varies materially. In the event of a boxer caught off balance and floored by a comparatively light blow, but who scrambles to his feet at once and resumes the contest, the blow that fells him is not so important as a heavy thrust to the face or body that causes the recipient to blink and cover.

If a boxer lands a solid thump that sends his opponent down for a count of 8 or 9, the hitter must be credited with winning the round, provided he maintains his advantage in the exchanges that follow. Yet, if the man who scores a knockdown early in a round, is thereafter outhit and outboxed by his opponent in that round, the latter must have credit for winning the round.

William Muldoon has frequently explained that point. Quite naturally, if a boxer who is floored remains down for a count of ten, the blow wins the fight.

* * *

"SMITH was stronger at the finish," is an argument raised to bolster a contestant. It is quite possible for Smith to be the stronger at the finish, but if he has been outpointed in a majority of the rounds, he loses.

"Jones' face was marked and he was bleeding at the nose," is another favorite claim, as is also "Brown won by making Wilson miss;" and "A draw at least."

Jones' face may have been marked, but if he landed the greater number of effective blows, he is the winner. Brown may have made Wilson miss, yet if Wilson's blows that did not miss, were more effective, he should get the decision.

A "draw" is a bout in which each contestant fought in a manner to make the picking of a winner impossible. In the event that one boxer has a slight advantage over his opponent, he is entitled to the decision; if not, a draw is deemed to be the proper verdict.

* * *

"HITTING with one arm free," is another gem from the past. It comes into direct conflict with the Commission dictum that holding with one hand and hitting with the other is foul.

Yet all these musty dictums of the past are constantly paraded before the spectators of bouts by those apparently unaware that the rules of boxing today and the regulations of forty years ago are as far apart as the poles. Never in the history of the sport of boxing has the supervision been so efficient as it is today.

* * *

WHAT are the conditions today? The judges and referees are notified by telephone late in the afternoon of the day of contest. They are notified to be at a certain arena not later than 7:30 p.m. On arrival, the officials enter a waiting room, with a special policeman at the door. No one is admitted except officials. To prevent being tampered with, they remain in this room until the first bout is called.

Then an inspector arrives and says: "Judges and referees to the ringside." On reaching the ringside, a Commissioner will say:

"Jones sit on this side, Smith on the other side; Brown, referee."

To William Muldoon, James A. Farley, General Phelan and their able associates on the Commission, goes the credit for the well nigh perfect supervision of boxing at the present time in New York and elsewhere.

In conclusion, I submit a judges' official score card and the manner in which it is marked previous to its receipt by the announcer. It is the score of a ten round bout.

In the matter of effective punches, I do not jot down every punch, but give the relative proportion.

Example: Smith led 3 to 2 in the first round, by 2 to 1 in the fifth, while Jones led by 3 to 2 in the third and fourth rounds.

In totals, Smith wins 5 rounds to 4, leads in effective punches by 25 to 22, is the leader in generalship by 10 to 0, and in defense by 8 to 0. In aggressiveness Jones led by 7 to 5. Therefore I award the bout to Smith.

I am confident that few, if any, judges who are dishonest are carried on the list of New York officials. If their verdict fails to please the fans, we must blame poor judgment, not dishonesty for the decision.

A fight with the Cestus. From a rare Grecian engraving

Nat FLEISCHER says:

More Remedies for Foul Fighting
Griffiths Need Not Be Discouraged
McLarnin Deserves Chance at Title

THE boxing commissions of Wisconsin and New York have adopted strong measures to curb foul fighting and foul fighters. Recently in Milwaukee King Tut fouled Bruce Flowers and was disqualified. A large crowd was on hand and the boxing board felt, as it should have, that those who paid their way in to see this bout were cheated when the fight ended in a foul. King Tut was fined $1,000 and another disqualification will prevent him from appearing in a Wisconsin ring again.

The only way to put an end to foul fighting is to strike with a firm hand, and to strike hard enough to inflict severe punishment. When a fighter realizes that not only will he suffer financially if he fouls but may be barred from states where boxing is legalized, he will think twice before he lands punches below the belt line.

* * *

New York's Latest Edict

ON the same day that the Wisconsin commissioners fined King Tut, the New York body took drastic measures to curb the foul epidemic by issuing instructions to its officials that hereafter, a fighter who fouls, regardless of whether such punch incapacitates an opponent, will lose the round.

Under this ruling, the one who commits the foul may have a wide margin in his favor at the end of the round, yet that round will be chalked up to the credit of the fellow who was fouled. If both fighters commit a foul, the round will be called a draw.

Even should the referee fail to warn a fighter that he is hitting low, the judges have been instructed to score the round against the one who, in their opinion, has violated the rules by striking below the belt, regardless of the action of the third man in the ring. Whether this rule will work out beneficially, remains to be seen.

At least it is worthy of a fair trial. That it will result in a wide variation of opinion on the winner is a foregone conclusion. What may appear as a low blow to the judges at the ringside and those in the immediate vicinity, may appear fair to those far from the ring. Judges may also interpret this rule too strictly and count a round lost for a fighter who far outclasses his rival, even should a tap on the thigh be delivered.

It must be remembered that ofttimes a fighter, seeking an easy way out when defeat stares him in the face, will throw a punch down and give the impression that he was fouled. It is up to the judges to watch closely for such trickery for it would be most unfair were this rule to deprive a boxer of a just victory.

* * *

Tuffy Griffiths' Setback

EVERY now and then the boxing world receives a severe shock through a surprising victory of an ordinary fighter over a top notcher. Such was the case when Jack Gagnon stopped Tuffy Griffiths recently in Philadelphia in the sixth round. Gagnon's victory furnished the most sensational upset of the year, for by stopping Tuffy in 38 seconds of the sixth session, the Bostonian tumbled Gerald Ambrose from his high perch among the heavyweights to a position close to the end of the heavyweight contenders' ladder.

The report of the battle dumbfounded the followers of fisticuffs, for it was only a few months ago that Tuffy gained international fame through the refusal of Jack Sharkey to accept him instead of Phil Scott as an opponent for the Battle of the Palms down in Miami.

Downed three times in the second round, and once in the sixth, by a fighter who is not even rated good enough for a position among the first twelve heavyweights—about all the fair ones there are—was a dreadful accident to befall the Chicago heavyweight. The knockout was Tuffy's second, the first being administered to him by Jimmy Braddock, but as Gerald is still a young boy, this latest setback should not discourage him. He is still a good fighter and before the year is up, he will be right there with the top notchers again.

* * *

The "Human Windmill"

IT is rather unfortunate that Jackie Kid Berg, the "Human Windmill", holds a title in a class that is not universally recognized. Here is a lad who fears no one. He is ever ready to give every legitimate contender a chance to relieve him of the junior welterweight crown. How different from the champions in the other divisions!

Fistic title holders might well follow the example of Berg. This young Englishman is one of the busiest fighters in the game today and his activity does not wind up by signing matches for, once the bell clangs, Jackie fights from gong to gong without a letup.

A few more Kid Bergs would soon cause the calamity howlers to cease shouting and wailing about boxing being on the verge of collapse.

* * *

A Contrast In Champions

SPEAKING of Kid Berg reminds me of Jackie Fields, the welterweight king, because Jackie is so different in his matchmaking. Here we have another great little fighter, a boy who ranks high in the field of fisticuffs, travelling around the country meeting boys beyond the weight limit of his class as a protection against "possible accidents". Yet there is no legitimate reason for Gig Rooney, manager of the Californian champion, taking such precautions, for in Fields he has a master boxer and a good hitter. In addition, Fields is a fearless fellow.

When Fields stopped Tommy Freeman in Cleveland recently in the fifth round, he demonstrated his class, for Tommy was coming along at a whirlwind clip, had regained his former ring prestige and was ranked fourth among the welters. Stopping Freeman was no mean feat, especially at 150 pounds, the weight at which Rooney forced Tommy to enter the ring.

Bout With McLarnin in Order

A FIELDS-McLARNIN fight is in order. The fistic followers are entitled to see these kingpins of the welters clash. Yet that contest seems as far away now as ever, and all because the managers, Rooney and Pop Foster, cannot agree on the terms. Rooney demands $100,000 for Fields' services. He refuses to accept a champion's percentage. Why? Does Rooney fear that McLarnin will knock out Fields?

A fight between Fields and McLarnin would not be a one-sided affair. Nor would McLarnin enter the ring a hot favorite. Not after what Fields did to Tommy Freeman.

If Jackie can show the same skill and fighting heart that Young Jack Thompson displayed against McLarnin in their recent Garden fight, the battle would be a close affair.

At any rate, the bout is in order and the respective managers should get together. It is a natural, and if arranged will outdraw any fight of the coming outdoor season other than the Schmeling-Sharkey bout.

* * *

An Englishman Offers a Remedy

OVER in England, the Sharkey-Scott fiasco still continues as a newspaper topic. Instead of harping on the fouling of Phil, however, the leading writers now are trying to find a remedy for the poor showing of their heavyweights. That the British heavies do not measure up to the standard, seems to be the general complaint.

W. Holt-White, writing for the London *Morning Post,* condemns the English style as being below par in modern methods of attack. In two articles, one on "How We Lost the Heavyweight Championship," and the other, "How to Recover the Championship," he delves into ring history to prove his argument, namely, that the English heavyweights can never hope to regain the crown with straight-up, fancy boxing.

"This is the era of the crouch," says W. Holt-White. "Our men have been straight lefting in a fistic wilderness for thirty years and there in the wilderness they will remain until they learn to adopt modern methods.

"Nothing will get back our heavyweight title except 'scientific savagery'," says the author, "the kind of fighting in which the Americans have become proficient. We laud in song and story the old blood-drenched battles which were fought for sixty, seventy, eighty and even one hundred rounds with the 'raw 'uns', yet we abhor the practice of savage fighting on the part of our boys, in preference to the scientific, straight, jabbing methods.

"We shrink from training a man to fight—beg pardon—to box—in the only manner which will enable him, by a science impelled by an atavistic ferocity, to plant the blows which will recover from America the honor which they wrested from us and have deservedly retained so long. Why is it that we so strenuously refuse to adopt methods which are patently victorious?

"America is far ahead of us in the boxing game, yet we refuse to accept the inevitable and change our style. The boys in our lighter divisions are adopting the American methods and making great strides, hence why not do the same in the heavyweight section?

"We still stand up to box. No crouching methods for us over here!

"We deserve to be licked—and we are!"

* * *

The Proper Diagnosis

THAT truly summarizes the heavyweight situation so far as England is concerned. The author of the above has hit the nail square on the head. In his statement of fact he covers a field that I had sufficient nerve to exploit four years ago at a banquet given to British sports writers in London by Bernard Mortimer and at which I was a guest. Asked to compare the British and the American style of fighting, I told my audience that until the British changed their methods and got away from the purely scientific boxing, their boys would make no headway.

I called attention to the fact that in America, our fighters adopted a combination style, the English science and the American combativeness, and that a British lad facing an aggressive American was licked from the start because he appeared too timid and lacked the forcefulness and the hitting power of his adversary. And that is exactly the conclusion which W. Holt-White now draws.

* * *

Outdoor Prospects Look Bright

THE outdoor season for 1930 will be the busiest the boxing game has had since the last Tunney-Dempsey fight at Chicago in 1927. The ball clubs and outdoor fight arenas that were idle last year will be in operation this summer and the champions who held back in 1929 because they couldn't obtain their price will be seen in action within the next three months.

As was predicted by Jack Dempsey in his RING Ranking of Boxers, this will be a banner boxing year because of the revival of interest in the heavyweight ranks. With Schmeling and Sharkey leading the field, the title holders in all divisions below that of heavyweight are falling into line. Whereas a year ago the Madison Square Garden Corporation, under the able matchmaking of Tom McArdle and his efficient corps of assistants, were unable to obtain the services of the champions, now McArdle has three title holders in the fold and before the summer is over, New Yorkers will see at least one and possibly two more champs defend their crowns in outdoor contests.

Over in Brooklyn, Jess McMahon will hold forth at Ebbets Field. McMahon may not obtain the services of any of the title holders, but he has lined up a splendid programme which calls for the appearance of several top notchers. The prospects are extremely bright.

Likewise in Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and on the Coast. In each locality the promoters have found a revival of interest in the sport, and all can be traced to the fact that a heavyweight champion will be crowned when Schmeling and Sharkey clash at the Yankee Stadium for the Hearst Milk Fund on June 12. Word comes from Chicago that Jack Dempsey will have two championship fights next summer and Nate Lewis, his chief rival, figures on at least one titular contest. Both Lewis and Dempsey have several stars of the roped square signed for outdoor fights. From all appearances, therefore, a most active, lucrative summer in the field of fisticuffs is in store.

* * *

New York Takes Steps

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT of New York has signed a bill which gives to the Boxing Commission of that state broader powers than ever. It provides for a fine of $5,000 in the event the Commission finds evidence of a fixed match and it strengthens the position of the New York body in regard to its quasi-judicial powers.

The new law is very interesting and the safeguards are exemplary, but no follower of the game takes the $5,000 fine and the rest of the provisions with any great amount of serious contemplation. It is extremely hard to fasten evidence of an absolute fake.

The New York Commission may be depended on to take prompt and drastic action in anything which smacks of prearrangement, and while it sought the new law, it did not need it.

Goliath Buys His

How an Italian Circus Strong Man Became a Title Contender

RIVERO SKALCHI was the strong man of the Great Castonezzi Circus. A behemoth of a man was Rivero. He stood 6 feet 7 inches in his stocking feet and even when off his feed, as he was when the pretty Maria Malena refused to smile on him, Rivero weighed about 270 pounds. Castonezzi had to build an extension on one of the big travelling wagons so that when Skalchi slept, his feet did not stick out and give the Biggest Man on Earth a bad cold.

Skalchi was big and strong, but he had the heart of a child. No gay repartee framed itself on his big lips. When his comrades joshed him, he was an hour trying to think up some suitable retort, only to give it up as a bad job. They twitted him, and they tried to make him look ridiculous in the eyes of Maria, who pirouetted on the back of a white horse as it went 'round and 'round, and the three lira customers shouted and clapped.

* * *

RIVERO had two obsessions in life. One was to be the strongest of all the strong men. Daily he kept adding to the weights which he lifted. But his pride in achievement was secondary to his love for the artful, winsome Maria. One day she teased and another day she smiled. One day she frowned and another day she made Skalchi's tremendous feet feel as if they were treading on clouds.

"I tell you, this man may be the grand champion of the world," Tinglero told Castonezzi

Rivero's romance became the talk of the show—the Great Castonezzi Circus—as it toured through Northern Italy all the way from Milan into the little towns of the Piedmont.

Even Castonezzi himself began to become infected with the spirit of making fun at the expense of Rivero. One day he stood in front of the ticket booth shouting, "And remember. You see Skalchi—the great Rivero Skalchi—our own Romeo, the world's largest lover!"

Maria was furious. Rivero, slow to take offense, smiled a sickly, child-like smile.

"One more break about that Romeo business and you can count me out of the show," Maria told the boss of the circus that night. "One of these days this big kid will get wise to himself—and then, piff, paff, pouff—all you smart Alecks will run like the farmers from Vesuvius' sides when he begins to erupt."

"I was only fooling, Maria," said Castonezzi. "But as far as Rivero getting excited—well, when Rome stands at the Bay of Naples, I'll believe it."

* * *

He sat on the stair of her travelling wagon in the cool of the evening. All was still and quiet. Dinner had been eaten, the crowd had not yet begun to collect for the night show.

Rivero handed her an apple. This was the daily love token of the gigantic Romeo. Once he had planned the temerity of presenting a rose, but he had abandoned it as a presumption.

An apple, yes—but a rose—well, accepted lovers gave roses, said Rivero to his big self.

"Why do you stand for all that nonsense from those numskulls in the show?" Maria asked him.

"Oh, they don't mean any harm. They're just fooling," laughed Rivero. "Why, I'm not hurt. They must have their fun, and they think I am a fit target. Besides, I get a laugh out of it, too."

"Yes, you do," sneered Maria. "You go off and sit by yourself trying to think up a snappy retort, and end by giving it up. Now, honest, don't you?"

Two of the wagon drivers passed by and snickered. "The largest Romeo in the world," they taunted him. Rivero laughed.

"Why, you great big lunkhead, don't you ever come near me again," she shouted, tears running down her face. "The rabble of the show—the drivers—even they make a show of you, and you say you like it. Off with you, you—you—elephant."

And Maria Malena ran up the steps of her wagon and slammed the little door that led to her miniature boudoir.

Rivero Skalchi, the great strong man of the wonderful Castonezzi Circus, sat stricken dumb. "What is this all about?" he asked his gigantic self. For women were enigmatic to Rivero—as they are to all men, for that matter.

* * *

IT was Castonezzi shouting. "The Great Rivero now will lift five hundred pounds—yes, I said five hundred. He challenges the world. Bring on your strong men of France, and your giants from Germany, your weight lifters of England. He challenges the world."

Mechanically Rivero smiled and automatically he lifted the weight. "What made her so angry, Maria mia. Why did she get so angry?" he asked himself. His eyes saw several hundred faces, and they all bore a strange resemblance to the sneering Maria.

"Well done, my man," shouted Castonezzi. "Now he will lift two weights of five hundred pounds each, this strong man of the world."

Rivero lifted the weights. "Women are peculiar. Why did she cry? I had not said or done a thing to displease her. I am sure of that. I always take care not to displease her."

The show went on. Castonezzi kept shouting the sovereign powers of the prodigious Rivero. A car was driven over his

Girl Another Apple

By

DANIEL M. DANIEL

chest. He lifted bars and he lifted ball weights—all with a far away look in his eye.

"She called me a numskull," said Rivero to his other self. "Why? Did I say anything out of the way? Perhaps the apple was rotten. No, it was a good apple. I am certain of that. But numskull. Well, women are funny."

Teresca, the Living Skeleton, said to Molto, the Fat Lady, "That giant didn't have his soul in his work to-night. He worked mechanically. He smiled like a dummy on a ventriloquist's knee, only with less life."

"I begin to think that big boy is in love," chuckled Molto. "My first husband, Pietro, was a strong man—yes, the strong man of the great Malmetino Circus, a bigger one than this, I would have you know—oh, yes. Where was I? About Rivero. I recognize the symptoms."

* * *

THE bottom fell out of the world, as they said in Sforza, where Rivero was born. There was Tinglero, the boxer, sitting with Maria. They were having a high old time of it, too. Tinglero, who met all comers as the Castonezzi Circus went over the countryside. Nobody yet had won the twenty lira they offered to anyone who could go even three minutes with Tinglero.

He had been a barber in America and had picked up a knowledge of boxing. After the World War in which he had fought on the Piave, Tinglero decided to remain in Italy. He saw a future for boxing. But he had been knocked out by Scalla, who had fought the French champion.

A snake charmer had charmed Tinglero as well, and he had joined a circus. She had gone off with the Living Skeleton, and then life had had no further ambitions for the unhappy boxer.

But now things were different. This Maria Malena. She was prettier, more vivacious, than that snake charmer. He must cultivate her friendship.

The bottom fell out of the world. Rivero trudged slowly toward the pair as they sat at the entrance to Maria's travelling wagon.

* * *

"WELL, well, if it isn't the biggest Romeo in the world!" laughed Tinglero.

Rivero moved forward. So this was the reason. Tinglero, the boxer—Tinglero, the bad man.

"Does my Romeo bring another apple?" chuckled the fistic barber. Maria looked away. On came Rivero.

And, wonder of wonders! Skalchi walked up to Tinglero, raised him with one hand, held him up, and with a terrific left to the jaw stretched the barber-fighter as cold as a mackerel that had been on ice for a week.

"I tell you, this man may be the grand champion of the world," Tinglero insisted as Castonezzi sat with him in the boss wagon.

"How he hit me! Why, this Dempsey, does he stand up against such punching? No. I say no. Take him off that strong man act. Strong men are easy to find. But this bird. How he hit me!"

Tinglero winced at the memory. "We can make ourselves a fortune with this big man. He is the coming fighter of the world. Now that he has been aroused, we can rouse him some more. I will teach him. A fortune. Ah, kind goddess of luck, that sent me to Maria's step, and made me taunt the giant!"

Tinglero went to Maria with the discovery. "He is a fighter, I tell you, Maria. I will make money with him. This means your retirement from the circus. Good-bye to the horses, good-bye to the yokels. How that man hits!"

In the twilight the following evening Rivero sat on a hummock outside his travelling wagon. The world was dark. Perhaps this was the end of his engagement with the circus. He had struck Tinglero, the great boxer—the big fighting attraction of the show.

Castonezzi would be angry, Maria would be angry, he would go back to Sforza and take that job in the blacksmith's shop which the good padre had tried to persuade him to take when he went away with the Castonezzi show.

In the twilight Maria found him. And she let Rivero give her another apple. He broke it in half to make sure is wasn't wormy.

* * *

LONDON had thrilled to his hitting power and his size. The Man Mountain from Italy had come to America. And with him Mrs. Rivero Skalchi, she who had been Maria Malena, queen of the bare back riders of the travelling shows of Northern Italy.

He was big and he was strong, and the crowds turned out to see him from New York to San Francisco. He knocked them out as fast as they faced him—one round, two rounds, a couple went five rounds because Rivero felt lazy.

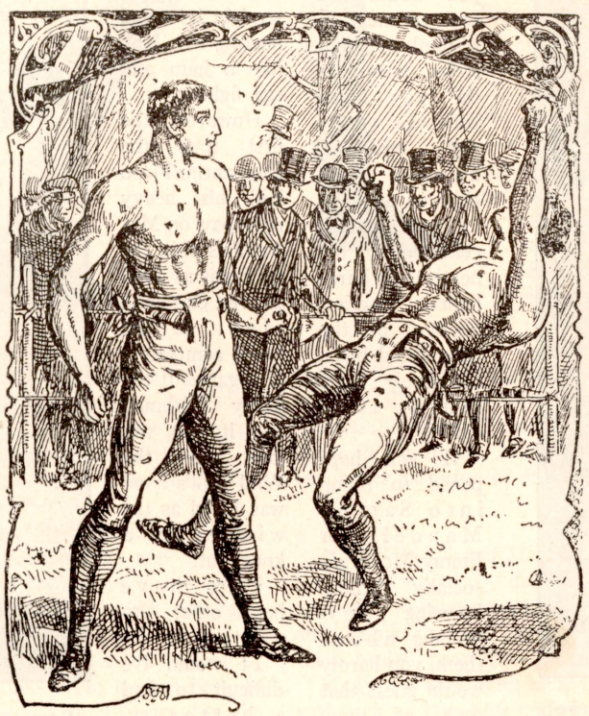
The money kept flowing in. The newspapers kept shouting "Fake," and the crowds kept yelling for more action, as so many of the Italian circus man's opponents went down from sheer fright.

"This Italian has no skill, but it's like fighting a man equipped with a sash weight," said Tubby Torreone, who was knocked out in the first round.

"I say he can hit harder than Dempsey. I went six with Jack, but this spaghetti inhaler hit me with a sledge hammer in the second session," emitted Wolf Lingrellow.

Twenty men had fallen before his hitting prowess, and then the boxing commissions decided that he would have to

(*Continued on page* 48)



The Italian goliath developed into a fistic sensation

"He *Can't* Take It"

Words That Spell the Doom of Many an Aspirant to Fistic Fame

By WILBUR WOOD

"HE can't take it."

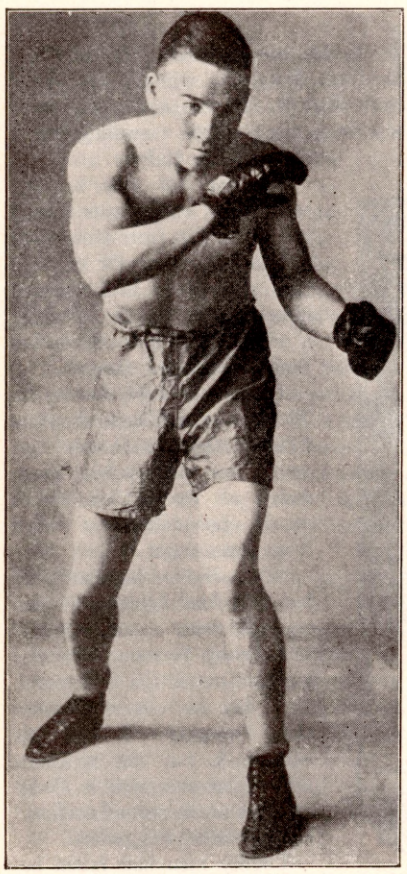
How many times have those four little words summed up the failure of a masterful boxer to scale the fistic heights! Queensberry history is bountifully supplied with cases wherein this lack of one qualification of greatness has been fatal to an otherwise brilliant boxer's ambitions.

If you, friend reader, have followed the sock market even casually, you will be able to name several boxers who almost certainly would have been champions had they been able to absorb a stiff punch on the chin or in the stomach without folding up.

The prospectors for fistic nuggets rate the ability to take punishment without ceasing to function as the most necessary requisite of a boy who would win fame and fortune in the ring.

Sooner or later, in the career of every leather thrower, there comes a time when he must "take it" without folding up or pass out of the picture.

It is not possible to tell, merely from looking over a fighter in the course of a gymnasium drill, whether he can or cannot stand up under heavy punishment. Some of the toughest looking specimens, fellows you would not care to meet in a dimly-lighted street when on the way home with the weekly pay envelope, have a china chin or a sensitive stomach concealed beneath their hard-boiled exterior. Some of the baby-faced boys, conversely, are sturdy as an oak.



Jimmy McLarnin, one of the hardest hitters in boxing. He can take a mighty sock without a quiver

If you happened to bump into Sammy Mandell or Jimmy McLarnin socially without knowing anything about them, you hardly would guess that each of these harmless-looking lads could take a mighty sock on the chin without so much as batting an eye. Yet each is doubly dangerous when the going is rough. McLarnin, in particular, is a young cyclone when hurt.

* * *

THOUGH as a rule it is impossible to gauge a boxer's resistance to punishment by his general appearance, there are some signs visible to the naked eye which generally are reliable indications of weakness.

Chief of these danger signals is a long chin. This affords an ideal target and usually such a facial conformation is also a sign that a good punch on the whiskers will be all that is required to put the fighter on the canvas for the long count.

A few years ago Jack McAuliffe II, a young Irish heavyweight from Detroit, breezed into New York to have a try for gold and glory.

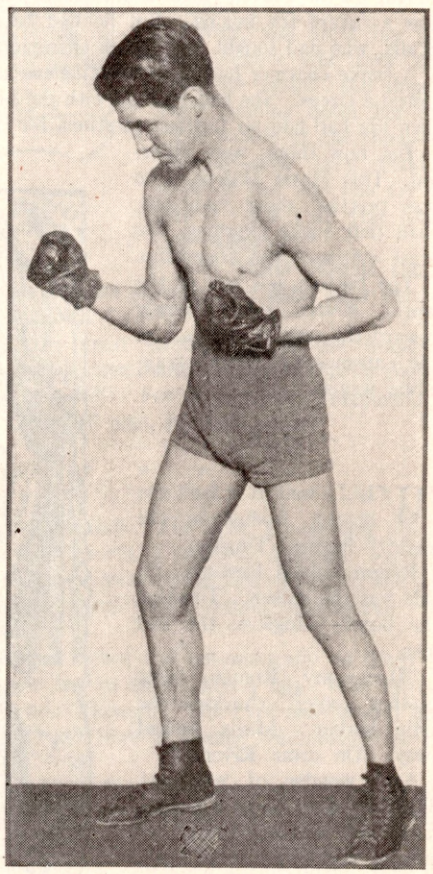
McAuliffe looked like a million dollars in the gymnasium. He was fast, a smart boxer and a fair hitter. But he had one of those long chins you love to touch.

McAuliffe was tossed into the ring with Luis Angel Firpo, who at that time was looming up as a heavyweight headliner. Jack started off as if to make a show of the lumbering Wild Bull of the Pampas, spearing him with snappy straight lefts and making him look like a ham and egg fighter.

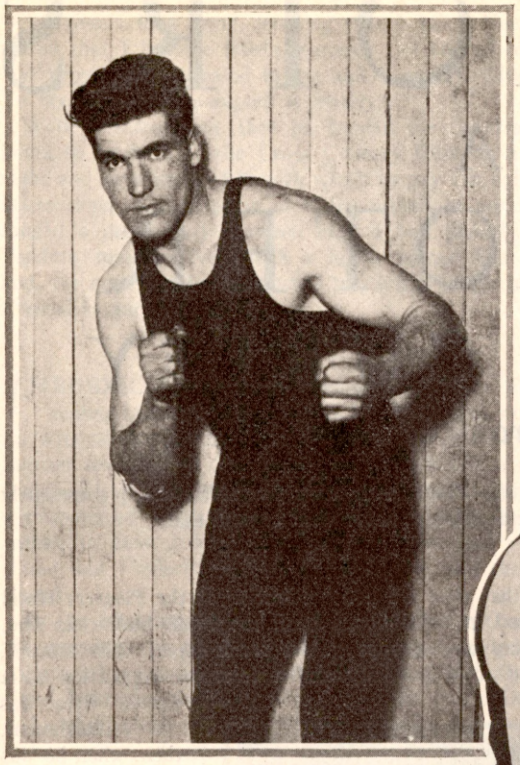
However, the first time the elephantine Firpo laid his heavy right paw on McAuliffe's chin the fight was as good as over. One good clout on the beard completely disorganized the flashy Irishman and it was not long until the Wild Bull's hand was lifted as the winner by a knockout.

There have been other upsets too.

It would be difficult to find a better example of a fighter who had all



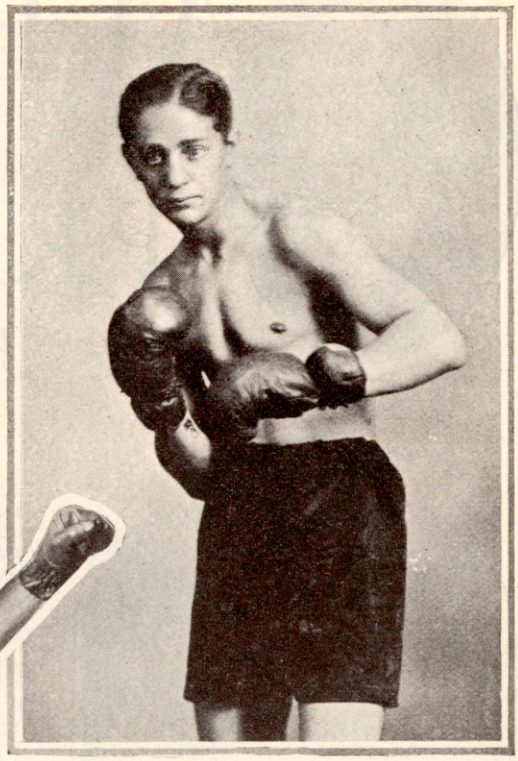
Sammy Mandell, world's lightweight champion, a clever and distinctive boxer who can also take it

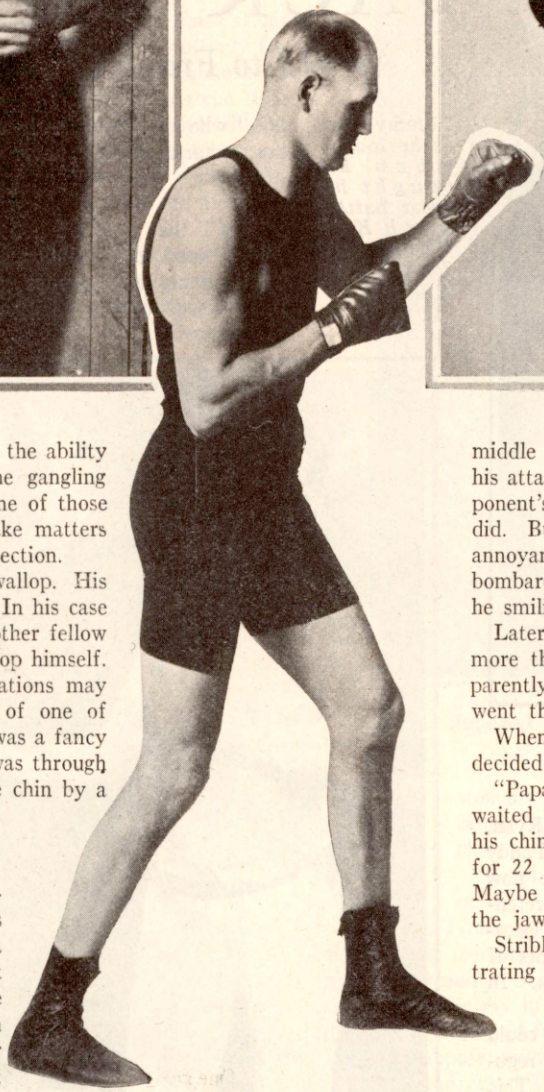


Right: Ruby Goldstein, who can't stand up under punishment

Left: Jack McAuliffe, II, who possessed brittle chin

Below — Fred Fulton, the plasterer with the vulnerable jawbone





the attributes of greatness except the ability to take it than Fred Fulton, the gangling plasterer. Fred also possessed one of those long and inviting chins. To make matters worse, he was weak in the mid-section.

Fulton packed a tremendous wallop. His left hook was a deadly weapon. In his case it was a question of getting the other fellow before he had to take a stiff wallop himself.

Joe Dundee's trials and tribulations may be attributed to the possession of one of those vulnerable jawbones. Joe was a fancy boxer and a good hitter, but he was through as soon as he was clipped on the chin by a good punch.

* * *

ANOTHER supposedly infallible sign of weakness is a bulging stomach. Whenever a warrior with a cushion of fat around his middle climbs into the ring the customers take it upon themselves to advise the other fighter to hit him in the stomach. Generally speaking, that would pass as excellent counsel, but there are exceptions to this rule, as to all others.

Ray Neuman, roly-poly New Jersey heavyweight, and Willie Meehan, rotund sailor from California, were notable instances. Neuman looked like a pushover, because of his extraordinary circumference. Yet Ray could "take it" around the anatomical equator even better than most fighters.

Neuman was matched with Young Stribling in the South. When the crowd saw his stomach bouncing up and down as he strode to the center of the ring to receive the referee's instructions, there went up a cry of mingled mirth and rage. Some of the customers roared with joy in anticipation of seeing the rotund Mr. Neuman collapse like a toy balloon at the first punch in the stomach. Others were peeved because they figured the promoter had sneaked in a setup for the Georgian.

Stribling, himself, took one look at Neuman's bouncing middle and made up his mind to concentrate his attack at that seemingly soft spot in his opponent's armor. That is just what the Georgian did. But instead of folding up, Ray showed no annoyance whatever and after taking a heavy bombardment in the midriff for twelve rounds, he smilingly accepted the cheers of the crowd.

Later Stribling met Neuman again. Once more the Georgian banged away at Ray's apparently vulnerable mid-section. The bout went the specified distance of ten frames.

When they clashed a third time, Stribling decided to change his tactics.

"Papa," said the fighter to his father as they waited for the opening bell, "I am going after his chin to-night. I've hammered his stomach for 22 rounds without making any impression. Maybe I can flatten him by hitting him on the jaw."

Stribling's shift worked well. By concentrating his attack on the chin and paying no attention to the inviting target presented by Neuman's quivering middle, the Georgian scored a knockout in the sixth round.

Willie Meehan, with a stomach that bulged like Neuman's, survived three fights with Jack Dempsey, perhaps the greatest body puncher of them all, without being more than casually annoyed by the Manassa Mauler's blows to the midriff. In three four-round bouts in California, Meehan won one decision, with the other two bouts resulting in draws.

* * *

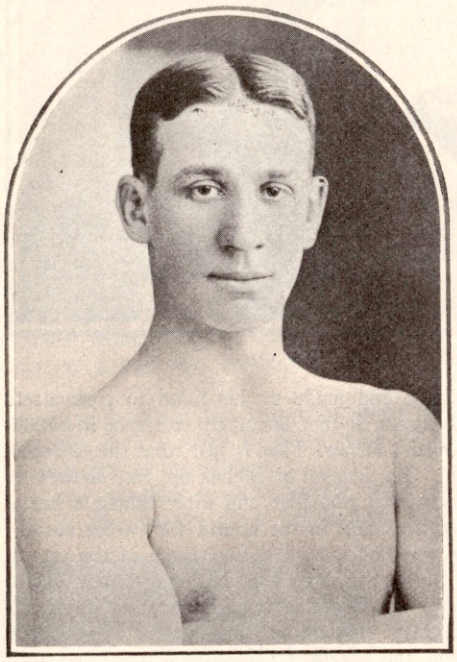
NEUMAN and Meehan, it has been explained, have what is called a "double stomach". In other words their apparent weakness really was just a decoy, as the peculiar and highly unusual construction of their mid-sections gives them added protection against body punches.

Many an unthinking fan confuses the inability to take it with lack of gameness and thus does the boxer an injustice. If a fighter cannot take a punch on the chin, no amount of gameness will enable him to arise from (*Continued on page* 46)

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham



Tommy Ryan as he looked when he fought his great battles with Kid Carter and Tommy West

PART TWO

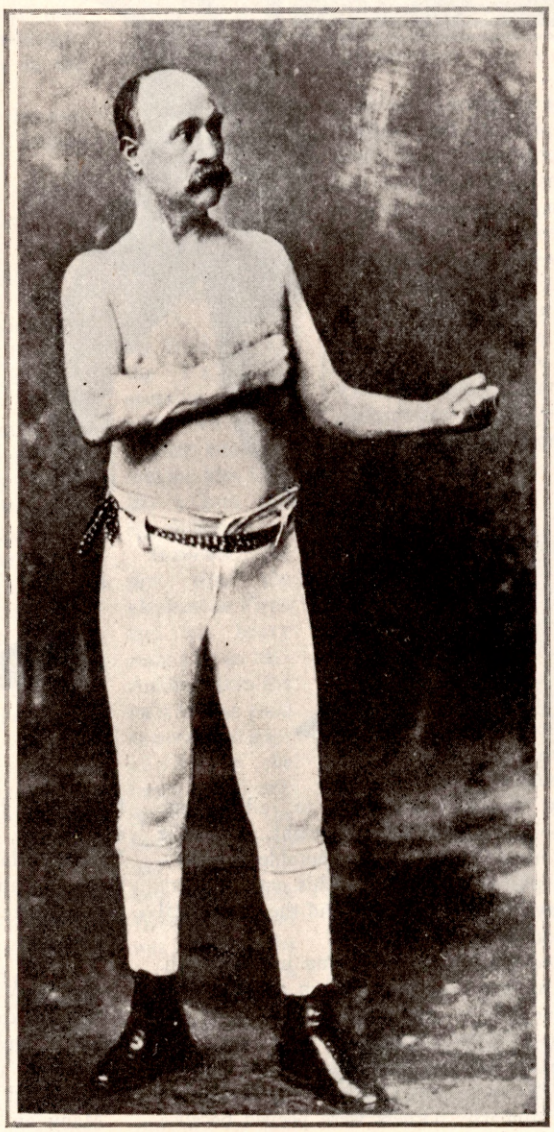
BETWEEN trips with Tommy Ryan, I had continued to work with Paddy Carroll in Chicago, where he now ran the larger and more pretentious Illinois Athletic Club. Occasionally, I also promoted small turf fights of my own across the state line in Indiana. In 1896 I sought new fields at St. Louis.

There I worked at such jobs as I could get and soon was accepted as one of the regulars at Tom Allen's "Champion's Rest." This was a well known saloon and sporting resort on Market Street near Sixth, with a small rough bar in front and, behind the bar, a glass case that held the championship belt Allen claimed to have won on January 12, 1869 when he beat Bill Davis in St. Louis in 43 rounds of bare knuckle fighting, but to whose right there was some question.

Allen, an Englishman, maintained stoutly that he had gained the championship of the world at the time and in defense of his claim, waged a constant verbal feud with Tom Kelly, who had seconded Jake Kilrain in his fight with John L. Sullivan, and who kept a place of his own a block away from Allen's. A favorite pastime among the local sports was to fan the flames of enmity between the two "old uns," who threatened each other frequently and picturesquely but, so far as I know, never went beyond that.

* * *

AT that time the house detective at the Planters Hotel was Dick O'Connor, a small but solidly built chap who, by thrashing obstreperous guests much larger than himself, had earned some publicity and a fearsome reputation as a fighter. Great was the astonishment, then, when he was soundly beaten by a little fellow named Frankie Noel, a bell hop at the Planters, who resented a rebuke from O'Connor and, ignorant of the latter's identity, flayed him unmercifully.



Tom Allen of England, who claimed world's heavyweight title back in 1869, and who owned the "Champion's Rest" in St. Louis

* * *

NOEL was a quiet little fellow who had had some success as an amateur and with whom I had boxed in the gymnasium of the Pastime Athletic Club—for while I had no fistic ambitions of my own, I liked to box and, on more than one occasion when times were hard with me, I had picked up a few dollars at the small clubs.

Among those who were attracted to Noel by his feat of whipping O'Connor was Edward Wolfe, wealthy real estate operator, member of the exclusive Cross Country Club and patron of boxing. I had met him at the

"Champion's Rest" and, learning that I knew Noel, he suggested that I become Noel's manager and offered to back us. The proposition appealed to me and I went to Noel with it. To my delight, he accepted it readily.

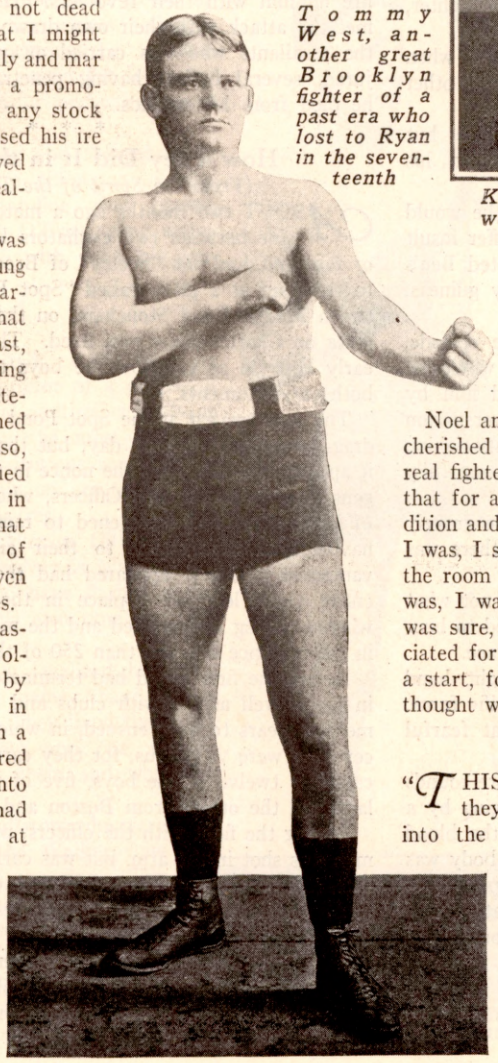
Wolfe informed me that he wanted me to arrange three bouts to be held at the Cross Country Club on a Saturday night and gave me $1,500 with which to pay the fighters, with instructions to keep some of it for myself as my fee. I arranged a preliminary between boys I had picked up at the Pastime, matched Noel with a fellow named Kid Fennessey and, for my main bout, selected two husky chaps named Gus Fredericks and Ed Lally.

* * *

FREDERICKS, who was employed at Tony Faust's unloading barrels of oysters, was locally famous not only for his strength but as the winner of a fight with a neighborhood butcher that was held in private at Kelly's saloon some time previously. This fight had reached the fortieth round without a pronounced advantage on either side and the butcher was willing to have a halt called at that point and a draw declared, but Fredericks would not hear of it and the mill continued.

In the fifty-fifth round, which was reached at two-thirty in the morning, the police raided the fight and carted the combatants off to a hospital, for both were frightfully battered. Chief Harrigan, then in command of the Police Department, had a photograph of them taken and, despite the many changes in the police administration in St. Louis since then, a print of this photograph hangs to-day on a wall of the chief's private office as a memento of the other days in pugilism.

In spite of the doggedness which Fredericks had displayed in this fight, Noel clung firmly to a belief that Gus was not dead game and warned me that I might expect him to quit to Lally and mar my first real venture as a promoter, but I wouldn't take any stock in his prediction and roused his ire by telling him he was moved only by professional jealousy.

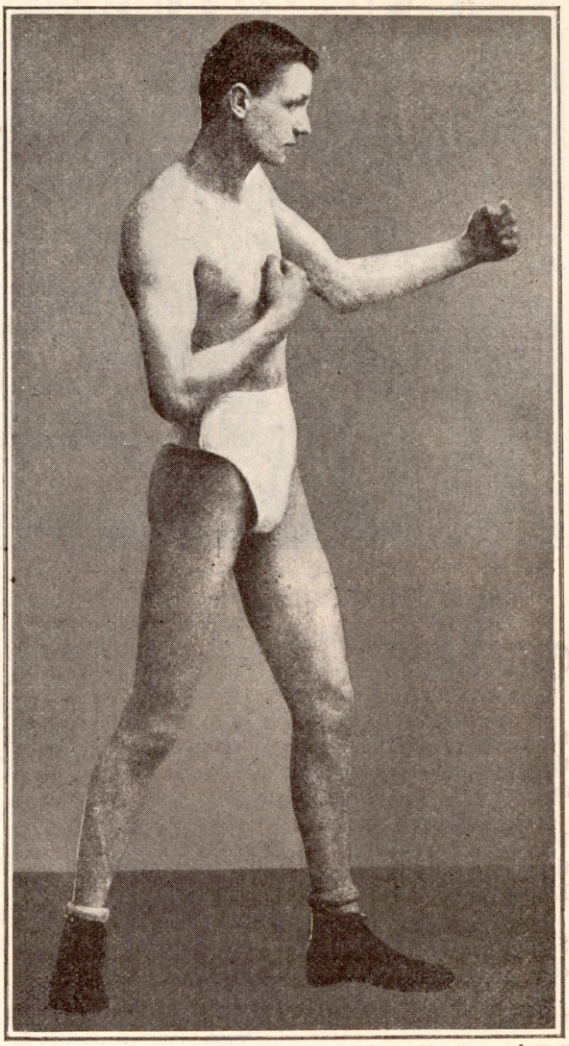


Tommy West, another great Brooklyn fighter of a past era who lost to Ryan in the seventeenth

On the big night, I was the most excited young man in St. Louis but carried myself with what passed, in my mind at least, for great dignity, hoping thus to conceal my excitement from the distinguished patrons of my show. Also, I was exceedingly gratified by the snug feel of $400 in my trousers pocket that represented my share of the money Wolfe had given me to cover my expenses.

Noel, by way of increasing my gratification, followed the opening bout by knocking out Fennessey in the sixth round and, with a great flourish, I ushered Fredericks and Lally into the ring. Noel, who had dressed and joined me at the ringside, was silent for eight rounds as Fredericks belabored Lally almost at will but when, in the ninth round, Fredericks received a punch in the stomach and, sinking gracefully to one knee, calmly took the count, Frankie leaped from his chair.

"I told you!" he shouted. "I knew he was a quitter."



Kid Carter, game and clever Brooklynite who was knocked out by Tommy Ryan at Fort Erie in the sixth

Noel and I parted company some years later but I always cherished a memory of him as a splendid little fellow, a real fighter and a true friend. Last year, when I was so ill that for a time my life was despaired of, he read of my condition and journeyed from his home in Kansas City to see me. I was, I suppose, mildly delirious when he stepped softly into the room and, when I opened my eyes to see who my visitor was, I was startled. I saw a little bald-headed man who, I was sure, was George Tuohey, with whom I had been associated for many years. Small wonder his appearance gave me a start, for Tuohey had been dead for some time. My next thought was that I had died.

* * *

"THIS," I said to myself, "is how it is. When you die, they send some one whom you have known to lead you into the hereafter."

"Hello, Jack," he said.

"Hello, George," I answered, trying to put out my hand to him.

"Why, Jack," he asked, "don't you know me?"

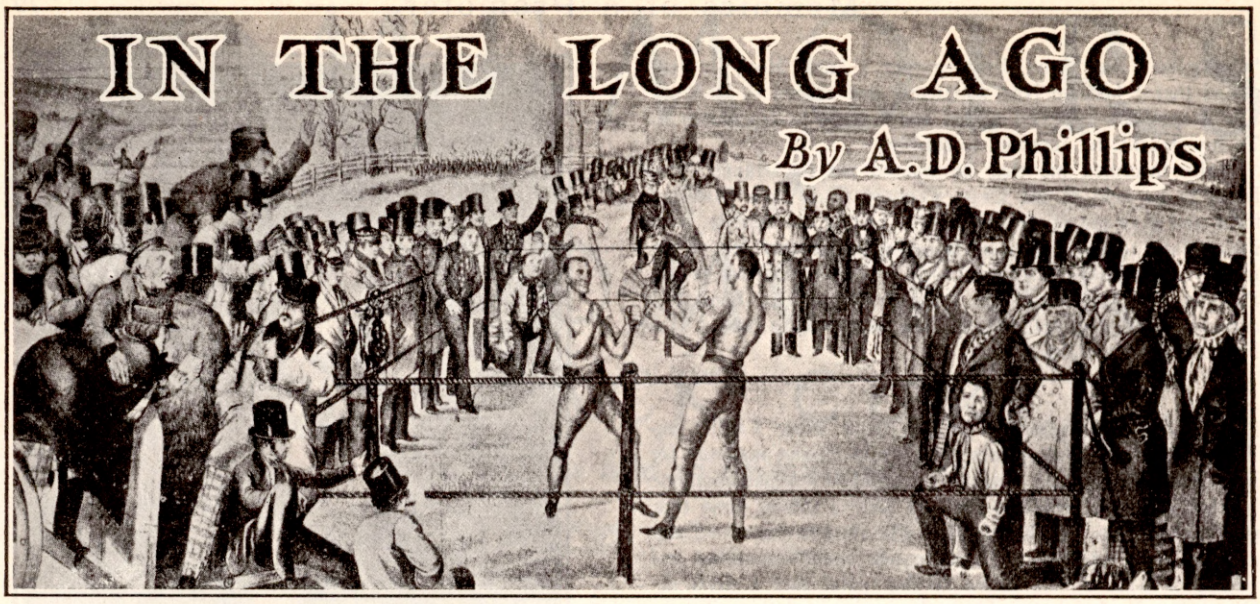
"Of course I do, George," I said.

He shook his head.

"I'm not 'George,' whoever he is," he said. "I'm Frankie Noel." (*Continued on page* 47)

IN THE LONG AGO

By A. D. Phillips



MANY a story is told of the great achievements in the ring of Dutch Sam, one of the two foremost Jewish fighters of all time. It is said of this fighter, that he always stood up for his race and was a terror with his fists when insults were hurled either at him or his people. In the Sporting Annual of 1804, there is found the following account:

A well-known coal merchant of Birmingham, Ben Medley by name, renowned for his athletic prowess and his skill with the fists, had an altercation with the famous Hebrew fighter, Dutch Sam.

It seems that Medley became angry at the Jew when Sam refused to doff his cap to him as they passed each other on a public highway.

Not only did Medley threaten to thrash Sam's hide, but he called the Hebrew many vile names and insulted his race.

The Jew feared no one. Although a lightweight, he would fight any person, especially such as would dare to offer insult to his religion. Dutch Sam therefore quickly accepted Ben's offer for a fight and agreed to meet him for twenty guineas, a side bet.

The friends of the Hebrew, upon hearing of the episode, tried their utmost to persuade Dutch Sam that it would be foolhardy for him to meet a man who outweighed him by almost three stone (42 pounds), but no amount of persuasion could halt the proposed battle. In addition to outweighing him so heavily, Medley was a first rate boxer—a powerfully built all-around athlete.

The general opinion was that Dutch Sam would be gravely injured, but when the time arrived for the contest, there was Dutch Sam to fulfill the engagement.

The Jew feared neither man nor devil. He cared not what odds of height, strength, reach or weight were opposed to him. All he cared about was to avenge an insult to his race.

In the second round Sam heaved a terrible right hand swing to Medley's temple and flattened him with terrific force. He lay full length on the greensward and from that fearful blow, Medley never really recovered.

So terribly did Sam go at his foe that in a few more rounds Medley's upper lip was split and seemed to be hanging by a thread. His eyes were shut, his nose was broken, the blood ran in streams from mouth and nose and ears. His body was dyed a brilliant crimson and the spectators were happy when Medley's seconds tossed in the sponge admitting defeat.

It is now expected that even the bravest of our brave will realize that it is exceedingly dangerous to meddle in racial affairs.

The Jews have shown their mettle in the ring and Dutch Sam's courage cannot be held up to ridicule.

Death of Bill Poole

(In the New York *Tribune* of 1885)

WHEN William Poole, New York gambler and bare-knuckle fighter, one of the handsomest and best-dressed men in the city, whipped John Morrissey in a bar-room brawl, little did he know that then and there he unknowingly signed his own death warrant. He was a marked man from then on.

Friends of Morrissey watched his every movement. They followed him to a saloon on the notorious Bowery and there, according to eye witnesses, without any warning, they opened fire on him with their revolvers. He and his brother-in-law met the attack with their own drawn pistols and shot one of the assailants who was carried away. Poole was badly injured, several bullets having penetrated the abdomen, and he died from his wounds.

* * *

How They Did It in the Old Days

(From the *Spirit of the Times,* 1856.)

ABOUT two months ago a match was made for $200 a side between two gladiators known as "Bill Murphy" of Portland, and one "Scotty" of Brooklyn, and the affair was to come off at a place called "Spot Pond", upon the line between Medford and Stoneham, on the same day that the Regatta on Charles River was fixed. The time stated was at an early hour so as to allow the boys to enjoy the pleasure of both entertainments.

The men arrived at the Spot Pond House, by various fancy drags about the peep of day, but that popular establishment, it appears, had been for the nonce in the occupation of certain gents known as Sheriff's Officers, who refused them the rites of hospitality, and threatened to raise an alarm of fire, and having that department to their aid, unless their visitors vamoosed. This it appeared had the desired effect, for the entire party left for a place in the woods near Stoneham, where the ring was pitched and the men proceeded to business in the presence of more than 250 of the Fancy.

Before the first round had terminated, the "Stars" appeared in force, well armed with clubs and revolvers, and a general melee appears to have ensued, in which the officers of the law certainly were victorious, for they carried away into inglorious captivity twelve of the boys, five of whom hailed from Portland and the others from Boston and neighborhood.

During the fight with the officers, pistols were used and one man was shot in the arm, but was carried away by his friends. The officers also suffered some, one of them having his arm broken, and another knocked senseless by a severe blow on the head.

Taken in connection with the recent fatal fight in this vicinity, we presume we shall not be obliged to record any more gladiatorial exhibitions—without gloves—for some time to come.

The Antiques of Fistiana

By JACK LAWRENCE

WHERE are the ears of other years,
The ears we used to know?
The crumpled ear, for which we'd cheer
In the days of long ago!

I THINK that the average man on the street could tell you, with a fair amount of accuracy, what has happened to the real antiques in the cauliflower racket. Many of the most famous the game has ever known have gone down the long trail. I am sure that the average citizen of normal intelligence could tell you that John L. Sullivan is quite positively dead and that the great Bob Fitzsimmons has faded into that sphere that we don't know about. He could probably tell you, too, that Stanley Ketchel is no more and that Terrible Terry McGovern has passed on.

This average citizen would also probably know that while two of James J. Corbett's greatest contemporaries have gone to their last resting places, James J. is very much alive and doing quite nicely by himself on the stage. When Jim isn't swapping yarns with Mr. Hype Igoe over the back fence of their adjoining Long Island estates, he is joshing audiences over the footlights.

In this connection it is worthy of note that Corbett has just signed an elaborate vaudeville contract that will carry him to the Pacific Coast and back. And Jim says it is not going to be his farewell tour. Not by any means. Gentleman James declares he expects to at least equal William Muldoon's record for longevity and he should for he is in perfect physical condition.

Corbett goes on and on and the mounting years seem to make little difference to him. Like some other outstanding ring figures, notably Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, time seems to be only a minor issue with John L's conqueror.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN, by the way, is the proprietor of a couple of highly successful physical culture schools in this city. And probably the most lucrative departments of these institutions are those in which members of the fair sex are taught how to acquire stream-line figures.

What our friend the Average Citizen could probably not tell you, however, is what has become of the fighters who have flashed across the fistic firmament in his own time and then passed on into oblivion.

Since the Walker Law legalized boxing in New York, a myriad names have blazed forth in transient fame. They lived their little term and then faded out and one wonders what later life held for them and what fate awaited them.

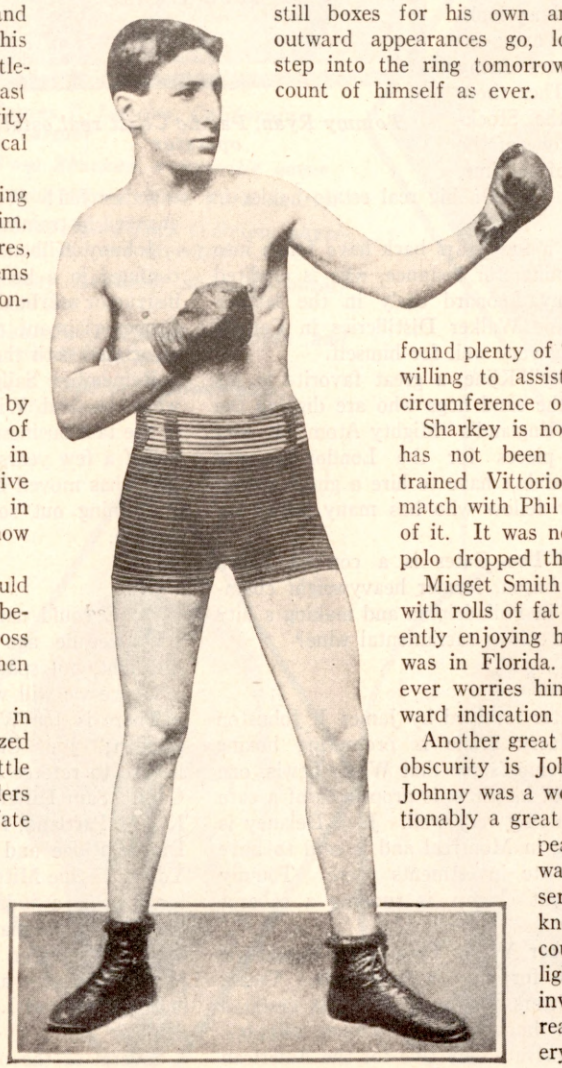
Not many of those gladiators who were swinging gloves when the Walker Law was written, are still in the ring. The famous statute has outlived most of them. The two most notable cases I can think of are those of Johnny Dundee and Mike McTigue. Both are "old men" so far as their active fighting careers are concerned, but each one continues to climb through the ropes at frequent intervals. It is nothing but a pure love of the game that causes these men to continue because each one is well fixed financially. McTigue is reputed to be worth a quarter of a million dollars yet won't retire.

It is not so long ago that the bantamweight division was the most active and interesting in all boxing. The 118-pounders were packing 'em in at the old Garden and Tex Rickard turned to this class for his best drawing cards. Can you recall some of the tremendous houses that Joe Lynch, little Jack Sharkey and Midget Smith used to draw?

* * *

THERE have been no such bantamweight battles since that time and now the class is simply recognized as one of boxing's divisions—and that's about all. Joe Lynch, Jack Sharkey and Midget Smith have passed out of the picture, but they will never be entirely forgotten.

Joe Lynch, a world's title-holder and probably the most popular bantam of his time, is the only one of the famous trio that managed to hang on to his ring earnings. He invested wisely in real estate, both in this city and in the suburbs, and will never have to worry. He owns a farm and a roadhouse located not a great way from Boxing Commissioner Jim Farley's stamping ground in Haverstraw, N. Y. Joe still boxes for his own amusement and, so far as outward appearances go, looks as though he might step into the ring tomorrow and give as good an account of himself as ever.



Abe Attell, fight manager

Jack Sharkey and Midget Smith had not Joe Lynch's regard for the future, although both won very sizeable fortunes in the ring. They lingered a little too long on that primrose path known as Broadway and there they found plenty of "friends" who were only too willing to assist them in diminishing the circumference of their bankrolls.

Sharkey is now a trainer of fighters and has not been entirely unsuccessful. He trained Vittorio Campolo for his recent match with Phil Scott and made a good job of it. It was no fault of Jack's that Campolo dropped that decision.

Midget Smith is still "a-man-about-town" with rolls of fat at his waist-line and apparently enjoying himself. When last seen he was in Florida. If the economic situation ever worries him there is certainly no outward indication of it.

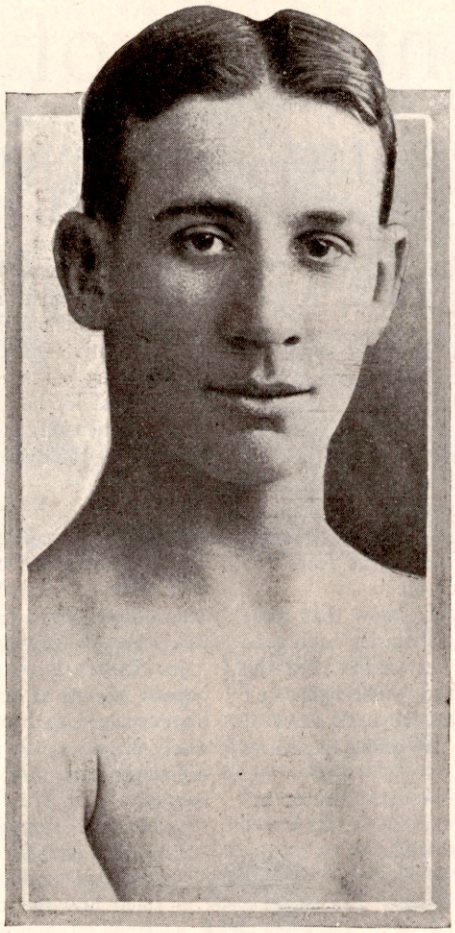
Another great bantam who has passed into obscurity is Johnny Buff, of Jersey City. Johnny was a world's champion and unquestionably a great fighter when he was at the peak of his career. Johnny was a clear-headed and conservative business man and knew that his ring career couldn't last forever. The white lights had no lure for him. He invested extensively in Jersey real estate and the haberdashery business, but Fate ruled against him and he lost out.

Do you remember Willie Jackson and the long series of terrific battles he waged with Johnny Dundee? Hard luck overtook Willie and he found himself at the end of his career with hardly any more cash than he had when he started, although he had earned a fortune. Willie is now selling rope and twine and just about making ends meet.

One of the most successful of the lightweights of a few years ago is Charley White—"Left Hook Charley" of Chicago. Charley, as a result of smart real estate investments in the Windy metropolis, is reliably reported to be on his way to the half-million-dollar mark. He spends most of his time collecting rents. White also owns a physical culture school for men and women and is thinking of opening another in Florida. Just for the fun of it he recently tried a comeback but failed.

* * *

ANOTHER famous lightweight of a decade or more ago who found security and independence in real estate investments is "Harlem Tommy" Murphy. He put his money in Brooklyn property and has never regretted it. When he isn't busy looking after his realty, he is a boxing instructor at the United States Army post on Governors Island. Then there is Packey McFarland of the Stockyards of Chicago. Packey, one of the greatest heavy lightweights of his time, is well situated financially. He is a big real estate holder in Chicago.



Tommy Ryan, Pacific Coast real estate operator

Some of the big shots of a few years back have fallen into odd pursuits. Frankie Fleming, for instance, who is credited with having flattened Benny Leonard early in the latter's career, is a salesman for the Walker Distilleries in Canada and at last reports was doing very well for himself.

Then there is "Irish Patsy" Kline, a great favorite in his day. Patsy is a cook for the sand hogs who are digging the new subway. Jimmy Wilde, England's "Mighty Atom," is very well off. He is writing pieces for the London papers. And I am told that Jimmy didn't have to hire a ghost writer, either. Wilde is a wealthy fellow who has many sound investments.

And did you know that Leo Gates is a cop on Ninth Avenue? And that Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, is leading an orchestra in Philadelphia and making a hit? And that Soldier Bartfield is selling sacramental wine?

* * *

ACCORDING to a letter received by James J. Johnston a few days ago, Harry Stone is promoting boxing shows in Australia. Which reminds me that Willie Lewis, one of the greatest club fighters of his time, is proprietor of a cafe in the Roaring Forties and doing very well. Jack Delaney is a silent partner at promoting in Montreal and is said to have made a number of real estate investments there. Tommy Burns, another ex-heavyweight champ, is running a cabaret right here in New York.

Of course you all remember Young Otto, even though he has been out of the picture for quite a few years. Young Otto, one of the hardest hitters that ever lived, is credited with having scored sixteen knockouts in sixteen minutes. When Otto isn't acting as a private detective for the American Railway Express he coaches amateur boxers. He has a gym and is a huge success as a private tutor.

Leach Cross is a dentist with an office on Columbus Circle; Charley Weinert operates a chain of bookstores (of all things!) in Newark. Gunboat Smith is a runner in Wall Street and is reported to have put over some smart stock transactions.

Benny Leonard is one of the owners of the Pittsburgh Hockey Club and also has a big boys' camp in the Adirondack mountains. Frank Moran is a boxing commissioner in California. Augie Ratner is driving a taxicab and Panama Joe Gans is training fighters.

* * *

OLD Jack Dillon, one of the greatest drawing cards of his time, runs a gymnasium in Minneapolis. Jack Bernstein owns a flock of apartment houses in Yonkers. Mike Gibbons is an insurance broker and Dave Barry is the owner of a gym in Chicago.

Sailor Tom Sharkey is doing "the best he can" down in Florida and Kid McCoy is chief of the fire department in San Quentin Prison, California. Joe Welling spends his time looking up and down the world for a good heavyweight. Your old friend Luis Angel Firpo has cleaned up another fortune selling American autos in the Argentine.

And out on a ranch in California, where he raises nothing but billboards, sits a huge, glum figure glowering at the world.

It is Jim Jeffries. Surely you remember Jeff! Well, Jeff not only has his farm, but is secretly engaged in training a heavyweight prospect.

Johnny Kilbane is a referee in Cleveland. Ad Wolgast is confined in a hospital for mental diseases. Willie Beecher is instructor of boxing at his own gymnasium and Jack Root, former claimant of the heavyweight title, is a wealthy man, associated with the motion picture industry.

Remember Sailor Burke? The boy who became famous when he and Willie Lewis scored a double knockdown, is in the taxi business in Brooklyn. Joe Shugrue, another famous lad of a few years ago, the boy who made Benny Leonard see stars, has moved back to Jersey City where he has high hopes of turning out some future great. He has opened a gymnasium.

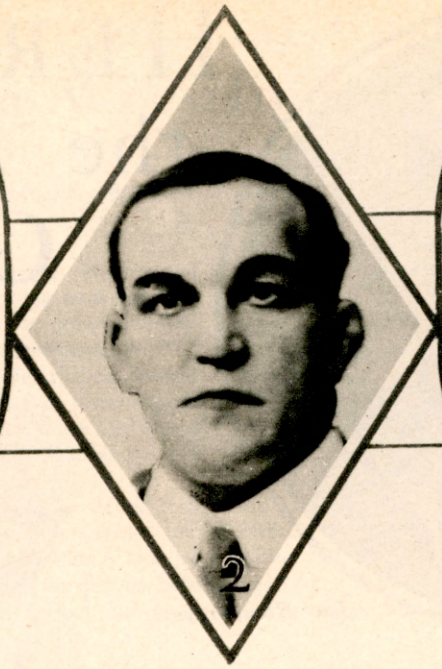
* * *

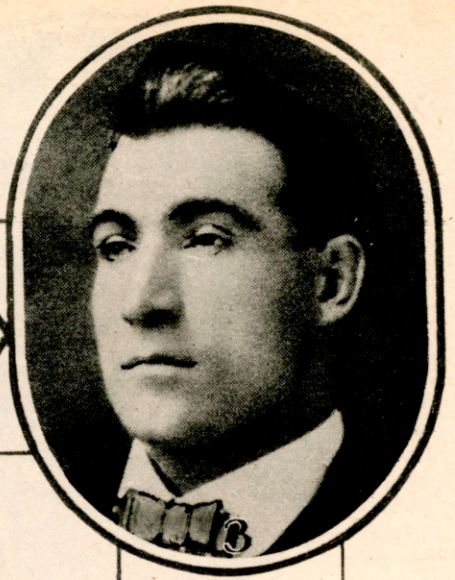
WE could name several hundred more of the boys of a decade ago and the old timers who held the fistic limelight, but space will not permit.

Hence we will wind up with the following:

There is Joe Walcott, who is working for Madison Square Garden; Joe Choynski, who only recently received a license to referee in Cincinnati; Willie Ritchie, who is on the Coast; Sam Langford, who is doing stray jobs up in Boston; Kid McPartland, Patsy Haley, Arthur Donovan, Jack Denning, Danny Ridge and Jack Dorman, who are refereeing in New York; Ritchie Mitchell, who is a gymnasium director; Joe Coster, who is a judge of boxing in New York; good old Jack Skelly, a gentleman of leisure; Tommy Ryan, who is a real estate operator on the Coast; Battling Levinsky, a salesman in physical culture apparatus; Mike O'Dowd, a deputy sheriff in St. Paul, and Lew Tendler, a prosperous clothier in Philadelphia.

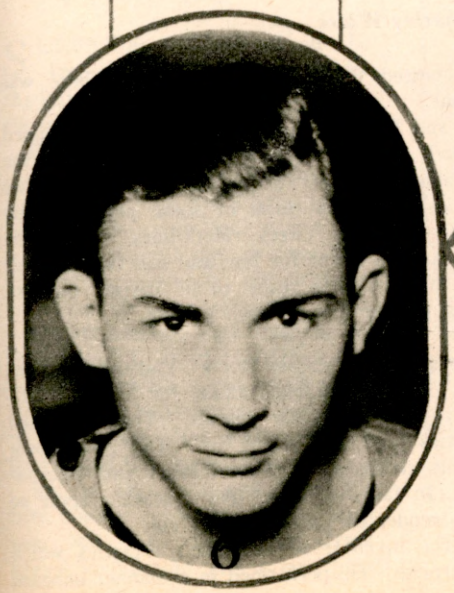
Several of the old stars are teachers of boxing and a large number are engaged in motion picture work.

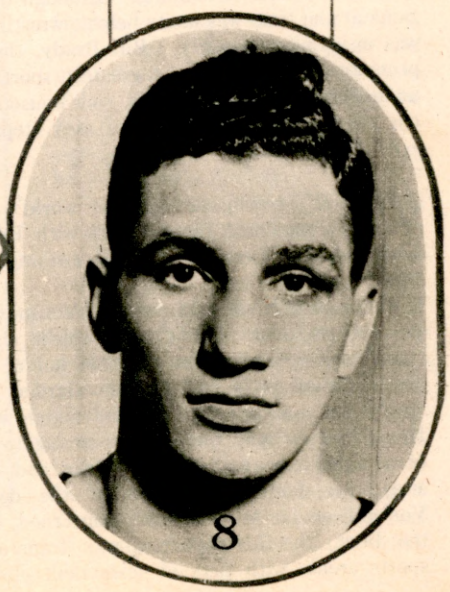




OLD FACES IN NEW ROLES

1. *James J. Corbett, actor*
2. *James J. Jeffries, California farmer*
3. *Tom Sharkey, vaudeville actor*
4. *Leach Cross, New York dentist*
5. *Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, physical culture director*
6. *Benny Leonard, sporting enterprises*
7. *Georges Carpentier, movie and vaudeville actor*
8. *Lew Tendler, Philadelphia clothier*





HERKILIDES the *FEROCIOUS* GREEK

By
JOE HUMPHREYS

Joe Humphreys

Charley White

I HAVE been the master of ceremonies for thousands of sporting events, have announced more sports characters than any other man, and have attended as many boxing and wrestling events as any person alive, yet I doubt that ever in my long career have I seen a more queer introduction than that which was on tap when Herkilides, a wrestler known as the Ferocious Greek, took the spotlight in the Metropolitan Opera House about thirty years ago. This particular introduction was hatched in my own head, though no one except my pal, Old Eagle Eye Charley White, was in on the secret. It went over with a bang.

White, then at the height of his career as a referee, got the Greek and he felt that he was worth a gamble for exploitation despite the fact White knew nothing about his ability. This Greek was a massive figure—big, strong, with powerful back muscles and a head that rested on a neck such as I had never before seen. As for looks, he was a cross between Tarzan and Stonehatchet's eldest son.

White and I conferred and we decided to take the grappler over to New Dorp, Staten Island, at Felix Boehm's place where Tom Sharkey and Kid McCoy were in training. Although the fight game at the time was at its height, wrestling also was enjoying prosperity. Bill Brady, theatrical promoter, had two of the greatest sports figures of the day under his wings—Jim Jeffries, and Yousouf the Terrible Turk, one of the biggest fellows that ever stepped into a ring.

* * *

BRADY, feeling he had the world's greatest wrestler in tow, arranged for a match with Ernest Roeber for the Metropolitan Opera House, for nothing but the finest was Brady's motto.

At the time Brady had matched Yousouf with Ernest Roeber in a return bout for the heavyweight championship, Roeber then being recognized as the title holder through his victory over Yousouf on a foul in their Garden bout. Although Bill Brady had no thought that this match would fill the Opera House, yet he was intent upon giving to wrestling the color of a high class affair. Melba, Jean and Edouard De Reszke and other famous songbirds of the day had nothing on Yousouf, so far as Brady was concerned, and on the night of the bout, the Metropolitan was transformed into a huge sports arena, with tiers of seats built close to the stage and the place all decorated to the Queen's taste. There was nothing left undone.

Charley White and I got to our seats early. We occupied chairs in the fourth row of the bleachers, directly over the ring which was about ten feet below us. As soon as we entered, Charley asked me to think of some plan whereby we could get our Ferocious Greek, Herkilides, before the public eye. We bought a ticket for him and had him sit near us so that when my plan was ready to be carried out, we found no difficulty putting it over with a bang.

* * *

AFTER a few preliminaries, the Roeber-Yousouf bout was announced. It was a terrible affair, for Yousouf outweighed Ernest by more than 100 pounds. The boys used all the rough tactics one could think of. The Sonnenberg goat-butting is tame compared to what Roeber and Yousouf pulled that night. In fact, it looked like a death grapple so intent was each to render the other unconscious.

The Turk was the inventor of some rough tactics which took Roeber by surprise. He performed in a manner unheard

An Introduction that Caused a Riot at a Wrestling Show

of in any of the leading wrestling matches of the day and there seemed no way to stop him.

* * *

THE affair finally broke up in a battle royal. Roeber had the better of the mill so far as real wrestling went but with both men resorting to pugilistic methods, the police and the handlers soon decided to put a halt to proceedings. As the bout progressed, the Turk became furious. He tried his utmost to gouge out the eyes of the American until Bob Fitzsimmons, Martin Julian, his manager; Bill Brady, the Turk's manager and a dozen others jumped into the ring, and flanked by half a dozen cops, they tried to stop the battle.

Meanwhile our own champion, the Ferocious Greek, our pet, was sitting restlessly waiting for his orders from me. He had not yet been introduced and things didn't look so bright for Charley White and myself. This worried us both for we had counted heavily on this show to put our giant over before the press and so celebrated an audience and I had to think quickly.

When the excitement was at its height, little Joe Humphreys hit upon his scheme. I suddenly remembered that Herkilides was extremely ticklish—a jumper—as they are called in sports parlance. One slight poke or even a touch on the side of his ribs or in the spine, and off he went like a madman. He could shoot away like a sky rocket.

Well, here was my chance. If I could furnish the ammunition, Herkilides, not Roeber or Yousouf, would be the talk of the town. Without giving myself a chance to change my mind, I got the Greek to stand up close to the rail from where he could look down on the proceedings. Then I suddenly sneaked in that tickle and the damage was done.

With a yell, he leaped clear over the rail and landed in the center of the ring. Before he had a chance to catch his breath, he received several pokes square between the ribs from the cops.

* * *

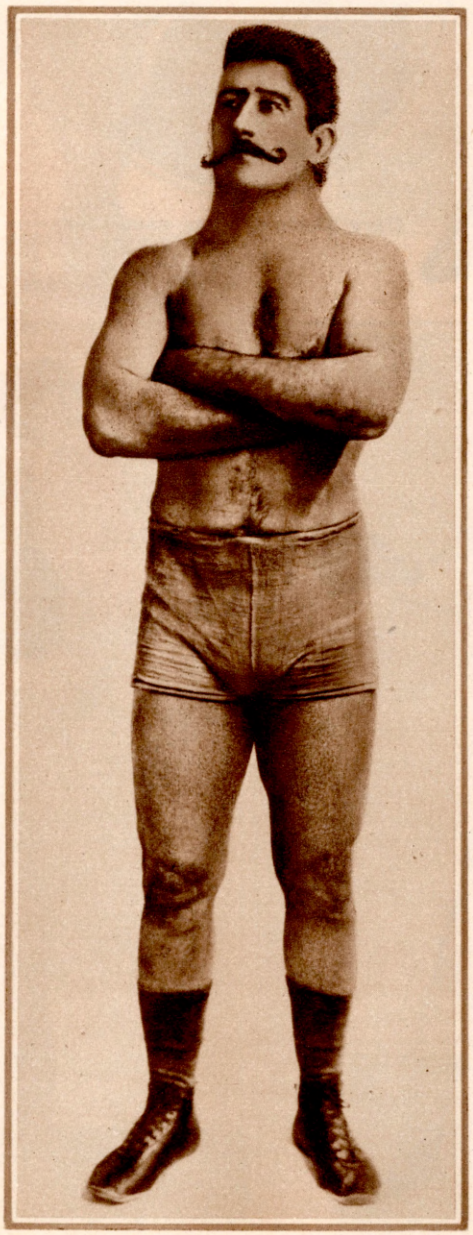
SURPRISE was painted on the face of everybody, especially the irate Yousouf. Our pet was anything but handsome to look at.

He had a thick mop of wiry hair that hung down to the shoulders and this was sticking out like a porcupine's quills. He was about the wildest looking thing on two feet. His entrance into the ring was the signal for a new riot. The cops, with clubs raised, were ready to do their best. To them, this Greek was nothing more than just another foreigner who had entered the arena to mop up the place and several got busy to rid the ring of this menace.

But to their amazement, at the first poke of the club of an Irish cop, Big Jim Dunn, the Greek leaped at Yousouf and a new fight was on. We had impressed the Greek with the idea that he was the strongest man in the world and that he was Yousouf's master. Hence, being in the same ring with Yousouf, what could be sweeter to him than to prove he was a better man than the Turk?

When Yousouf leaped aside, Herkilides flung himself at Roeber and when Roeber ducked and the Greek hit the floor with a thud, two cops leaped on his belly. He then fought the cops and there was a merry free-for-all. The poor Greek tried to explain his presence, but as he could speak no English, his efforts were lost. The Irish cops decided that he looked dangerous and that he was either a lunatic or a trouble maker and their decision was to tame him as quickly as possible. After several more blows were landed on Herkilides, Charley White and I decided it was high time for us to make our appearance and save our pet from a lambasting.

We jumped into the ring, explained matters to the cops in our loudest voice so that all the scribes could get an earful and everybody enjoyed a hearty laugh except the Greek. The next day our wrestler smashed his way into print in big headlines and it wasn't long before Charley White and I got many lucrative matches for Herkilides.



Herkilides, the Ferocious Greek

* * *

AFTER the commotion had ended, the police inspector came up to Charley White and remarked:

"Charley that was a great stunt, but you almost started a riot. Why didn't you tell me what was coming off?"

"I had no idea myself that there would be such fun," White replied.

And fun it was while it lasted, but only for the spectators. Even the cops were hot under the collar. They fumed and cussed to think they had been drawn into such a publicity stunt.

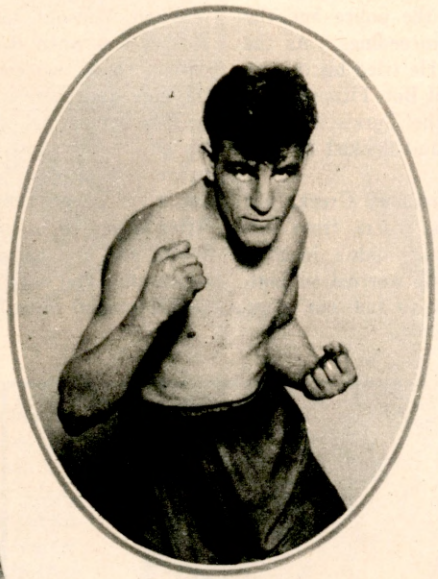
As for Herkilides, he had thrust himself into the wrestling limelight. The write-ups in the morning referred to him as one of the most fearless wrestlers who ever visited our shores. The Morning *World* printed an interview with him in which Herkilides explained that he had done no wrong and couldn't understand why he was attacked when he leaped into the ring.

Several of the scribes, friendly to Charley White, took great pains to notify the public that Herkilides looked like a marvel and that the manner in which he hurled aside "the opposition" at the Opera House proved his tremendous power. Within a week after our publicity stunt, Herkilides received his chance, but he failed to live up to expectations.

Many comedy scenes have been on view in wrestling matches, but I don't think I've ever come across the equal of that night at the Opera House.

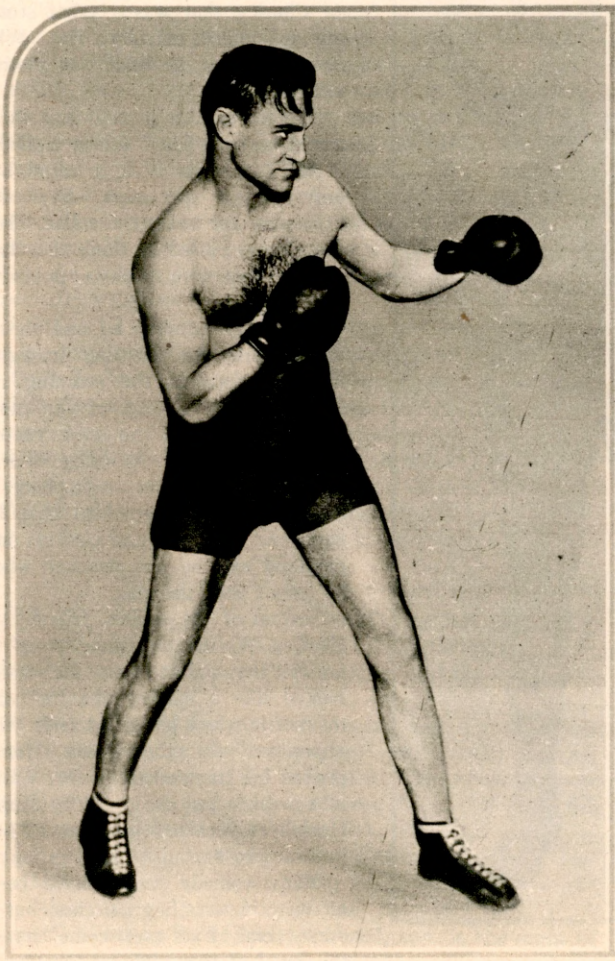
World's Leading Middleweights

Mickey Walker, champion

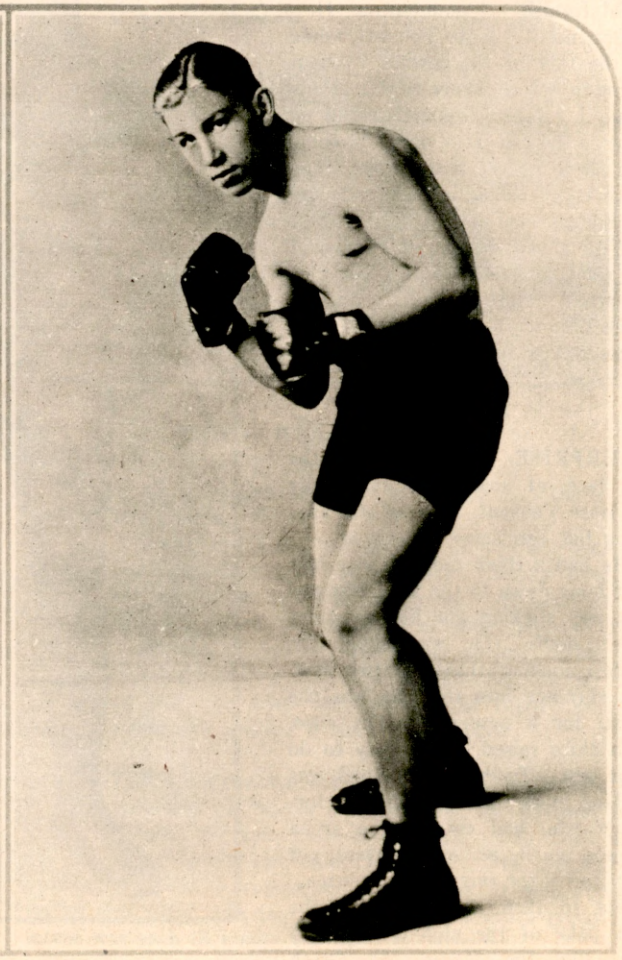


Dave Shade, leading contender

Ace Hudkins, of Nebraska

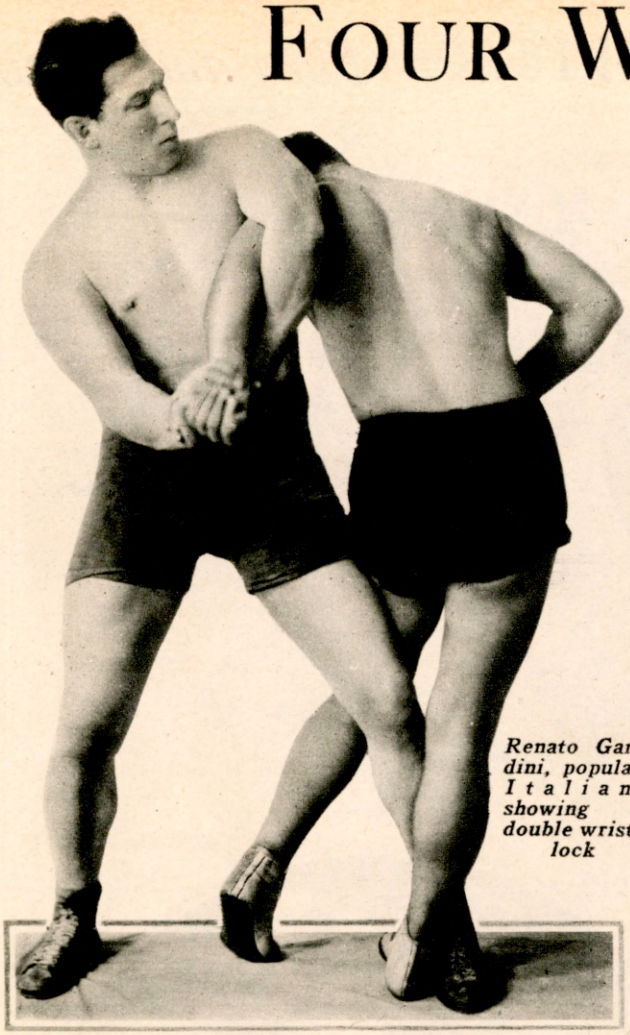


Rene De Vos, of Belgium

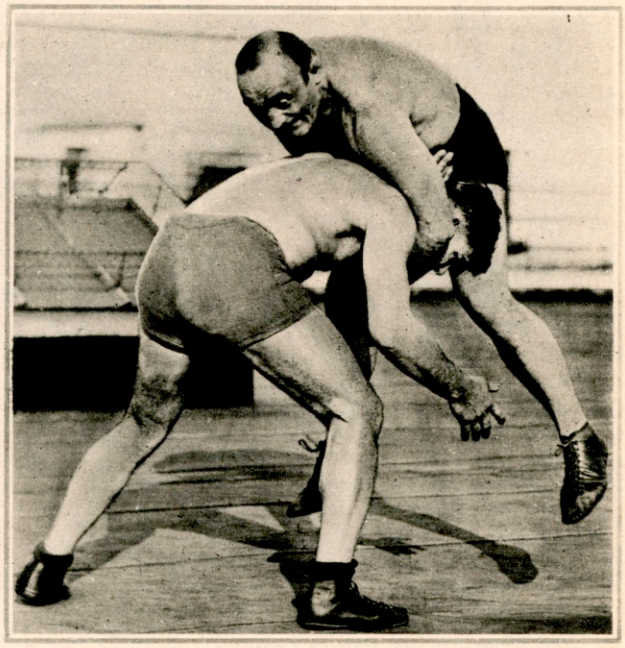


Harry Ebbets, of Freeport, L. I.

FOUR WAYS to DOWN a WRESTLER



Renato Gardini, popular Italian, showing a double wristlock



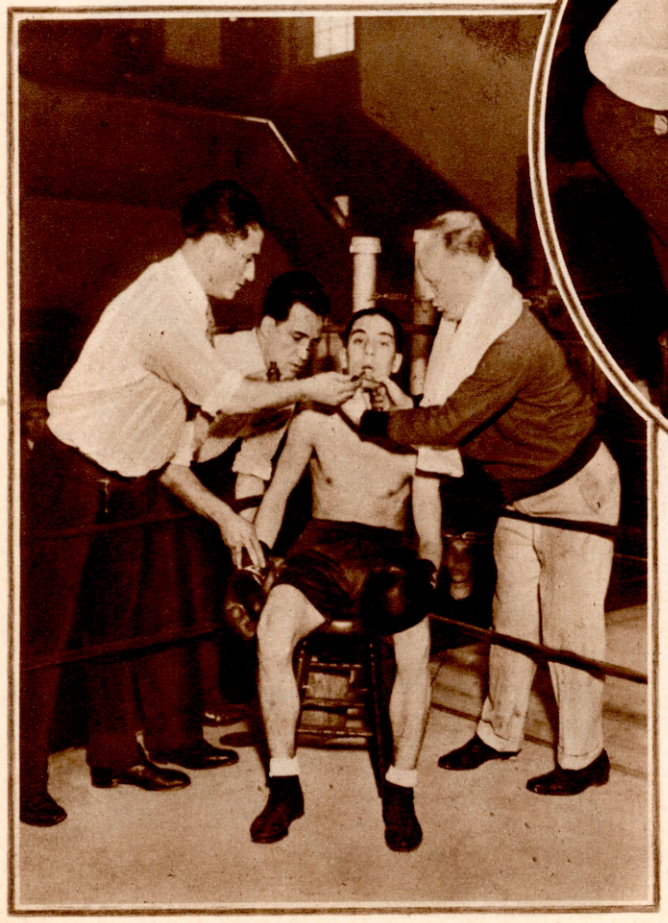
Wladek Zbyszko, working the flying mare on his opponent. Wladek is one of the veterans of the mat sport

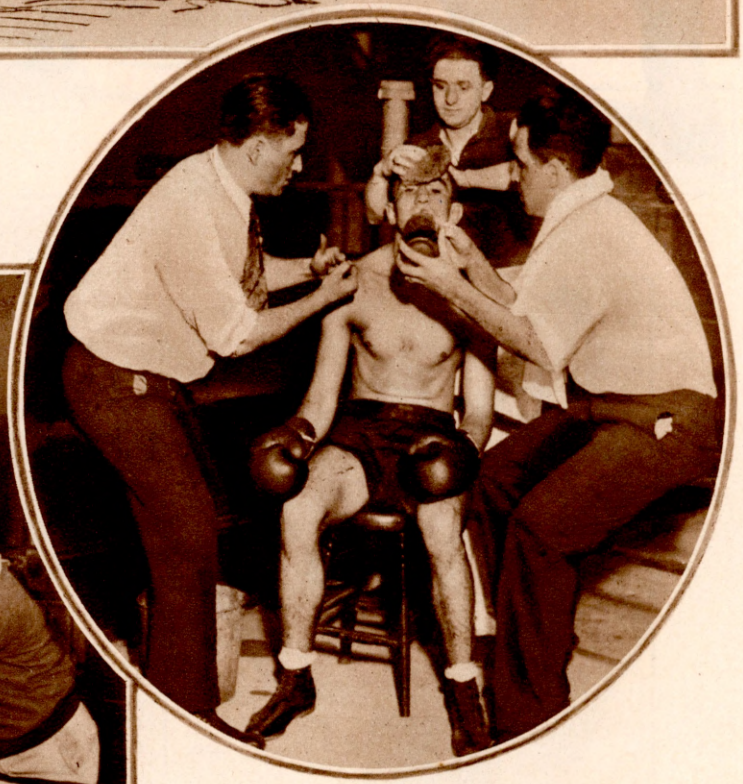
Hans Steinke, the German Oak, ready to toss a 210 pounder

Magyar Ferenz Holuban, champion of Europe, with a firm crotch and arm grip. Holuban is making a hit in the U. S.

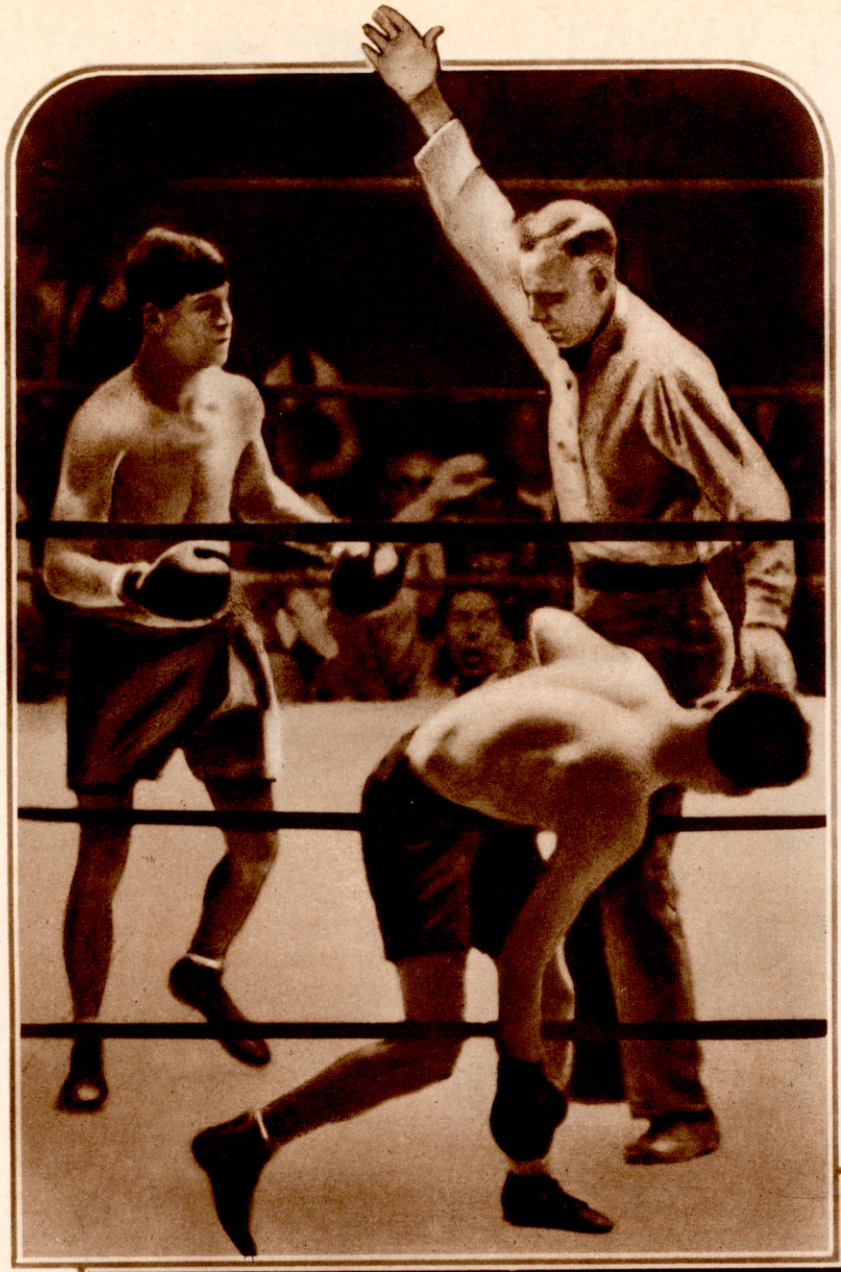
SECONDING A FIGHTER—*Then and Now*

Above is a scene at the ringside of the famous Heenan-Sayers battle in 1860. Neither the American nor British fighter enjoyed any of the ring conveniences with which a fighter of our era is blessed. Note how one of the men is resting on the knee of his second and how his breathing is interfered with by his handler's manipulation of the sponge



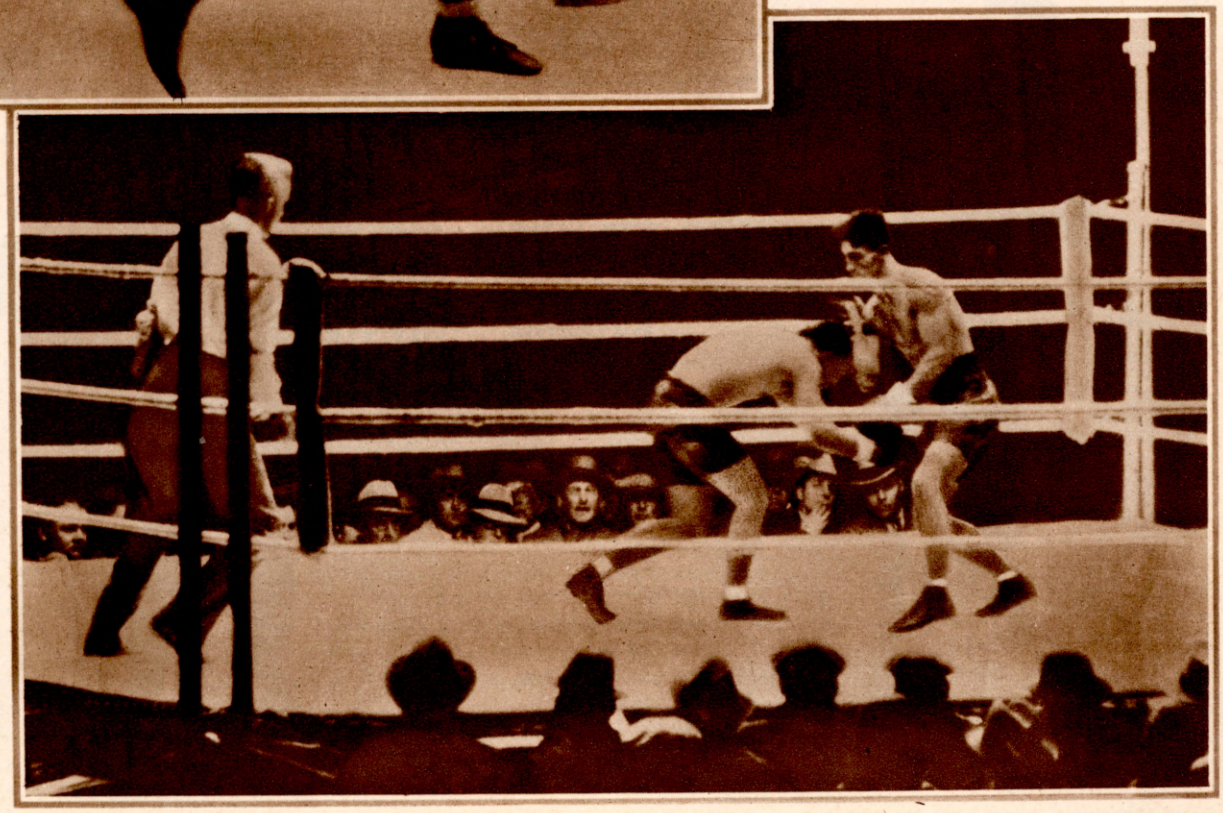


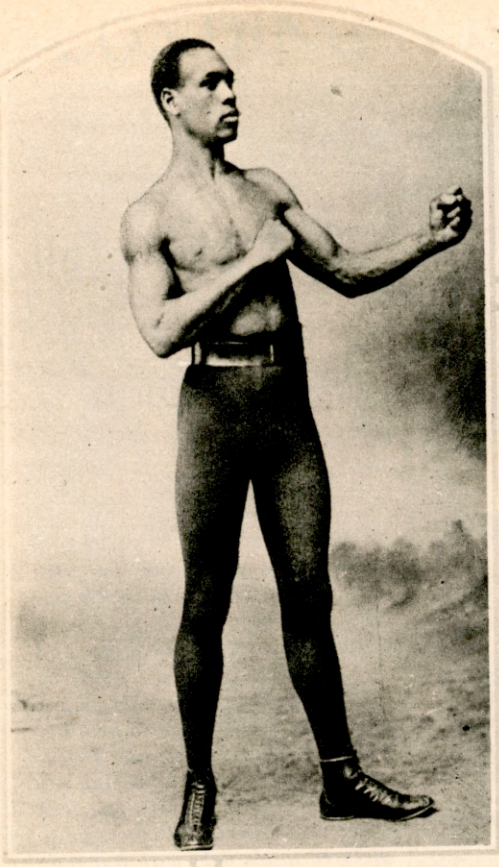
In inserts—The modern way of seconding a fighter. The conveniences of to-day were unheard of in the past. A fighter can rest in comfort between rounds. The care he receives is far different from the rough and ready treatment of the bare-knuckle days. Here are seen two nationally known seconds, Mannie Seaman and "Whitey" illustrating how a fighter is handled in the present era. Quite a difference, eh?



The Downfall of a Champion

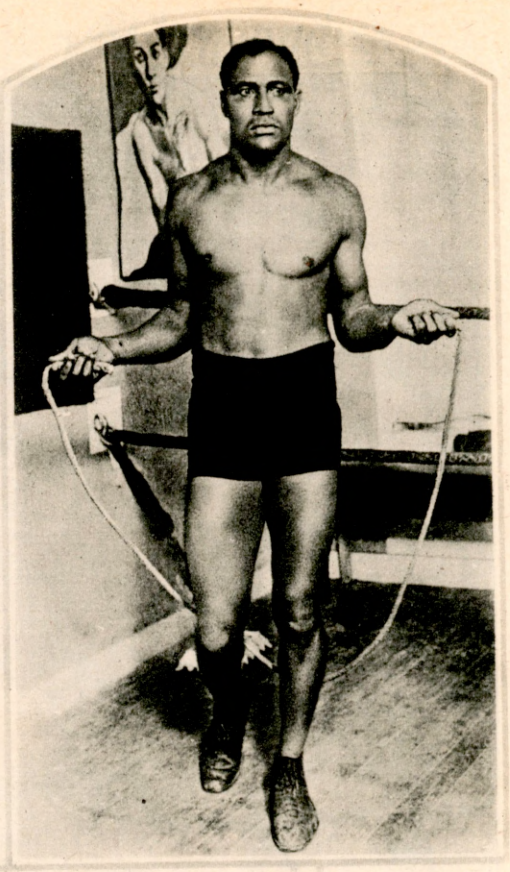
It isn't often that a world title holder is knocked out but still hangs on to his crown. Such was the case when Andre Routis, featherweight king, was stopped in two rounds on June 24, 1929, by Al Singer in an overweight match, and when Eddie Roberts knocked out Joe Dundee on the Coast. Routis, who proved no match for Singer, is shown hanging over the ropes on the left, and below he is pictured in his fight with Bat Battalino in which he lost the title. Singer has just been matched to clash with Sammy Mandell in a bout for the world's lightweight championship





Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler

Joe Jeanette, The Hoboken Giant



NEGRO PUGILISTS
Who Scaled the *Heights*
No. 2

Sam McVea, who hailed from California

Sam Langford, the Nova Scotia Marvel

"There's Many a Slip"

By TED SCOTT

THE gong clanged the opening of the twelfth round. Both men moved towards the center of the ring. Gornik, short, bullet-headed, and powerful shouldered, shuffled in crouching, his greenish-gray eyes searching for the opening for that one punch, which would turn defeat into victory.

Dunstan, tall and lithe, with a classy upright English style, and the foot-movement of a ballet dancer, made as if to brush an imaginary fly from his nose with his right glove and simultaneously stabbed three short straight lefts to the German-Australian's nose. Maxy grunted, hesitated a fraction of a second, and then came stumbling on.

Things had not been going too well for Herr Maxie, and the eight rounds he still had to travel, looked a devilish long way. On points, he was 'way behind, and he knew that Dunstan had only to be on his feet at the end of the twentieth frame, to take the verdict—a cheerless prospect.

In his last start in the north of Australia, Maxie had been stopped in twelve rounds by Tom Heeney, the Hard Rock from Maoriland, and it was in order to live down this defeat, that he had accepted the offer to box Dunstan in Melbourne. Right at the moment, it looked as if he would be at the wrong end of the money twice in succession — something which hitherto never had occurred in his fistic career.

* * *

ALTHOUGH he was a legitimate middleweight, Maxie preferred to tangle with the big boys. He knew that he could punch as hard as they could, and was a shade faster. Some of the boys around 160 pounds, classy two-handed boxers, had shown Maxie more gloves in one three-minute frame, than he had ever seen in his life before. For that reason, he preferred to give away twelve or fourteen pounds in weight to a slow lumbering slugger, who would be an easy mark for a smashing right-hander.

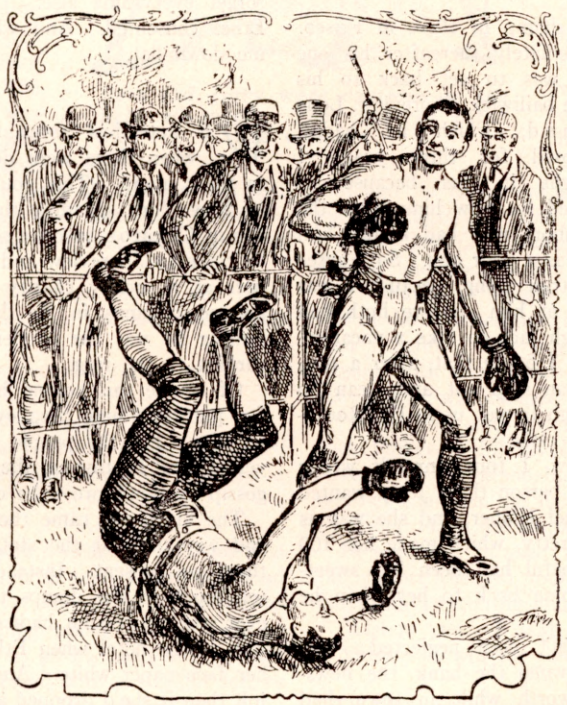
This Dunstan fellow was nobody's "Sleepy-Time Girl". He stepped faster than a sub-chaser, and while his punches, as Maxie put it, would "never knock a chop off a plate", they nevertheless carried enough sting to cut open both the German-Aussie's eyes, and to cause his nose and right ear to puff in a most painful fashion. Something suspiciously like a sigh of resignation escaped him when the gong rang for the twelfth.

While Maxie's lot, up to this stage, had not been all Patzenhofer and pretzels, he knew that the few punches he had landed with any degree of precision, had shaken Jack to his very heels. . . . But he showed no sign of slowing up in the twelfth, and Maxie was weary, glovesick, and ill at ease when the thirteenth was called.

Ping! Ping! Dunstan shot two straight lefts to the face, and Maxie caught them on his Teutonic features. Jack, obviously confident that the fight was all sewed up for him, feinted and fiddled around. He was playing to his down-town buddies in the bleachers.

Maxie came in, throwing punches with both hands. Jack sat himself on the middle rope, and ducking and swaying, made the Brisbane Pride look like a 1923 German mark—only cheaper.

Carelessly, he poked a long left to the head and Maxie, leaning forward, shot a terrific right to the heart. Dunstan's face was a picture of agony, and had he not been supported by the ropes, he would have fallen. Sensing that victory was within his grasp, Maxie put everything he had into one tigerish attack.



Dunstan fell with his legs spread-eagled, the back of his head hitting the ground

Still sitting on the middle rope, Dunstan kept his head, and blocked and ducked. They fell into a clinch, and lowering his head onto Jack's chest, Maxie whispered, "You better lay down Jack, 'cause next time, I'm going to hit you real hard." Several times the referee broke them and the gong called the minute's rest.

* * *

MAXIE knew that he was through. His breath was coming in short gasps, his arms felt as if they had invisible cords hampering their action, and his head was in a whirl. He had put everything he had into that last rally—his one and only chance—and his opponent had survived. Hell take that gong!

Round fourteen was a nightmare. Dunstan seemed to be a smiling phantom, hitting him from here, there and everywhere, with a variety of punches. How he kept from falling, Max could not say, but he came on and once in a clinch, he whispered hopefully to the Melbourne fighter.

"Hell, Jack, can't you see that I've been carrying you along? I had to let you stay fourteen, but next round I'm on the square."

Dunstan showed his pearly white teeth in a broad grin. "Catch this," he murmured, and smashed left and right to Maxie's badly puffed face.

To Maxie, the minute's interval seemed to have shrunk to ten seconds. He had scarcely flung his tired body into the swinging seat in his corner—so he thought—when the relentless gong clanged the fifteenth.

The Melbourne boy seemed even fresher than he had been in the first round. His body glowed a pinkish red, and with every breath, long elastic muscles showed all over his body.

Apparently he was feeling as well as he looked. He feinted and fiddled, drew Max into throwing punches at him, and then countered with smashing precision. In the clinches, he leaned forward as if to push his opponent away from him, and suddenly stepping back, cut loose with both hands.

Max ground his teeth with rage. They fell into a clinch and he swung Dunstan around so that the referee could not see his lips move.

"If you come out for the next (*Continued on page* 71)

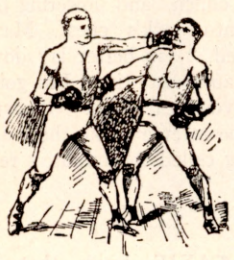
For the Boy's Sake

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY

PROBABLY you remember me, Bill O'Brien, manager of good and not so good padded-mitt artists for more than a generation. And you also will recall my favorite boy, Jerry Hall, one of the best welters who ever stepped on canvas.

I'm going to tell you the story of Jerry's most amazing battle; some inside facts which the four of us who were wise to them have kept under cover for a long time. I'll do this, not only because I feel like broadcasting a good yarn, but to upset the average fan's theory that only cold water, ammonia, kidding or abuse can put a fighter back on his toes when he's skidding so badly that the customers think the short count is about due.

As you know, my boy became champ in 19—, in Frisco. Immediately thereafter his one idea was to get back to his home bailiwick, Shoreview, Long Island, which he hadn't glimpsed for three years. I thought it was because he wanted to show himself to the neighbors who had known him only as a poor boy. So I agree and trail along, because I was fond of him and we both had enough jack to take a vacation. Also, I figure that, after a rest, we can step out and clean up enough to put us in the Rockefeller class.



Jerry drew first blood with a straight left to Farr's mouth

But, when we reached Shoreview, I found myself wrong on all counts. There was just one person there Jerry wanted to see; a girl. Her name was Ethel Hainer, and she was as clever and intelligent as she was pretty, which made her 100 per cent. okay. She and my hopeful had been kid sweethearts and he had promised to come back to her when he was champ.

She had waited. But she hadn't been neglected. One Theodore Smalley, whose father owned the bank, the newspaper and most everything else worth while in town, had repeatedly asked her to marry him and go to live with his folks in the biggest house in the burgh. And he wasn't a bit tickled that her heart remained true to the lad who had carried her school books before entering the squared circle professionally.

* * *

BUT to cut corners. Soon after we were welcomed by the Shoreviewers, my boy and Ethel came to a decision that almost gave me nervous prostration. He agreed to give up the lucrative game of fisticuffs and set himself up in the real estate business in the home town. And she promised, if he did this, to marry him as soon as he was established. It wasn't that she disliked prize fighting, she explained, but that she objected to having him take any more chances of having his manly beauty spoiled. I raved at my boy and I argued with her. But I lost the decision.

Now comes the big laugh—on me. I actually fell for Jerry's spiel that we could make more kale in the real estate racket than at fighting, and went into partnership with him. For a short time it was aces, people being anxious to do business with a champ. And, like many easy marks before us, we bought a pile of land and started to build a lot of those easy payment houses.

Then came the blowoff; meaning one of those slumps which make the suburban realtor pastime as uncertain as a newspaper weather forecast. And with practically every copper we owned invested, we had to borrow money from Old Man Smalley to keep ourselves from being sold out at interest rates that would have made Captain Kidd blush.

Six months of this and I was fit to be chained, particularly as Blutch Kester, my old rival, had dug up a fighter named Pete Farr, who not only proved a riot among the welters, but was claiming my boy's title. And the big-time newspapers made things worse by arguing that if Hall wasn't afraid of this newcomer, he'd resume his activity and defend his honors.

I coaxed, begged and pleaded with Jerry to return to the ring, arguing we were so in need of money that we must forget everything else. But he insisted he couldn't, unless Ethel consented. And when I talked with her she turned me down flat.

* * *

WE were just about two leaps ahead of the poorhouse when there were doings that gave me something new to think about. This young Smalley, learning that Farr was in New York spending the coin he'd collected for smacking one of Chicago's favorite sons, went there and paid him a wad to come to Shoreview and box with one of his sparring partners at a society charity affair. And to polish this off he printed columns in his dad's paper about Pete, more than hinting he was the battler who was keeping Jerry from returning to the ring.

Of course this hokum had my boy seeing red and he was for putting young Smalley in the hospital. But I wouldn't let him. For the people were beginning to think Jerry was yellow, and beating up the man who was responsible for such gossip wouldn't prove he could thrash Pete Farr.

The big break came the day Kester and his man hit town and were met at the station by a mob. We were among those not present. Instead, we sat in the rear of our offices, too much in the dumps to even talk to each other. However, the procession hadn't much more than passed on their way to the hotel when Ethel came in, trembling all over and her face paper white. And what she said gave us more of a jolt than if she'd dropped a package of T. N. T. She'd caught some of the street chatter, had overheard her sweetheart referred to several times as a coward, and that was more than she could stand.

In plain English and short sentences she told just what was on her mind and wound up by telling Jerry he was free to fight Pete and begging me to make the necessary arrangements at once, so the whole town would know he wasn't afraid of anything on legs.

The first round was a slashing affair

The minute she had stopped talking I was on my way, running; Jerry trailing after, stopping only for a kiss. We sure upset Farr and Kester more than a little when we busted in upon them in the hotel lobby and announced Jerry was just burning up to battle Pete for the title.

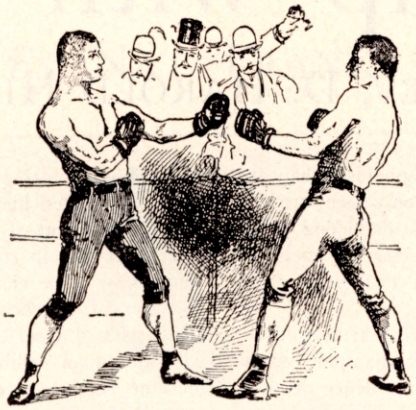
They couldn't sidestep with so many people, including some New York sports writers, listening. But Kester managed to put one over on us just the same. He pretended he was tickled silly to fight us, said he could put the boys on at his Newark club and guarantee the winner a fat purse, but that the fracas would have to take place within a month as Pete already was overdue in Hollywood to appear before the galloping cameras.

Jerry accepted before I could put a crimp in the raw proposition. And it was the closest he ever came to committing suicide. For Farr was practically fit to go into the ring right then, while my boy was soft as putty after his long layoff.

However, I sent for "Pinkey" Gallagher, Jerry's old boxing partner, and together we tried to get the boy into some sort of condition. But when the day of the fight arrived, Jerry was miles from being his old self. And I looked forward to the evening with an all-gone feeling behind my belt and figuring that nothing but some lucky break would give him as good as a draw.

* * *

I THINK Ethel was as frightened as I was, though you'd never have known it from her looks or anything she said. In fact, she kept insisting to her sweetheart that he was certain to win and did more to encourage him than Pinkey and I put together. The one thing I didn't like, though, was that she was determined to sit right behind Jerry's corner. I tried to argue her out of the notion, but at that game she always beat me. So I got her the ticket she wanted and then tried to forget about her. For it wasn't pleasant to think she was going to sit in so close on the slaughter.



Pete and Jerry were cautious as the fight advanced. They sparred often and clinched

Came the night of the fight. The stage was all set. The house was packed. The fighters entered the arena and took their corners.

"All right, kid?" I asks, just as everybody gets set for the gong.

"Okay, Bill. Never felt better," he snaps.

But I knew different. He was as nervous as a cornered mouse and I could feel his muscles twitch as I rested a hand on his shoulder.

* * *

PETE came out of his corner with a rush and had slammed a wicked right and a mean left to Jerry's head and wind before my boy got started. However, though he was driven to the ropes, he came back something grand, forced Farr to the center, then straightened him up on his heels with a right swing to the jaw, and drew first blood with a straight left to the mouth. The first round was a slashing affair.

When Jerry drops to his stool I see the strain of these three minutes has begun to tell on him and I stands so as to hide him from Kester. But Pinkey is seeing everything and he whispers, "Listen, Jerry. I think Blutch is warning Pete not to take any more wild chances but to wear you down. Fool 'em, kid. Cover up 'til you get another opening for your right like that last one, then put all you've got behind it."

Pinkey's guess proved to be the goods. With half a million in good money in sight if Pete knocked Hall out, Blutch wasn't going to let his fighter take crazy risks just to score a quick killing. For he had noted how that one wallop of Jerry's had slowed Farr up and was afraid another like it might reach just the right button and wreck their chances for the championship.

So, through the next five frames, both boys worked careful, with few damaging punches either way and plenty of clinching. In fact, a good portion of the round found both sparring. Yet, after each round, Jerry seemed weaker than the one before. How he managed to last through the next round, I never knew. I guess it was only his heart and pluck. Those qualities and the fact that once he slipped and dropped to his knees and was wise enough to stay there and get some second wind while the referee counted eight.

Pinkey and I, though seeing the finish mighty near, began working over him like demons trying to get him ready for the seventh. But Jerry just sat listless, staring at nothing. Suddenly, with only half a minute left, Ethel—whom I'd clean forgotten—pushed her head through the ropes and grabbed the boy's legs. He looked down, recognized her with a sickly grin and patted her shoulder.

"Don't give up, dear, don't." She was almost crying. "Remember, you promised to win—for the boy's sake."

Hall started as though he had been touched by an electric wire, he nodded and his lips closed so hard they almost disappeared. Before I could more than note the change in his expression, the gong sounded and they were at it again.

What followed had a dime novel climax backed off the boards. Jerry carried the attack to his enemy this time, tore into Pete like a madman, rocked his bullet head with a straight left and crossed instantly with a right to the jaw which dropped him. He was up in a flash. But the amazing comeback of his opponent—just when he thought he had the battle cinched—had knocked all the sense out of him and he began swinging wildly, seeming to bring almost every wallop clear from his knees.

Jerry, his face contorted with fury and yelling taunts, ducked and dodged like a frightened rabbit. But his bean was working as keenly as ever in his life. For almost a minute he watched and blocked; waiting for a wide opening. And it came. My boy's left shot out. It seemed fairly sizzling with steam and appeared to bury itself under Pete's jaw, and he was counted out.

"Well," he said, grinning, shaking hands with me, then with Pinkey. "I'll say I'm still the champ. But—I'd never have made the grade but for Ethel. I've got to find her—tell her she won the fight for me. She knew the one thing to say to make me surpass myself."

In a flash I recalled what she had said to her sweetheart just before the last round, the funny crack that had turned him from a tottering human hulk into a fighting hyena.

"Listen, you," I said. "Tell me what Ethel meant about promising to win for some 'boy'?"

* * *

JERRY went crimson to his hair, he hesitated for a long minute, then grabbed me by the shoulders. "All right, Bill, here's the dope. Ethel and I have been married for almost a year."

"You—you're kidding me," I gasped.

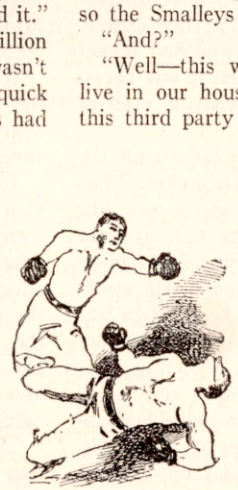
"Straight goods," he laughed. "But we decided to keep it a secret until I got together enough money to buy her a home; so the Smalleys couldn't laugh at her."

"And?"

"Well—this winter there's going to be a third person to live in our house. And Ethel and I have been planning on this third party being a boy. You understand?"

"Yes," I replied, "I understand. But still—"

"I simply had to win this fight 'cause we needed the big end of the purse to get things started right. That's why I agreed to battle with only a month's training. And now I'm going to do a lot of fighting so's to make a pile of jack to send the boy to college and—never mind the rest, but push me into my clothes. I want to get to Ethel. We've got a lot to talk over now. But gosh, I get a cold chill every time I think what might have happened if she hadn't kept her head and given me that jolt just in time. It was most fortunate."



Down went Pete and the fight was over

Clergyman Tells of His Friendship with Fighters

By REV. D. HAROLD HICKEY

I BELIEVE I have met more famous pugilists than any man of my profession. Some I have only seen, others I have known intimately. Their names all belong in the hall of pugilistic fame and the making of their acquaintance I count among the most interesting experiences of my life.

I was a youngster in Boston when James Jeffries won the title from Bob Fitzsimmons. When the new champion visited our city I was among the first at the Old Providence depot to bid him welcome. I was alongside the cab door when Jeffries got in, followed by Tommy Ryan and others. The crowd was enthusiastic and it gave me a real thrill to be so near the champion. Later I saw Fitzsimmons on a Boston stage sparring with Bob Armstrong.

I was working near Keith's Theatre in Boston when Jim Corbett was playing there and saw the ex-champion go in and out of the stage door each day. I tried to think of some scheme to make his acquaintance but could never hit upon a satisfactory plan.

I was in the theological seminary when Jack Johnson won from Jeffries at Reno. A colored classmate who had a little church in Cambridge told me that Johnson had consented to speak at a social and invited me to be present. It was a hot summer evening. Needless to say, the little building was packed to the doors. I was not the only white person present. The champion was late but finally appeared followed by a group of admirers.

* * *

JOHNSON shook hands very cordially when the pastor introduced me. He was in the best of humor and the speech he made was pleasing and sincere. He made a fine impression upon all, particularly the pastor of the church. The church was raising money to pay off a long-standing mortgage note. Johnson seemed as interested as though it were a personal debt. He gave generously and urged all present to do so. The affair was both a social and financial success. Johnson, I believe, took pleasure in helping those in need, especially those of his own race.

When I was a pastor in South Boston a friend of mine told me that Jem Mace was touring the country as an evangelist and that he could secure him for a service at my church. Mace was one of the old timers of England who had fought Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain in the days when it was necessary to hold boxing bouts away from the vigilant eyes of the law.

Mace was a fluent and easy speaker. He carried all the gestures and movements of the prize ring into the pulpit. When he desired to drive home a point he would rush up to it like a boxer beginning an attack. When the point was made he would get away again and stand on the defensive. Two famous gestures of his were a left jab and a right hook. He would shoot out his left in order to call attention to the point he was making and would then put over his right with tremendous force.

Occasionally Mace got the devil on the ropes and would sail with both hands. These gestures did not make him appear in the least ridiculous but added force to his words.

During the war I was stationed for a time at Camp Meade, where Tommy Gibbons was boxing instructor. He held his classes in the open and I used to attend them frequently. Later I was putting on some bouts in another section of the camp and asked his help. He was very gracious and put his entire equipment at my disposal.

Later I was in transport service running between Hoboken and Brest. The chaplain associated with me on the ship was a boxer of the heavyweight class. As I was only a lightweight I had a perfectly good alibi when it was suggested that we put on an exhibition. The chaplain was so good that it became necessary for him to pay the men to put the gloves on with him.

After he had put two or three out it became necessary to raise the amount from $5 to $10. Coming from France one trip, business was slow for the chaplain. He raised the amount from $5 to $10 without any response. Finally a big fellow, leaning against the rail, drawled out, "I'll put 'em on with you chaplain to be sociable."

He was so big and slow moving that the gobs laughed at the thought of the drubbing he was going to get. His hands were as big as hams so the gloves had to be cut to get them on. He shuffled into the ring with a slow, awkward gait. But when the whistle blew to come to the center he was a changed man. He danced out to meet the chaplain and let go a quick left, followed by a right. The sky pilot slipped to his knees and when he got up tried to save himself by clinching.

But the soldier pushed him away and went after him again. It was over in a few seconds. The chaplain was a good sport and congratulated his conqueror cordially. "You are a better man than I am," he said. "I ought to be, chaplain," replied the boxer, "I'm Homer Smith, the guy that fought Jack Dempsey. I was easy with you, though," he added. "Don't apologize," said the chaplain, "you were plenty for me."

Smith could not be induced to take any further interest in fighting during the remainder of the trip.

* * *

FREDDIE Welsh, ex-lightweight champion, held a captain's commission in the Reserve Corps of the Intelligence Department of the Army. When I was at the Citizen's Military Training Camp at Devens, some time after the war, I met Welsh, whose real name was Thomas.

Welsh was a very sociable bellow and would tell of his ring experiences to those who were interested. He took a great interest in the boys of the camp and spent a lot of time instructing them in the art of self defense.

John Coolidge, who was in camp that year, won his friendship through his interest in boxing. He was fond of Freddie's little girl and would tell of some of the clever things she wrote him in her letters. Welsh had known prosperity and adversity even then. He had one great foe which finally got the better of him. But I believe he went down fighting to the last. "The fight game must be a sort of religion if you're going to make good," he said to me one day. "A man must love it so that it becomes meat and drink to him. Then no sacrifice is too great to make for it."

That is why Freddy Welsh was such a success in the ring. Welsh was as good a student of literature as he was a fighter. A great character was Welsh, one whose friendship I cherished.

AL FRIEDMAN, *BIBLE SCHOLAR, LINGUIST, BOXER*

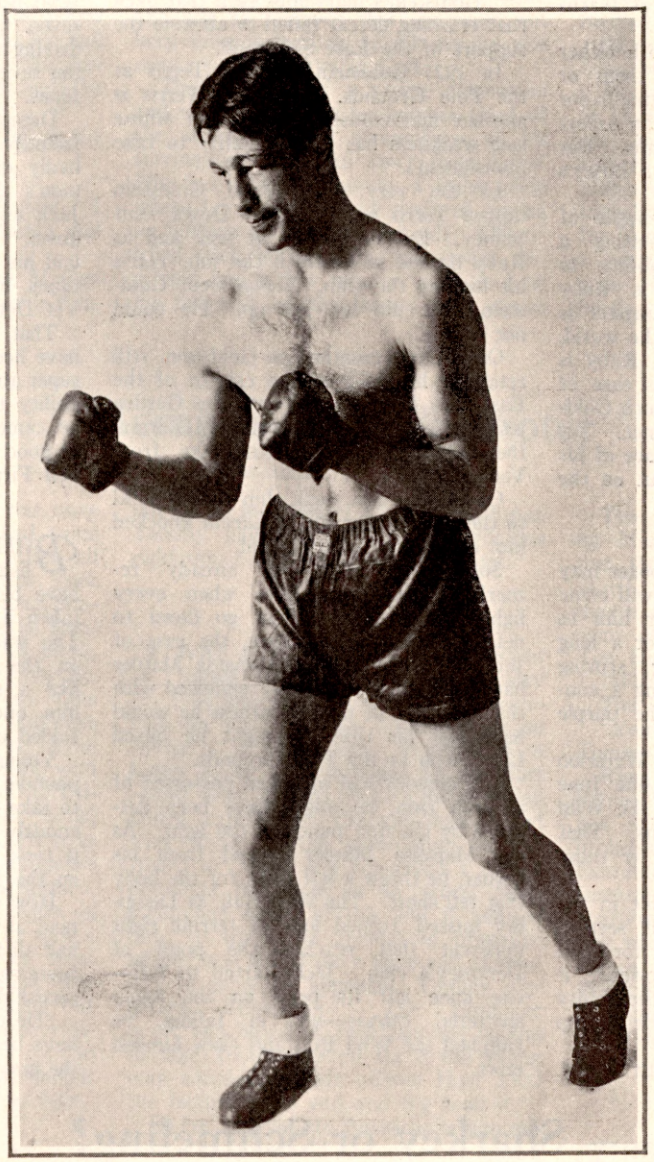
By NAT FRANK

UP in Boston, the home of some of America's greatest pugilists, fight fans talk about a 22-year-old lad who two years ago found it necessary to go west to make good in his chosen profession —boxing, and now is the rage of the City of Culture. This young man who could not "break into" his own home town fight clubs and took Horace Greely's advice to "Go West," today stands forth as the leading Jewish heavyweight in America.

It is no longer a novelty to find a well-cultured, soft-spoken high school or college student making good in boxing. Though they still make up the minority, more and more of this type are coming to the fore in the field of fistiana as each year rolls by. Al Friedman is one of this new school.

Upon his graduation from Hyde School of Boston, Al had visions of studying medicine at Harvard but he lacked the funds and like many other boys who found themselves in the same predicament, he decided to earn enough to enter college and the field he chose for this means, was boxing. Despite his interest in things pugilistic, Al finds plenty of time to indulge in his hobby—reading.

He is a keen student of the Bible, studies books on philosophy and health and is a linguist who speaks, reads and writes eight languages. That truly is a novelty for a fighter.



Al Friedman

* * *

A FEW weeks ago Tuffy Griffiths, considered by fight experts as one of the ranking heavyweights, went to Boston to take on what he considered a set-up—Al Friedman. When the fight was over, poor Tuffy knew that he had been through the mill for he won by a hair-line verdict. At one time Tuffy was on the verge of a knockout. Friedman had surprised the boxing world by his splendid performance.

Under the guidance of the veteran Al Lippe, the Boston boy had made wonderful strides. Lippe, famous judge of boxing, figures that before the year is over, his charge will be ranked among the first ten. Al set a record last year for fighting. He took part in 54 bouts in 12 months.

On the afternoon of his fight with Griffiths, Friedman was sitting in the lobby of a Boston hotel with three books under his arm. Asked by a scribe what he was reading, Friedman held the books up for observation and to the astonishment of the newspaperman, these were the titles:

"Talmudic Sayings," by Rabbi Henry Cohen.

"Dr. Tilden's Health Review Critique."

"The Nervous System and How It Functions."

* * *

FREIDMAN exemplifies the new type of fighter, the cultured lad who finds in boxing a far greater lucrative return than can be obtained through an ordinary business career.

A little different from the days of yore when the gangster, the street ruffian, held sway over the field. As in tennis, golf, baseball and other sports, boxing has progressed and with this progress has come a new element in the ranks of the fighters. College boys, high school lads, well-bred youths who see fortune and adventure ahead—these now typify the new ranks.

To meet Al is to like him. To hear him discuss current topics and even delve into the realm of philosophy, is to admire him. Gene Tunney may broaden his A's and roll his R's, but Al Friedman can do that also and in a much more natural fashion. He has a choice of words that comes only to those who are great readers and Al is all of that.

Not only does he digest current literature, but the greatest of all works, the Bible. He is well versed in the Talmud, the most historic of all Hebrew writings. He can quote any passage of the Bible without hesitation.

It is all natural with him. No "high hat" stuff. You just can't help taking off your hat to a fellow like that because he is a self-made, self-educated young man who is preparing for the bigger battles of life through the medium of the roped square.

He exemplifies the new type of boxer, the kind made famous by Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran. Not so many years ago it would have been like seeking a needle in the haystack to find a fighter who was a college or high school student. Today the field abounds with that type.

"He Can't Take It"

(Continued from page 27)

the carpet in ten seconds. If a boy is knocked unconscious that is all there is to it. It is not a question of quitting under fire.

The worst feature connected with the inability to take punishment is that it is a trait which cannot be eradicated. If a fellow can't take it, that is all there is to it. There is no such thing as teaching a boxer to take punishment.

He may be taught to hit with either hand, to slip punches, block them or sidestep. He may, by painstaking labor in the gymnasium, come to be an expert in most departments of the game. But nature is the only arbiter of a boxer's ability or inability to take it.

The outstanding modern example of a boy prevented from mounting a fistic throne through the inability to stand up under punishment is Ruby Goldstein. The East Side youngster is probably the hardest hitter in the world, pound for pound. As a boxer, Ruby is a marvel. His is the effortless ease of the master. Speed, skill and punch Goldstein possesses in super-abundance. Yet all this goes for naught in the face of his inability to weather a stiff clout on the whiskers.

* * *

NO matter how clever a boxer may be defensively, the time will come when it will be necessary for him to prove that he can take it. For a long time Goldstein breezed along, scoring brilliant knockouts and acquiring a conviction that he would wear the purple robes of a champion.

The East Side hero met his Waterloo at the Coney Island Stadium, one June night in 1926, when he faced the Wild Cat of the West, Ace Hudkins. That fight never will be forgotten by those who saw it.

Goldstein was a 1 to 4 choice in the betting. In the first round it seemed that those odds were justified, for soon Hudkins was on the floor. However, it so happened that the Ace had the ability to take it to the *n*th degree. He got up and kept firing.

The end came in the fourth round, when a long left hook, started from the floor, hit Goldstein on the chin and put him down for the full count. It was a sad night for the East Side denizens.

* * *

YET such was the magic appeal of Goldstein's marvelous skill that even that crushing defeat failed to alienate the support of the East Side mob.

In 1927 Goldstein met Sid Terris at the Polo Grounds. Strangely, Terris is another marvelously gifted boxer whose sole weakness has been inability to take punishment.

In the very first round Goldstein tapped Terris on the chin. Down went Sidney. But he got up at nine and as Ruby dashed in to finish the job, Terris hit him on the chin. Down went Goldstein. He did not get up. He could not take it.

Only a few months ago Goldstein, still retaining his hold on the esteem of the East Side fans, stepped into the Garden ring to do battle with Jimmy McLarnin, the baby-faced Irish rattlesnake from Vancouver.

Once more that weak chin proved fatal to the Ghetto marvel. McLarnin knocked him out in the second round.

Sooner or later, as already remarked, the time comes when every fighter must "take it" or go down to defeat. Take, for instance, the case of Jack Dempsey. If the Manassa Mauler had not been exceptionally endowed with that attribute of fistic greatness he would have lost his title the night he boxed Luis Firpo at the Polo Grounds.

If Dempsey had not been possessed of an iron chin, he might have been flattened by the first punch of the fight. As the Manassa Mauler rushed from his corner, he threw a left hook for the body that fell short. The Wild Bull, as Dempsey missed, turned loose a terrific right uppercut that reached the point of Dempsey's chin. Jack started to fall—one knee left its print on the resin-spattered canvas—but in falling, he clutched the Wild Bull and drew himself erect.

Dempsey, after the break, charged in undismayed after absorbing that terrific clout and floored the huge Argentinian seven times.

And then, you will recall, Firpo, rising after taking his seventh trip to the floor, reached the champion's chin with a right that knocked Dempsey silly. The Wild Bull charged in for the kill and put seven more terrific rights to the jaw, driving the champion to the ropes, where the seventh punch sent Jack through the ropes.

Dempsey, with some help from friendly hands, got back into the ring, badly dazed. Firpo reached the champion's chin with several more rights, as Jack leaned against the ropes, his hands down. When the bell rang Firpo had laid his right on Dempsey's chin thirteen times, by actual count, without a return. Yet Dempsey was still perpendicular.

That volley of terrific punches would have been enough to flatten any man not super-abundantly endowed with the ability to take it. But Dempsey, when he came out for the second round, was as good as ever and 57 seconds after the bell Firpo was down and out.

* * *

BOMBARDIER WELLS, the English heavyweight, probably would have been a champion if he could have taken a normal amount of punishment. The wasp-waisted Briton put Al Palzer on the floor several times and looked like a sure winner when Palzer nailed him once in the stomach and Bomby folded up, through for the night.

Young Ahearn of Brooklyn, a 145-pounder, had everything but the ability to take it. Small as he was, he hit hard enough to flatten heavyweights. But all it took to stop him was one good clout on the jaw.

How differently pugilistic history would read if a dozen boxers who otherwise had all the qualifications of greatness had possessed the ability to stand up under punishment.

"He can't take it!" Those four words have been the text of many a sermon at the grave of fistic ambition.

Sharkey or Schmeling?

(Continued from page 5)

hang around giving up fat purses. That looks too much like nursing yourself along for one shot.

However, I do not want to make any snap judgment or be unjust to the foreigner. I want to see him go before he enters the ring with Sharkey. Perhaps Schmeling will make me change my mind.

What do all you ring followers think of this Carnera person? Isn't he a wow? Knockout after knockout, and a real sensation.

Contrast this big circus man with Schmeling.

Max had a chance to cash in on his popularity just as Primo is cashing in. But Max jumped home, while Carnera keeps crashing them down.

I am very much interested in this big man. He has tremendous possibilities both in the ring and at the box office. When he came over here he was a guffaw. Now he merits serious consideration. He hits like a man swinging a sash weight. If he ever develops real ring skill—look out!

It is unfortunate for him and for boxing that his managers have blundered in their handling of his affairs.

Sharkey and Schmeling hold the spotlight to-day, but they must have an uncomfortable feeling with Carnera looking over their shoulders with that funny smile over his big face.

I think the boys will have to come to Carnera for the next big gate.

They have been talking about me in that regard, but I am out of it until I decide that I ought to be in it.

I think it's a shame to keep hounding Carnera with cries of "Fake." Every time he stops somebody they give him the old razzberry.

It seems to me that once a bout is sanctioned by the proper authorities the onus of fighting what might be called a setup is lifted from Carnera. If the commissions do not like the men picked to fight the Italian they have the authority to stop these matches and force Carnera to fight somebody of class, or quit the game here.

We must not forget that Carnera is a comparative novice, and that it always is bad business to send a novice against an experienced man of real ability.

Crafty Kid McCoy

(*Continued from page* 19)

distracted the attention of his rival just long enough to give McCoy an opportunity to send across the haymaker.

This story is told about the Kid's fight with Jack Wilkes. Wilkes entered the ring at Boston and found McCoy sitting in his chair, pale as a ghost, his eyes popping out of his head and his general appearance indicating a fellow with one leg in the grave. McCoy had whitened his face to give it a sickly appearance and when Wilkes entered the ring, he said to his manager:

"Is that pale, sickly looking fellow the man I'm to fight?"

"Yes," replied his manager.

"Why, if I hit him, I'll kill him. I don't want to get into any trouble and I won't fight him."

Wilkes was ready to quit, but McCoy and his handlers told him he needn't be afraid as there was no danger. McCoy had accomplished his point in scaring his opponent with the result that the Kid sailed into the astonished Wilkes and put him away in two rounds.

McCoy was born in Rush County, Indiana, and came from a very religious family. His father owned a little store and was so religious that he would not keep tobacco because he felt its use was contrary to the laws of God.

The Kid was of a roving disposition and at an early age he became tired of the strict religious atmosphere of his surroundings and ran away from home. His first position was in a tailor shop where he assisted in the work of sewing on buttons and running errands. Dissatisfied with his services, the owner dismissed him a few months later, and he hit the trail of the hoboes in a desire to roam the country. Whenever he struck a city and found himself penniless, he would hire himself out as a waiter in a restaurant, hold his job a few days and again hit out for new parts.

His first move in the boxing game came in St. Paul where he decided to prepare himself for that field. He remained only a short time and then again went westward, but this time, not as a hobo but as a novice boxer.

He traveled from place to place, and in each he pulled down a little money, just enough to live on, by fighting all comers on barges, in barns and at private club affairs. This continued until he obtained a position in Detroit as a trainer for Tommy Ryan, from whom he gained a considerable amount of the ring science which he displayed in his greatest battles.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 29)

I wasn't dead, after all. I was alive and this was my friend who had come hundreds of miles to see me after all those years. He remained in New York for several days and, having assured himself I would recover, went back to Kansas City, where he still makes his home.

On my return to Chicago from St. Louis I worked from time to time with Carroll at the Illinois A. C. and once more began to accompany Tommy Ryan on his trips about the country, being with him when he beat Jack Moffatt at Dubuque, Ia., on August 31, 1899, in 20 rounds, and when he stopped Kid Carter at Fort Erie in six rounds on September 15, 1902, and in all his Chicago fights.

The fight with Carter found Ryan in poor health and though he was by now a middleweight and had agreed to meet Carter at 158 pounds, he weighed only 142. He had sought a postponement but Tom O'Rourke and Joe Macias, who managed Carter, refused to agree to it. So Tommy, in order to protect his forfeit money, had to go through with the fight.

* * *

AT the weighing in on the afternoon of the fight Carter, who tipped the beam at exactly 158, grinned at Tommy and said:

"I'm going to give you a good beating tonight, Tommy."

Tommy only grinned back at him but when we got outside he said to me:

"He was only bragging but maybe he's nearer the truth than he thinks."

For five rounds of the fight Ryan, employing the famous crouch which he had taught to Jim Jeffries and thus helped to develop Jeff into the world's heavyweight champion, held Carter off.

O'Rourke and Macias, in Carter's corner, were jubilant and when they sent the Kid out for the sixth round they gave him instructions to finish the supposedly groggy Ryan. Carter rushed in for the kill but as he crowded Ryan to the ropes, Tommy nailed him with a murderous right upper cut and knocked him out.

* * *

I WAS at Springfield, O., when Ryan fought Jack Beauscholte on January 17, 1901 and accompanied him to Louisville for his fight with Tommy West on March 4 of that year. Beauscholte, a husky young chap managed by Sig Hart —and now, by the way, a hard boiled police captain in Chicago—had boxed with Ryan in the gymnasium at the Board of Trade and conceived a notion he could beat him in an actual fight. Ryan had heard of this and it amused him, so when the Springfield promoter offered him $1500 for a fight and allowed him to name his opponent, Tommy suggested Beauscholte. The promoter never had heard of Jack but was willing to take Tommy's word for it the young man could fight. He offered Hart $500 for Beauscholte's end and Sig took it.

So far, so good but Beauscholte was unknown in Springfield and some one spread the word there that he boxed regularly with Tommy at the Board of Trade gym and the skeptical citizens of Springfield suspected a frame-up. Almost on the eve of the fight the promoter, in desperation, engaged George Siler as referee, for George had an enviable reputation for square dealing and his presence in the ring would guarantee a straight fight.

I had been unable to leave Chicago with Ryan but made the trip to Springfield with Siler and on our arrival, we discovered a rumor had been spread that George was not the real Siler but an imposter rigged up as part of the proposed swindle. Not until Frank James, who happened to be in Springfield, identified Siler was the bout accepted on its merits but Beauscholte never had a chance, being knocked out in the second.

The Ryan-West fight at Louisville, on March 4, 1901, was, beyond question, the bloodiest mill ever held. In the fourth round West butted Ryan in the mouth, splitting his lips and knocking out some of his teeth and Ryan, turning to Tim Hurst, the referee, mumbled:

"What do you call that, Tim?"

Tim looked at him blandly.

"You've got a head, too, haven't you, Tommy?" he asked.

Ryan took the tip and in the fifth round butted West in the mouth, splitting his lips and dotting the canvas with his broken teeth. After that he ripped West's lacerated mouth with his left wrist and forearm whenever they went to close quarters and at times the floor of the ring was so wet with blood that between rounds employees of the club mopped it with towels to provide a dry footing for the fighters. West was a tough customer but Ryan finally got the upper hand and won in the seventeenth round.

* * *

THE train for Chicago was due to leave at midnight and Tommy and I, boarding it at eleven o'clock, went to bed, Tommy in a lower berth and I in the upper over him. Just before the train started, West and his party entered our car and we heard some one ask West if he had reserved a berth.

"No," he said, thickly, his mouth being in such condition that he barely could talk, "but I'll get one."

At this point the conductor appeared and informed him that all the berths were taken. Hearing this, Ryan called out:

"That's all right, Tommy. There's room for two in here. Climb in."

And so the pair, who had tried to tear each other to pieces in the ring but a couple of hours before, rode back to Chicago in the same berth!

(*To be Continued in Next Issue*)

When Fitz and Maher Put Langtry on the Map

(*Continued from page* 11)

of windy pugs from pummeling each other is a ridiculous farce."

The kinetoscope and the lumber and canvas for the arena were loaded in box cars. The fight crowd hung around expectantly in hotels, saloons and gambling halls until past midnight on February 13th, expecting that the fight would be held ahead of schedule.

* * *

BUT on the day set for the fight it was announced that Maher had developed eye trouble, having got some alkali dust mixed up with his orbs, and that the fight would be postponed three or four days. The five preliminary bouts were canceled. The town grew restless. Texas Rangers followed Fitzsimmons in El Paso and Maher was shadowed by deputy marshals in Las Cruces. In one faction resentment grew over the presence of the Rangers without a request from the sheriff, and the El Paso city council passed a resolution condemning the governor for sending them.

To this protest General Mabry replied: "When I saw in the papers that Masterson was going to have one hundred men at the ringside the inference was that these men were going to violate the law. That is what brought me and my men to El Paso."

On Wednesday, February 20th, a report came from Galveston, Texas, that Maher and Fitzsimmons would take a steam tug with a barge in tow and go three or four miles out into the Gulf of Mexico to fight. The kinetoscope interests, it was said, were willing to pay the purse and all the expenses.

Then on Thursday the following notice was posted at Dan Stuart's office: "Persons desirous of attending the fight will report at these headquarters tonight at 9:45. Railroad fare for the trip will not exceed $12.00."

Now the town became wild with excitement. A great crowd gathered at the station, many of the fans bringing baskets of food. General Mabry with two captains and half the ranger force boarded the train. It carried three hundred passengers, and this number was increased at every station along the route.

When the fight train reached Langtry, Texas, it stopped and the fight fans were directed to the Rio Grande, about one-third of a mile from the town, and followed a path two hundred feet down the side of a cliff to a pontoon bridge.

The arena had been hurriedly constructed on a sand flat on the Mexico side of the river, with cliffs towering on either side. This proved a financial disaster to the promoter, as most of the fans found free seats on the cliffs. The kinetoscope refused to function. But the Texas Rangers could not interfere and the Mexican soldiers were miles away. The rangers themselves became the most enthusiastic of the spectators.

* * *

QUICKLY the gong sounded and the long awaited fight was on. Fitzsimmons shuffled to the center of the ring, feinted, ducked, and watched for an opening. Maher swung a right at Fitz' jaw, and immediately Fitz ducked inside and sent a short right crashing to the point of the Irish Giant's chin. Maher went down as though he had been hit with an ax, rolled over, and was counted out.

The fight that the troops of a great state, two territories and the Governor of Mexico had failed to stop, that had aroused a great nation and had been the means of creating special legislation at Washington, that for a time threatened to cause "gun play" that might have had the gutters of El Paso running red with blood, lasted just one minute and twenty-five seconds.

* * *

THE best story that came out of this fight was that of a New York sporting man who had journeyed all the way to El Paso and had hung around there for days waiting to see the fight, and then, after boarding the fight train and being transported to the scene of the fight and paid a top price for a ringside seat.

As the fighters stepped to the center of the ring he pulled a cigar from his pocket and turned to another "ringsider" seated just behind him to get a light for his cigar. When he turned toward the ring again the fight was over, Fitzsimmons having ended it with a single blow. After all his trouble and expense and a trip almost across the continent this New Yorker didn't even see the fight.

But to those fight fans of other days, it wasn't the fight itself that constituted the principal attraction so much as the atmosphere that surrounded the fight game—an atmosphere that is missing today. And the mere matter that they might be chased from pillar to post by the authorities supported by the state troops—the authorities who today are the most prominent among the spectators at championship fights—only served to add zest and a picturesque abandon to the sport.

NEXT MONTH—The Corbett-Fitzsimmons heavyweight championship fight at Carson City, Nevada.

Goliath Buys His Girl Another Apple

(*Continued from page* 25)

meet a really experienced fighter of class.

It didn't matter that this Italian had been fighting for less than a year and all his opponents had been boxing for years.

There was public clamor, and Rivero was matched with Jack Blodgett, who was on his way to a match with the heavyweight champion.

"Listen, Jack, the one way to whip this Italian is to get his goat," said Jimmy Joynert, his manager, as they sat in J. Blodgett's dressing room before the big battle.

"I was in a barber shop this morning and the owner, you know, Jimmy Tellentino, said, 'Just kid that big boy about being a Romeo. Ask him if he still brings his sweetie an apple.' Go big on this Romeo stuff—the biggest lover in the world. Don't forget.

"And another thing—don't lead with your right, and I leave the rest to you. Two rounds. No more."

It was a $300,000 house. The big Italian had fired the public imagination.

"Three rounds, and a knockout victory for Blodgett," said the experts. "Jack will feint the big bozo into knots."

They sparred through the first round. In the second round Jack began to pepper Skalchi with lefts, and taunt him about being the biggest lover—the greatest Romeo.

Maria and those big eyes were at the ringside. Blodgett punished the giant about the body and plastered him at long range, while Rivero tried in vain to cope with his superior skill and experience.

Round four, round five.

Rivero's face was cut. His body was a mass of welts. The experts sat and laughed. Well, the big boy could take it, anyway. He was game.

Tears streamed down Maria's face.

"Well, how does the world's biggest Romeo with the world's biggest feet, feel about this?" sneered Blodgett.

Round nine. Blodgett getting tired. Skalchi badly beaten.

"Does my Romeo bring another apple?" taunted Blodgett.

Like a flash, the scene came back to Rivero—the scene in the Italian twilight.

He saw Tinglero and Maria sitting again on the step. He saw himself advancing slowly.

He marched on Blodgett as he had marched on Tinglero. Jack hit out madly.

But the man mountain kept moving in on him. The giant's tremendous arms assumed the fighting pose, the terrific left struck like a rock falling down Vesuvius' side.

"Does my Romeo bring another apple?"

Blodgett tried to hold. But the giant shook him off. On he came, and again the left struck.

Blodgett went down, and Joynert shouted for him to take the count of nine.

Blodgett arose. There was a strange look in the Italian's eye. He even smiled.

"Does my Romeo bring another apple?"

Blodgett went down again from a left to the temple. From then on he remembered nothing. The fight was over.

Tears streamed down Maria's face. Tears of joy. "Come, Maria, I must buy you a nice, rosy-cheeked apple," said Rivero as they left the big ball park.

Joe Grim, the Iron Man

(*Continued from page* 18)

Gradually, however, fight club managers noticed that no matter how hard Joe was laced it never seemed to slow him. The handsprings he invariably turned off at the conclusion of a bout ceased to become a matter of ridicule, began to be accepted as an indication of an extraordinary vitality and endurance. Philadelphia began to give him serious attention and second rate fighters pleaded for the chance to knock him out and build up a reputation as hard-hitters.

From then on Joe's rise to popularity was rapid. Some sport writer called him an "Iron Man" and Joe clung to the expression, developing the habit of announcing to the ringside crowds before each go that unusual war cry:

"Me 'Iron Man' Grim! No one knock Joe out!"

The crowd knew Joe's defiant slogan was sincere, for he believed it himself absolutely.

* * *

FIRST-RATE boxers and would-be champions in all classes next aspired to floor the "boastful wop." There was no danger to themselves, that they all knew.

The greatest sluggers then tried their luck. Jack Johnson, who put Willard to sleep, Gus Ruhlin, Peter Maher, Joe Walcott, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Sam McVey were only a few of the headliners that took on Joe Grim. They cut him up very badly in every bout, but he turned insulting handsprings on them all.

In a period of eight years, Joe fought fully four hundred times, often without training beforehand. Not once was he floored longer than for the count of three. Never once did he seem even momentarily stunned by a blow. The money flowed in on Joe Grim, but everybody was his friend and it went just as quickly.

An enterprising manager took him to Europe, where he toured all the Continental capitals, defying any man to knock him out and shouting his "iron man" cry to French, Germans, Austrians, English, Spaniards and Swedes. He came back in 1920 with his reputation greater than ever.

Joe had reached the stage where he believed himself invulnerable to any blow above the belt that any man might strike in or out of the ring. Repeatedly he challenged Jim Jeffries, then heavyweight champion of the world, but Jeffries ignored him. Joe always was convinced that Jeffries was afraid he would be made ridiculous by inability to do what Fitzsimmons had tried and failed.

But, unknown to Joe, the years and the poundings which he had suffered were taking a slow toll.

A ring celebrity as distinctive as Young Griffo, who, in his prime, could stand on a handkerchief and dodge any fighter's blows, Joe became careless of his training unless he were to fight a real champion.

Joe didn't notice it himself, neither did any but the most astute boxing experts, but he began to stay down a bit longer each time he was floored and his handsprings lacked a bit of their old vim.

The end came when Joe least expected it. It happened in Brooklyn and Joe's opponent was Sailor Burke, a man with a wicked right. Though a good fighter, Burke wasn't in a class with a score of men who had tried Joe Grim's jaw in vain, smarting under his laughter and the jeers of the fans.

The first two rounds were like most of those of Joe's fights. He was knocked down three times, rebounding quickly from the floor and grinning at his foe.

Sailor Burke entered the third round, angry at himself for having attempted a hopeless stunt against the advice of his friends. The crowd was laughing at him as he charged at Joe Grim, whose ever-present smile was taunting him. Sailor Burke aimed for Joe's unguarded chin and let fly with his right. As had happened three times before, Joe crashed to the canvas and Burke set himself to swing again as soon as he arose. The referee began to count while the crowd waited to laugh once more at the Sailor.

One—two—three—four—

Still Joe Grim lay prone on the floor. Suddenly sensing something lifeless in Joe's posture, the crowd came to its feet as a man, amazement and suspense silencing its clamor.

The referee's inexorable voice went on:

Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!

The crowd stood mute as if stunned. Sailor Burke leaned back against the ropes, mouth agape with astonishment. The referee and Joe's seconds in the corner by the ropes looked around foolishly. The "iron man" lay still in the middle of the ring for a full minute before anyone moved.

A sport-writer at the ringside broke the spell.

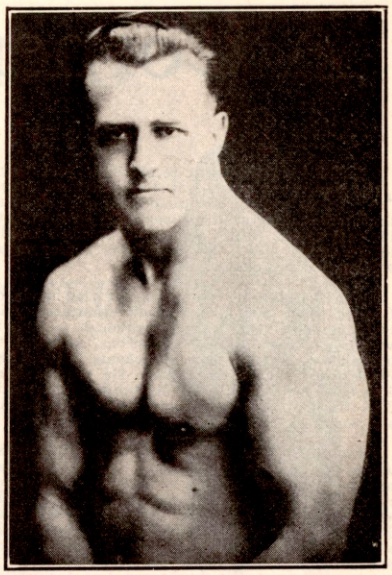
"By God! Joe's out!" he ejaculated. Then—"Poor Joe, he's done, now."

* * *

IT was a mournful throng that filed from the Brooklyn auditorium while Joe Grim, struggling back slowly to consciousness, was learning of the disaster. He had been knocked out! It was a long time before Joe could realize that significant and overwhelming fact. When he did, he dressed quickly and fled from his handlers to be alone.

The miracle man was done, his supreme confidence shattered. A few more fights, all ending in knockouts, and Joe Grim stepped from the ring forever, a melancholy, brooding figure.

Joe Grim never smiled again, and, with the crashing of his spirit, the fearful poundings of the ring took the toll they exact from every punch-drunk fighter, the penalty Dempsey, Tunney, and other wise men of the ring have avoided by being able to care for themselves properly. To-day, Joe Grim is a sickly-looking, weak-framed man who is paying dearly for his folly.



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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

ASIDE from the upset recorded by Jack Gagnon at the expense of Tuffy Griffiths whom he kayoed in six rounds at Philadelphia, there was nothing exciting among the heavyweights the past month. Fistic action was confined mostly to the smaller fry. The headliners appear to be waiting for the outdoor season.

Griffiths, following the defeat at the hands of Gagnon, came back to stop Sully Montgomery in two rounds. Primo Carnera, although in trouble with most of the state commissions, managed to accumulate several more knockouts before the break came out on the Coast. He stopped Sam Baker in one round; Jack McAuliffe, one round; Neil Clisby, two rounds; and Leon Chevalier in six rounds.

Otto Von Porat returned to action, defeating Angus Snyder in Minneapolis. Ted Sandwina and Jack Dorval battled to a draw. Al Friedman outpointed Joe Monte. Paul Swiderski whipped George Hoffman. Al Fay kayoed Fred Reese and was held to a draw by Big Boy Peterson. Charley Retzlaff, coming along in great style, knocked out Ludwig Haymann in the first session. Bearcat Wright kayoed Lee Jackson in six rounds.

Mateo Osa, a newcomer from Spain, turned in two impressive knockouts. He scored over Tom Colbert and Ray Townsend in one round each. Marty Fox whipped Joe Gainor and stopped Johnny Bell in the first round. But Gorman scored over Tony Galento while Tony knocked out Mike Sullivan in two rounds. Add Warren disposed of Big Boy Roper in the second.

In the light-heavyweight class, Maxey Rosenbloom disposed of Harry Fuller in Buffalo. Billy Jones turned in a surprise victory over Jimmy Braddock. Fred Lenhart kayoed Wyoming Warner in the sixth round. Yale Okun defeated Frankie Wine. Tiger Payne whipped Joe Oliver.

Joe Barlow knocked out Charley Rammel in one and Bruno Sallo in two rounds. Roy Wallace kayoed Tony Lungo in the fifth round. Allie Wolff, former collegiate, making his first pro appearance, kayoed Jerry Garfield in the second round. King Levinsky kayoed Dave Maier in the first round but was beaten by Mitz Minikel.

Mickey Walker, king of the middleweights, stepped out and finished K. O. White in two rounds. Dave Shade whipped Herman Bundren but was held even by Joe Anderson, who turned in a victory over Haakon Hansen. Harry Smith, hard-hitting colored New Yorker, stopped Billy Franklin in the fifth round.

Gorilla Jones stopped Gene Cardi in seven rounds but was beaten by Roy Williams who also fought a draw with Rosy Rosales. Harry Ebbets and Henry Goldberg fought a draw and Henry whipped Steve Gotch. Vince Dundee scored over Ben Jeby. Johnny Roberts stopped Benny Burns in nine rounds and Nick Basesciano in two rounds.

Eddie Roberts defeated Alf Ros on the Pacific Coast. El Kadir knocked out Ricardo Alis in the fourth round. Joe Zelinsky scored over Harry Martone. Pal Silvers was beaten by Nick Testo and Abie Bain. Homer Sheridan kayoed Joe Bitto and whipped Jose Peregrini. Bert Colima knocked out Joe Grilla in three rounds.

Jackie Fields dominates the welterweight division with strong hand. During the month he stopped Tommy Freeman in five rounds and Meyer Grace in three. Jimmy McLarnin, leading contender, was extended to the limit to defeat Young Jack Thompson. Paul Pirrone showed his hitting powers to advantage when he kayoed Freddy Fitzgerald in four rounds and won from Jimmy Goodrich. Fitzgerald drew with Joe Reno.

Bucky Lawless outpointed Joe Dundee, former titleholder. Sammy Baker is still capable of holding his own with the good ones. He knocked out Ted Goodrich and defeated Vincent Hambright. Goodrich was also beaten by Tommy Rios. My Sullivan kayoed Jackie Horner in the first round. Billy Light won from Jack Kane.

Andy DiVodi won on a foul from Madison Dix in one round and followed up with a kayo over Dix in five rounds. Young Terry drew with Tommy Kid Murphy and Roxie Allen. Jack McCarthy whipped Elmer Benezah but was beaten by Joey Harrison. Tony Tozzo was credited with a knockout over Arturo Schackels. The latter fell out of the ring. In their second meeting, Tozzo won on a foul over Schackels in seven rounds.

Jack Kid Berg manages to keep the junior-welterweight title on display. During the month he defeated Joe Glick and Jackie Phillips. King Tut scored over Pinky Kaufman while Kaufman retaliated by kayoing Clicky Clarke in one round. Manuel Quintero defeated Pee Wee Jarrell. Joe Medill scored over Gaston La Cadre and Billy Rose.

Joe Azzerella was kayoed by Billy Petrolle and Joey Rivers. Joey Goodman won from Johnny Mellow. Andy Callahan kayoed George Salvatore in four rounds. Eddie Murdock scored over Jimmy Goodrich. Billy Townsend disposed of Armando, Santiago, in seven rounds.

Abe Lichtenstein whipped Freddy Mueller and kayoed Tommy Glennon in three rounds. Mueller scored over Frankie Petrolle. Eddie Elkins defeated Billy McMahon. Jimmy McNamara outpointed Al Bryant. Hershie Wilson whipped Jack Purvis. Tug Phillips and Ray Raviera drew. Mickey O'Neill scored over Spug Myers. Ralph Lenny defeated Midget Fox and kayoed Eddie Saffer in the first round. Matty Mario bested Jimmy Belmont. The venerable Ever Hammer, in a comeback, whipped Joe Conn.

Tony Canzoneri has recovered magnificently in his quest for recognition in the lightweight ranks. He stopped the rugged Steve Smith in seven rounds and kayoed Frankie La Fay in the first. Tony Herrera kayoed Sammy Harris in three rounds and outpointed Steve Culver. Eddie Anderson is still going remarkably strong. He outpointed Joey Sangor and Tommy Grogan. Billy Wallace whipped Augie Pisano and drew with Joey Goodman. Pisano was also beaten by Willie Siegel.

Bruce Flowers defeated Herman Perlick and King Tut on a foul in the fifth round. Ray Miller kayoed Johnny Canzoneri in one round and Eddie Koppy in four. Jack Portney kayoed Mickey Blake in the third round. Emory Cabano whipped Phil Goldstein. Johnny Cook bested Eddie Kid Wolfe while Wolfe outpointed Danny Delmont. Eddie Mack scored over Gaston Charles. Cecil Payne won from Hector McDonald. George Day was beaten by Eddie Holmes, Tommy Jarrett and Connie Mello.

Harry Dublinsky stopped Herman Wallace in eight rounds. Dublinsky will be a real star in another year. Mickey Cohen kayoed Buster Brandon in seven rounds.

Benny Bass was beaten by Eddy Shea, a featherweight, in a no-decision bout that did not affect the junior-lightweight title. Shea also kayoed Steve Nugent in four rounds. Johnny Farr whipped Honeyboy Finnegan and Chico Cisneros. Cisneros triumphed over Babe Ruth and kayoed Billy De Foe. Pete Nebo kayoed Vincent Sanchez in six rounds and defeated Lud Abello.

Maurice Holtzer trounced Tommy Crowley. Marty Fields kayoed Phil Verde. Eddie Cierda won from Al Rube Goldberg. Tony Mandell defeated Johnny Gonzales. Dom Volante turned in knockout victories over Nobby Baker in two rounds and Marcel Delabelle in the first in England. Jimmy Slavin kayoed Joe Mulligan in seven rounds.

Battling Battalino, reigning as the featherweight champion, knocked out Benny Nabers in four rounds. Fidel La Barba defeated Tommy Paul and Bud Taylor. Taylor knocked out Paul Wangley in five rounds. Lew Massey scored over Vic Burrone. Teddy Baldock won from Lew Pincus in England.

Bushy Graham kayoed Billy Shaw in one round. Shaw lost on a foul to Sammy Hackett in five rounds who lost the verdict to Leo Kid Roy. Young Montreal turned in a surprising victory over Johnny Datto. Luigi Quadrini defeated Matty White and Sammy Novia.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

The following are my ratings for the month ending April 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
Title Vacant	Title Vacant	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	Maxey Rosenbloom	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Baby Joe Gans
2—Max Schmeling	Jimmy Slattery	Rene De Vos	Young Jack Thompson	King Tut
3—George Godfrey	Larry Johnson	Harry Smith	Johnny Indrisano	Manuel Quintero
4—Johnny Risko	Pete Latzo	Len Harvey	Paul Pirrone	Joe Glick
5—Tommy Loughran	Lew Scozza	Roy Williams	Young Corbett	Joe Medill
6—Young Stribling	George Courtney	Gorilla Jones	Bucky Lawless	Billy Petrolle
7—Paulino Uzcudun	Billy Jones	Vince Dundee	Sammy Baker	Joey Goodman
8—Otto Von Porat	Fred Lenhart	Jack McVey	Tommy Freeman	Eddie Murdock
9—Jack Gagnon	Leo Lomski	Vincent Forgione	My Sullivan	Stanislaus Loayza
10—Tuffy Griffiths	Charley Belanger	Johnny Roberts	Andy DiVodi	Pinky Kaufman

Lightweights	Junior Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Sammy Mandell	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Sammy Fuller	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Al Singer	Johnny Farr	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Bruce Flowers	Pete Nebo	Fidel La Barba	Vidal Gregario	Black Bill
4—Eddie Mack	Sammy Dorfman	Eddie Shea	Archie Bell	Willie Davies
5—Tony Herrera	Roger Bernard	Bud Taylor	Pete Sanstol	Franklyn Young
6—Eddie Anderson	Al Foreman	Freddy Miller	Dick Corbett	Phil Tobias
7—Billy Wallace	Maurice Holtzer	Bushy Graham	Joe Scalfaro	Steve Rocco
8—Ray Miller	Dom Volante	Lew Massey	Domencio Bernasconi	Pablo Dano
9—Jack Portney	Steve Smith	Tommy Paul	Harry Fierra	Victor Ferrand
10—Louis Kid Kaplan	Chico Cisneros	Nel Tarleton	Frankie Anslem	Art Giroux

Al Brown is still keeping busy with the bantams. He kayoed Al Gillette in nine rounds and won from K. O. Morgan in seven rounds when the latter was disqualified for not trying. Archie Bell trimmed Jackie Rodgers and Jackie defeated Marty Gold. Domencio Bernasconi kayoed Ward Sparks in the first round in Detroit.

Pete Sanstol kayoed Ollie Bartlett in nine rounds. Johnny Vacca beat Armand Lavigne and Nick De Salvo. Frankie Anslem kayoed Willie Rose in seven rounds. Vernon Cormier disposed of Earl Duquette in the fourth round. Howard Mayberry won from Frisco Grande. Paris Apice outpointed Al Peters and Eddie Reed.

Peter Jackson was beaten by Oscar Goldman and Joey Eulo. Solly Schuman kayoed Ernie North in the second round. Willie Gannon was beaten by Johnny Pena and triumphed over Anthony Santano. Pal Moore outpointed Bobby Allen.

Frankie Genaro and Midget Wolgast will soon contest for the supremacy of the flyweight class. Genaro kayoed Gleizes in three rounds. Franklyn Young won from Steve Rocco. Rocco bested Pablo Dano and Dano made Jimmy Campbell his victim. Victor Ferrand conquered Joey Ross. Art Giroux won over Harry Goldstein and Frenchy Bellanger bested Quina Lee.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Mickey Cohen, Cleveland, Ohio.
Bantamweight—Paris Apice, Providence, R. I.
Featherweight—Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.
Junior-lightweight—Sammy Delson, New York City.
Lightweight—Tony Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.
Junior-welterweight—Ray Van Hook, Pontiac, Mich.
Welterweight—Eddie Dempsey, New York City.
Middleweight—Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada.
Light-heavyweight—Walter Pickard, Youngstown, Ohio.
Heavyweight—Harold Scarney, Youngstown, Ohio.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

YOUNG MONTREAL, Providence veteran, decisively outpointed Johnny Datto of Cleveland at the R. I. Auditorium, at Providence.

Ernie Mandell, 130, Providence, won easily from Johnny Gonsalves, 129, Los Angeles, in the eight-round semi-final. Vernon Cormier, 122, Worcester, stopped game little Earl (Baby-Face) Ducquette, 119, Pittsfield, in the fourth round. Jerry Ermard, 136½, Holyoke cave-man, lost on a foul to Al Kozoil, 139, Cranston, in the fifth heat of a six-rounder.

Carlo Marullo, 126½, Providence, won the duke over Don Ducquette, 126, Pittsfield, and Tony Catalano, 125, Providence, waged a hotly contested draw with Eddie Snydsman, 123, Taunton.

At the National A. C. in Providence, Eddie Holmes, 137½, Providence, outpointed Georgie Day, 134½, and Irish Paddy Mullins from Charleston beat Jimmy Rossi of Westerly.

Jackie Harmon, 110, New Haven, showed a wealth of class when he trimmed Scoops Roulier, 113, Holyoke. Harmon looks the goods. Kid Roberts, 149, Fall River, was too strong for Al Porter, 148, Providence, in a six, and in the opener, Joe Russo, 153½, Westerly, won over Steve Jones, 151, Providence.

Billy Lynch, Providence lightweight star, keeps on winning. He scored two victories last month.

Turning in the best performance of his career, Billy kayoed Hy Diamond of Boston in the fifth round of a hair-raising battle. Tony Magna, 144, Boston, won over Battling Sylvia, 138, Fall River, in another bout. Later in the month, Lynch took the measure of Pancho Villa, New Bedford gamester. Lynch had previously defeated Villa.

In a prelim, Al Holden stopped Chick Carr, of New Bedford, in the third frame. Holden is a good boy. He is handled by Phil Buccola, Boston fight manager, who also holds the reins over Jack Gagnon, Sammy Fuller and Joe Accetta.

At the Fall River Casino, Tom Kirby, 180, Boston, won over his perrenial foe, Jimmy Mendes, 176½, New Bedford. In the semi-final Mike Rafealli, 188, kayoed Jack Hamilton, 189, of New Bedford in one session.

Paris Apice, Providence star 122-pounder, had his ups and downs during the month of April. The former amateur luminary, campaigning out of Sammy Goldman's Stable of fighters, won two good bouts during the month. In New Haven, Conn., he stopped the winning streak of Eddie Read, of Hartford, after the latter turned in 36 victories, and at the Broadway Arena, in Brooklyn, he defeated Al Peters of New York. Later during the month he was suspended for six months by Commissioner Foster of the R. I. board for failing to go through with a bout.

Joe Accetta, lightweight contender from Providence, after taking the measure of Jake Zeramby at Boston, is on the warpath of the leading 135-pounders of the land.

Indications point for Rhode Island to rejoin the fold of the National Boxing Association.

The Golden Glove tournament, sponsored by the Providence A. C., came to an end last month. Matchmaker Jack Farley deserves a world of praise for his untiring efforts to put the thing over.

The winners were: 112-pound class: Champion, Henry Burns, Boston—Runner-up, Alec Veredt, Taunton; 118-pound class; Champion, Bernie Hennick, Boston—runner-up, Louis Follo, Everett; 126-pound class: Champion, Tony Catalano, Providence—runner-up, James McGrath, Malden; 135-pound class: Champion, Tony Ruggiero, Providence—runner-up, Dean Cross, Milford; 147-pound class: Champion, Milton Bishop, Stoughton—runner-up, Joseph Sylvia Jr., Taunton; 160-pound class: Champion, Joseph Daniels, Milford—runner-up, Wallace De Wolf, Newton; Heavyweight class: Champion, Elmer Chase, Dartmouth—runner-up, Euclid Fluette, Woonsocket.

Anybody desiring information regarding this section can obtain same by sending a stamped envelope to the writer at 29 Africa Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

Bennie Ritchie, well-known developer of young pugilists, has a heavyweight under his fold that should go places in the fight racket. His name is Mario Di Finizio, and he hails from East Providence.

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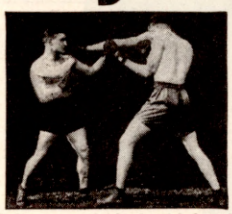

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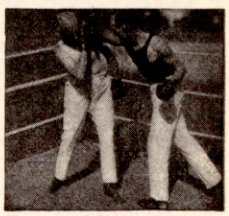

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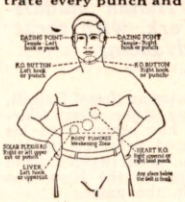

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New York Gossip

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE circus monopolized the Garden through April and gave some of the smaller clubs in New York an opportunity to gather extra customers for their attractions.

Next month will be a busy one in New York fistic circles. On June 12, Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey, the outstanding heavyweights, will clash in a fifteen-round battle at the Yankee Stadium in the Milk Fund bouts staged by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and directed by Damon Runyon.

The victor of that conflict will be universally recognized as the world's heavyweight champion. Indications point to a million dollar turnout.

Moe Fleischer, booming the cause of Jimmy Slavin, reports that his charge has turned in four straight knockout victories and who could doubt the word of his manager? Slavin weighs 130 pounds.

Terry Roth, of the East Side, is just Terry in these parts, but out in Detroit where Terry is becoming a popular attraction, they are hailing him as "Terrible Terry" Roth. Another case of the prophet leaving his own country to attain recognition.

Hein Muller, who competed in two engagements in Chicago last winter, winning from Salvatore Ruggirello and Elzear Rioux, has returned to this country and will remain around the East. Muller impressed everyone favorably around the Middle-West with his clean, snappy style of fighting and New York could easily use another good heavyweight.

France Boja, German middleweight, is due to arrive on these shores any day now. Boja is the best of his weight over there and will try to follow up in like fashion in this country.

An epidemic of unfortunate illnesses affecting their entire stable, has saddened the hearts of Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs.

Jack Kid Berg, the star of the stable, had a growth removed from his nose and was forced to remain on the sidelines for three weeks. Several important matches are pending, one in particular being Kid Chocolate.

Nel Tarleton, classy English featherweight, who was compelled to remain idle since the Al Ridgeway encounter, due to an infected tooth, is now back in harness.

Petey Hayes, former New York State amateur champion, and a rare find in the bantamweight division, has recovered from his recent illness and is going great. In one year, they will be discussing Hayes in championship terms.

Dr. William Spielberg, who operated successfully on Berg, is becoming a serious rival of Dr. Fralick's when it comes to acquiring the trade of the pugilists. During the past season he has treated Leo Lomski, Al Singer, Stanislaus Loayza, Sammy Dorfman, Joe Scalfaro, Jackie Pilkington, the two Schackels brothers, Arturo and Armando, and they are still alive to tell of his greatness.

Mickey Kelly, one of the regulars, who has absented himself from the boxing game for several years, is returning again as Joe Leone's manager. Genial Charley Cook turned Leone over to Mickey. Watch the fur fly.

Walter Palm, Finland's gift to the boxing profession. Palm won the finals in the Golden Glove tourney in the welterweight class and was boomed as a prodigious puncher. He is now centering his activities in the pro ranks and has a good chance of making good.

Harry Corbett, former featherweight champion of England, lost his title to Johnny Cuthbert. Corbett stepped out of his class and knocked out the European lightweight titleholder, Alf Howard, in eleven rounds and decided to see America. He will be looked abter by Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs.

Charley Alvarez, from whom Golden Glove enthusiasts received their greatest thrill this year, has severed his affiliations with the A. A. U. He has cast his lot with the pros. Good luck, Charley.

It's a difficult job to keep a good man down; particularly the bulky, super-human type that Eddie Mead represents. Eddie left New York a few years ago to try his luck in the Middle-West. He finally located at Cleveland and from that vicinity has been flooding the fistic market with his merchandise.

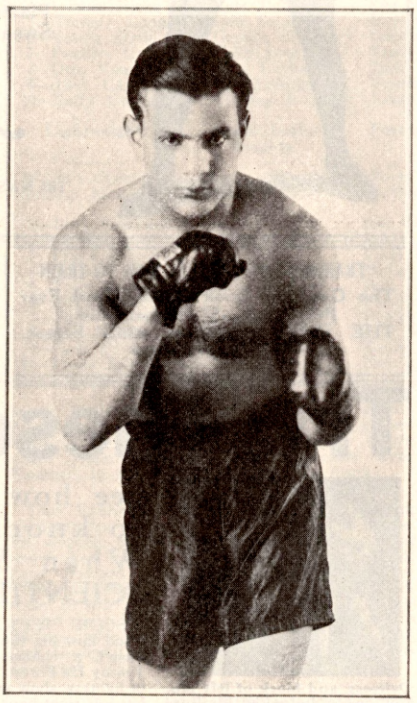
Davey Abad, Freddy Fitzgerald, Chuck Wiggins, Johnny Datto and Johnny Farr, all names to conjure with in the matter of selecting headliners. Farr is the latest to thrust himself into the limelight through his victory over Honeyboy Finnegan.

They have all had their fling and if it isn't one to achieve fame, it's the other. Abad came through on the strength of his victory over Benny Bass but dropped back just as quick through inactivity. Fitzgerald whipped Young Jack Thompson and was beaten in their return engagement. Wiggins was going great until he stepped into the ring with Carnera. Datto was knockin' them all over until he faced Young Montreal, a marvel of present day gladiatoring. Fighters may come and go but the manager somehow goes on and on.

Archie Bell came through with a mighty fine triumph at Pittsburgh when he whipped the highly touted Jackie Rodgers. Rodgers had scored something like twelve straight knockout victories prior to the Bell fracas and those who were sportively inclined in the Smoky City were wagering even money that Bell would not go the distance and four to one on the decision. Quite a shock for the layers who evidently did not know their pugilistic who's who.

Lew Brown, who talks about the best fight that we ever had, is back again patting himself as a modern miracle maker. He took over the reins of Eddie Elkins, Harlem lightweight, and started him off in a tough spot against Billy McMahon. McMahon was about six to one favorite in the betting.

Did that phase Lew or Eddie? They walked right out and banged out a clean-cut victory over McMahon and now Eddie is in a position to reap some of the harvest from that victory.



Frankie Biangasso, Italian middleweight from New York, with great chances of advancing

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Al Werbe, prominent sportsman from Detroit, who retired from the boxing game when Clarence Rosen quit the ring, has returned to his first love with two more good prospects in the making. Morrie Sherman, welterweight, and Ray Van Hook, 138 pounds, are the boys who are keeping Al interested in the game.

Tommy McGinty, Cleveland's impresario, popped into town and popped right out again. Tommy, besides managing Tommy Freeman, Rosy Rosales, Phil Zwick, stages shows at the Cleveland Auditorium and is interested in many race tracks around the country. Nothing like carrying your eggs in different baskets to keep your mind occupied.

Billy Ames, managing a string of mitt wielders around Boston, is contemplating moving to Chicago due to the general fistic depression around the New England States. Ames, contrary to ordinary English tradition, is a genuine one hundred per cent. hustler and should make things hum with activity in his new quarters.

New York fans will have plenty of championship and near-championship matches in store for them this summer. Besides the Schmeling-Sharkey mixup, there is Sammy Mandell vs. Al Singer, Jack Kid Berg vs. Kid Chocolate and possibly Jackie Fields facing Jimmy McLarnin. Such an outlook is promising and bodes good for the regular fight fan.

Tony Martello is doing miracles as matchmaker for the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Facing many obstacles that seemed insurmountable, he has, by the force of his personality, inveigled Tony Canzoneri to appear twice before huge crowds and also brought out Allie Wolff, the inter-collegiate star. Wolff, providing he can stand up, will prove a tremendous attraction. He has that commanding background and the color that goes to make up a super attraction.

If there are any bouquets to be presented to the most enterprising and most energetic manager in this country, they should without any question be presented to Al Lippe of Philadelphia.

Lippe is far from a youngster but carries his enthusiasm into every bit of effort and carries along a string of twenty-odd boxers who are forever being kept busy in various parts of the country. A shrewd bargain-maker, a perfect gentleman in every respect, there is everything about him that is conducive to continuous business relationship.

For the sake of illustration, look at Al Friedman's record. In fourteen months' time he has engaged in sixty scraps, not all victorious, and kept going night after night from one town to another and to this day worships Lippe like a father. Try and find a parallel example.

Earl Mastro, accompanied by Mrs. Mastro and their baby daughter, visited New York for a few days to see the sights. They had motored from Miami and naturally had to pay their respects to the big city.

Mastro, in appearance, presented anything but the picture of a fighter. Smooth, velvet, baby-face features, it would be difficult for him to pass over sixteen, yet he has reached his majority and is recognized as one of the best featherweights in the country.

A splendid fighting machine, one who depends upon skill and science rather than brute strength and ruggedness and it would seem that scientific art was preferable to the other type, judging by Mastro's countenance.

Solly Ritz came through with a surprising victory over Tony Caragliano at the St. Nicholas Rink in their ten-round bout. Ritz subbed for Willie Siegel but fought a nice, cool battle and outpointed Caragliano. Emil Rossi and Mel Aragon fought a draw in the semi-final.

Boys like Kid Chocolate need very little boosting after they have established themselves. That is why Luis Guiterrez, capable manager of the Keed, is bubbling over with enthusiasm over Mateo Osa, his latest importation, a Spanish heavyweight. Osa has turned in two successive knockouts. He stopped Tom Colbert and Ray Townsend in one round each.

Tony Canzoneri disposed of Frankie La Fay in the first round of their scheduled ten-round fracas at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. La Fay was outclassed from the start and was floored five times while the round was in session.

Oscar Goldman was awarded the verdict over Pete Jackson in the semi-final six. Ralph Lenny kayoed Eddie Saffer in one round. Andy Zazzerino drew with Izzy Cohen in six. Paris Apice trounced Al Peters and Joe Dugan drew with Joe Scliari. Charley Rauch whipped Sid Goldie in the opening four.

Ted Sandwina and Jack Dorval battled to a draw at the St. Nicholas Rink. The battle started off very slowly but finished with a thrilling climax. Sandwina dropped Dorval in the eighth and appeared headed for certain victory and was deprived of it through a lamentable last round. Dorval opened up and Sandwina died and the verdict was eminently fair.

Izzy Grove outscored Tony Vaccarelli in the ten-round semi-final. Marty Fox whipped Joe Gainor. Sammy Delson scored over George Unison and Sammy Fertil drew with Tony Giola.

Harry Smith, hard-hitting Harlem middleweight, turned in another knockout victory at the expense of Billy Franklin by stopping him in the fifth round at the Olympia A. A. Smith is deserving of a better fate. His record commands it.

Charley Nelson outpointed Joe Curry in ten rounds at the 102nd Medical Regiment Armory.

Willie Siegel scored over Augie Pisano in their eight-round tussle at the St. Nicks.

Tommy Syracuse returned after a three months' absence to defeat Joe Paradise in six rounds of slugging. Sammy Binder walloped Joe Pasquale and Herman Waters defeated Eddie Proveo. Sammy Morgan won from Benny Bruno in the four-round opener.

Ralph Ficucello, heavyweight, was held to a draw by Leo "One Punch" Williams in their battle at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Sammy Cherin stopped Herman Waters in the second round. Marty Roth outpointed Charley Rausch in a desperately fought encounter.

Quintin Romero-Rojas, who once knocked out Jack Sharkey, is now working in the New York Armories. He recently defeated Mickey Taylor, a rugged fellow. Charley (Red) Boyette gained the decision over Tommy Dorr on the same card.

Jack Moore disposed of Eddie Cavanaugh in the second round. Ted Jones finished Pat Kenny in the fourth session and Dave King won the verdict over Tony Cappelletto in the remaining part of the bill.

Larry Bello disposed of All Rood in the second round at the Jamaica Arena. Andy Saviola whipped Willie Hines in the semi-final. Paul Canamere kayoed Al Palmer in the first and Tony Sciortino whipped Frankie Costa in scheduled six rounders. Teddy Seidman outpointed Billy Carlin; Johnny Lazansky triumphed over Joey Allman and Pete Albano stopped Johnny Mitchell in the second of listed four rounders.

Listed below "unsolved mysteries" is the question, How did Big Boy Peterson hold Al Fay to a draw in New Orleans? Peterson is supposedly on the down grade while Fay looms as one of the finest of present day heavyweight prospects.

Eddie Walker's latest French importation answers to the name of Henri Mellon. Judging by appearances, he looks like a tough hombre. This makes the fourth French gladiator that Walker is handling, Maurice Holtzer, Gaston Charles and Charley Ernst are the others. Walker is giving the firm of Gold and Jacobs a struggle for supremacy when it comes to importing foreign material.

Harold Scadron, who broke into the boxing game as a friend of Phil Kaplan, is now a manager. He is trying to bring in a winner with Bob Olin, the Wall Street boxer. Olin has made wonderful progress since leaving the amateur ranks.

Harry Blitman, who accumulated fame and fortune in the prize ring throughout the state of Pennsylvania, is now living in New York.

Max "Boo Boo" Hoff, who formerly managed Blitman, released his contract to Robert North, a New York business man, and Mr. North is confident that Blitman will still make his mark in the fistic world. It will be recalled that Blitman licked Tony Canzoneri after Tony won the featherweight title.

In a new environment and under more pleasant conditions, Blitman feels that he will regain his old time hitting form. Blitman is now training at Gus Wilson's camp at Orangeburgh, preparatory to a busy summer campaign.

Louis Bouey, genial manager of Stanislaus Loayza, plucky Chilean, wants to advance some information for the edification of the general boxing public at large.

"For the past two years many people have said that Stanley is all finished and cannot fight any more but that is no so. The real trouble is that Loayza has always tried to get down to 135 pounds. He was handicapped because of weight with Singer and Canzoneri. In the future he will dispense with the weight worry because he will fight only junior-welterweights."

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

FOR frigidness, we have to hand it to "iceberg"——if it is a "hock-shop"—we hand it to "Goldberg"—but if it is battlin', you've got to hand it to Jack Kid Berg, the "Piccadilly Pucker," the batterin' Briton, who threw gloves from all angles at Jack Phillips, the Canadian welterweight champion, at the Coliseum, Toronto before 6000 fight fans, who paid $8,500 to witness the most spectacular Britisher in action.

Give Phillips his due. He made a very creditable showing against the illustrious Berg and although he was out-pointed by a big margin, he gave the customers many a thrill with his right-hand shots that sent the Briton back on his heels on more than one occasion.

In the semi-windup, a newcomer, Frank Battaglia, of Winnipeg, now a protege of Abe Matin, made a hit when he beat Doug Lewis, the colored Toronto welterweight.

In the preliminaries, Johnny Goodrich of Toledo, a flyweight with plenty of class, turned back the advance of the youthful Malcolm Mathison. Bobby Lawrence received a mighty close decision over Willie McDonald and Vince Glionna outfought Bobby Crothers.

"Red" Bragan and Hughie Lees indulged in a vicious battle in the semi-final. "Red" bordered on the brink of the "doleful decimal" on several occasions, but outboxed his strong, sturdy opponent to ramble off with the award.

Jack Johnstone, the Toronto featherweight, and Vic Skerlton provided the fireworks in the semi-final. These two crashed and smashed each other for eight rounds. Johnstone won.

Charlie Hallat, former well-known Toronto promoter, bobbed up again. He was the matchmaker for the Don Rowing Club benefit at the Arena, Toronto. Charlie featured Sammy Hackett and Billy Shaw of Detroit, formerly of Hamilton.

Billy Shaw made a real big hit with the Torontos fans when he showed against Sam Hackett. Incidentally Hackett fought the best fight of his career. Hackett won the bout on a foul in the fifth when a palpable foul blow struck the Toronto youth in the groin.

A return bout between these would attract plenty of attention. It is likely that the Shamrock Club will feature them at an early date. In the semi-final Tommy "Red" Bragan scored a knockout over George Fifield in the fourth.

Sammy Hackett, the Toronto featherweight, went to Montreal to box Leo Kid Roy for the Canadian crown. Hackett, according to most of the ringsiders, should have been declared the victor, but the verdict was against him.

Billy Denman, of Toledo, wires to say that his welterweight, Young Westy, who scored three knockouts during the month of April, is ready to box any of the Canadian welterweights.

"Silent" Jack Tierney, of Chicago, was in Toronto recently blasting the stock of Irish Mickey Gill. Mickey has mingled with Teddy Baldock, the British star; Tommy Milton, Ernie Peters, Black Bill, and other luminaries among the bantams. Mickey and Johnny Goodrich would be a great fight for the Toronto fans.

The Shamrock Club, of Toronto, with Playfair Brown as the pilot, is making plans for some big attractions for the summer. Charlie Bellanger and James J. Braddock are scheduled for an early engagement. Kid Chocolate, Jimmy McLarnin and other notables of the hempen square, will also appear here.

Keep your optics on a rugged, hard-hitting little Toledo flyweight—Johnny Goodrich. Johnny has scored in impressive manner in Toronto. "Happy" Atherton and Malcolm Mathison are two of the good boys that have felt the force of his "dukes."

ROCHESTER, N. Y. NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

BUCKY LAWLESS won his third bout in Rochester when he beat Joe Dundee. His other two victims were Young Jack Thompson and Sergeant Sammy Baker.

Sam Porcelli, local manager, has a comer in Johnny Baker, a young colored welterweight who has just turned pro and in his first two starts knocked out Eddie Allen and won over Joe Monji.

Johnny Burba, another former amateur, is also going good. He defeated Augie Cravatta, of Buffalo, one of Vince Pluncett's lightweights.

Dominick Angelo, local light-heavyweight, is back in harness.

Hector Quamina, local colored lightweight, fought a draw with Jimmy Downs.

Steve Halaiko, former national amateur lightweight champion, is going great guns since turning pro.

Mike Rago, local welterweight who has been on the sick list for the past two months, has resumed training.

My Lathron won on a foul from Tony Sciolone, of Batavia, in the first round.

Johnny Bedini, local lightweight, boxed a draw with Duncan McTavish, of Canada. Bedini is improving with every start.

Tommy Glennon will take a rest for a few months before starting his summer campaign. Glennon is yet to be defeated. He is one of the best drawing cards in this vicinity.

Managers and boxers who are looking for work in this part of the state should get in touch with the writer at the Rochester Boxing Bureau, 300 Ward Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

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The Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

FROM the time that he was big enough to be let out on the streets by his parents, Joseph Lascalza, better known in the boxing ring as Midget Wolgast, new world flyweight champion, has been taking care of himself with his fists. He admits he always loved to fight even as a kid in South Philadelphia.

Three years ago he began his professional career in the old Broadway Club by beating Al Ketchel. Then he encountered Matty White at the Cambria A. C. the very next night and not being a very good ducker and a bit tired, he ran into a knockout punch and was counted out in the first round.

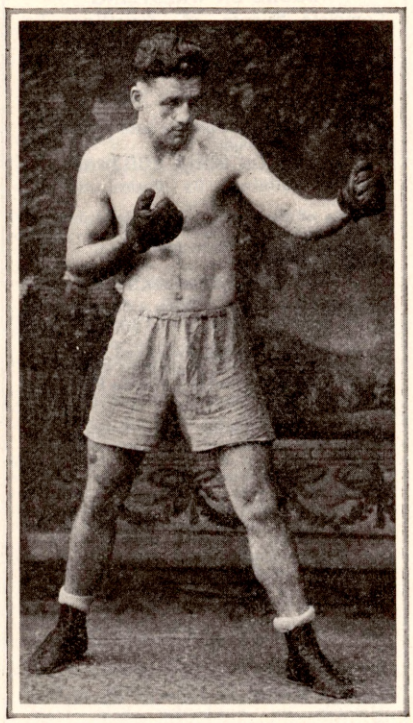
That was the first Wolgast knockout and the last. Since then he has won ninety-three bouts in ninety-five starts, including his recent title affair with Black Bill of Cuba at Madison Square Garden.

After he finished at the Wilson School here, Wolgast landed a job. It consisted of nailing down hardwood floors at $10 a week.

Then followed a better job at $22 weekly, cutting furs. Next he was water boy for a construction gang in West Philadelphia. Later he followed carnivals and occasionally boxed in exhibitions. Not long afterward he got his real boxing start.

Wolgast claims he will have no trouble making the 112 pounds for the flyweight limit for many years to come. He craves action with the best boys in his class and says his present manager, Johnny Keyes, "Mayor of Chinatown", in New York, has helped him get to the top of the ladder.

The Midget is married. He eloped to Media, Pa., a little more than a year ago with Gilda Loungo. He helps support his mother, father, four brothers and three sisters.



Allentown's premier light-heavyweight, Sam Weiss

Tuffy Griffiths, the Sioux Falls, Ia., light-heavyweight, will long remember his Philadelphia debut when he met with a surprising setback by being stopped by Jack Gagnon, French-Canadian fighter, in the sixth round. Or rather Griffiths will try and forget that Quaker City debut.

Griffiths was asked to pick out several opponents. He turned down three or four and finally consented to meet Gagnon who had done most of his winter's fighting in Boston and the result is ring history—a technical knockout in the sixth when Referee Reilly stopped the fight to save Tuffy.

Phillie promoters had planned to put Griffiths on against Tommy Loughran in an open air show windup at the Municipal Stadium this summer, but Gagnon ruined that little affair. Loughran was a ringside spectator and consoled Griffiths after the knockout.

Walter Cobb, a Baltimore heavyweight, made his Philadelphia debut at the same time as Griffiths and scored an impressive six round victory over Big Bill Hartwell, the Kansas City colored fighter. Cobb's real name is Ritch and he also made his start in Kansas City. He entered the Arena ring weighing 221 pounds. Hartwell was only six pounds lighter and assimilated a lot of punishment.

Jimmy Braddock, Jersey City light-heavyweight, also took a setback in his Philadelphia debut, when he was beaten by Billy Jones, the South Philly colored battler, at the Arena. The bout went the ten round limit. Braddock hurt his right hand in the fourth round when he hit the rugged Jones on the head but it is doubtful if he could have done much better even had he had the use of both hands. While his maulers were good, Braddock was outboxed by Jones.

Leo Mitchell, young California heavyweight, scored a quick knockout job against Vincent Babin, a New York substitute for Piet Brand, the Hollander, at the Arena by stowing him away in the very first round. The finish came in one minute and forty-three seconds.

Sammy Novia, veteran Atlantic City fighter, made a good showing against Luigi Quadrini, Italian lightweight, in a six-rounder at the Arena but the foreigner won the decision.

Ralph Lenny, Newark lightweight, never fails to please when he appears in Phillie. He outboxed Midget Fox in a six-round affair recently. In another bout on the same card Joe Kuhns, of Reading, was awarded a questionable six-round decision over Joe Caruso of New York.

Fait Elkins, former Haskell Indian football star, made his professional ring debut at the Cambria Club and was beaten by Freddie Roberts of West Philadelphia. Elkins did not appear in good physical condition. He was fortunate to go the six-round limit. Elkins boxed as a light-heavyweight.

Ricardo Alis, Spanish middleweight, met with a peculiar technical knockout in his recent bout with Al Kadir, Harlem colored fighter at the Arena. Alis was bumped on the bridge of the nose by Kadir and so stunned that he collapsed and could not continue. The finish came in the fourth round.

Abe Callahan Lipschultz, of New York, in his first Phillie fight, stopped Cowboy Willis of Newark, in the third round. Lipschultz had an eighteen pound advantage over the Cowboy, weighing 191 to his opponent's 173.

Tom Latch, young Darby heavyweight, was floored five times in his bout with Frank Bainger, but managed to weather the storm and go the six-round limit. Even in defeat, Latch, who is handled by Teddy Maloney, former popular Quaker City fighter, made a big hit with the Arena fight followers.

Substituting for Ricardo Alis, the Spaniard, Tony Tedesco of Alabama, took a ten-round beating from Gene Moretti of Atlantic City, at the Chester Armory. In the semi-windup "Wild Bill" Kent, of Philadelphia, and Bernie Bernard, of Marcus Hook, battled to an eight-round draw.

Babe Hunt, a heavyweight of Ponca City, Okla., has taken up his temporary abode in Phillie and will be seen in several bouts. Pete Tyrell, matchmaker of the Arena, was instrumental in Hunt coming east. Hunt knocked out Knute Hansen some time ago and also won on a foul from Young Stribling.

The untimely death of Captain Oliver Horne of the University of Pennsylvania boxing team, will not interfere with boxing at the University, it is understood. The former Yonkers High School athlete was one of the best middleweights the Red and Blue had in recent years and the entire University mourned his death.

Tommy Loughran was obliged to postpone his ten-round windup with Ernie Schaaf of Boston at the Arena in West Philadelphia for one week from April 21 to April 27 on account of a bad cold. Tommy went to the Poconos to recuperate for almost a week and came back much refreshed.

Young Johnny Ketchel, Chester welterweight, sprang somewhat of a surprise when he defeated Johnny Roberts, former West Virginian, in the ten round windup at Chester recently. Roberts is now residing in Lancaster, Pa., where he is studying law at Franklin and Marshall College. It was Roberts' first defeat in four starts.

Hughey Civatte, who dropped a previous decision to Rad Gadsby, former amateur star, gained revenge when he won the eight round decision at Chester. Gadsby was on the 1928 American Olympic boxing squad that went abroad.

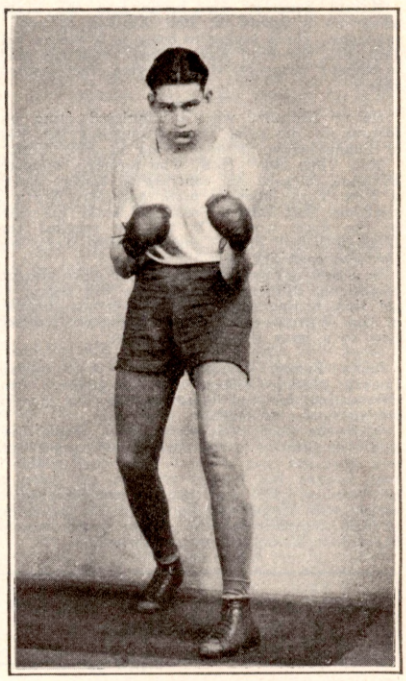
Jack Gross, formerly in the stable of Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, is now managed by Phil Glassman, who has some offers from the west for the Salem, N. J., heavyweight. Gross and Hoff split after the former was stopped by George Godfrey.

Al Monahan, Kensington Irishman, who has been boxing fourteen years, is back from a trip to the Far East. Al is 29 years old and started to fling punches when he was only fifteen years old. Out of 115 matches, Monahan claims he has been knocked off his feet but three times.

Billy Jones, Calvin Reid and several more first class colored boxers recently gave their services free in a benefit show at the Broadway Club, the profits of which were turned over to the destitute family of Sherman Brown, whose mother recently died. Brown is in the same boxing stable with Jones and Reid, and managed by Frank Fowles.

Harry Blitman, who was formerly handled by Max Hoff, is now under the guidance of Robert North, a New York sportsman, who plans an intensive "comeback" campaign for the Philadelphia featherweight. Blitman's greatest feat was a decision over Tony Canzoneri at the Phillies' Ball Park two summers ago.

Marty Gold, Kensington flyweight, made a favorable impression in his recent ten round windup with Jackie Rodgers of Pittsburgh, in the Smoky City. The decision went to Rodgers but many of the fans gave Gold an edge.



Southern Billy Reid, Salisbury, N. C.

Billy Wallace, now of Philadelphia, received a draw with Joey Goodman in Cleveland. Jack Dempsey refereed the bout. Emory Cabano made a favorable impression by easily whipping Phil Goldstein of Pittsburgh.

Maurice Holtzer, the French featherweight, who fought Lew Massey, Al Gordon, Emory Cabano and other localites at the Arena, is going great on the Coast. Holtzer's style was always pleasing to the crowd and great things were predicted of him.

Pete Tyrell, the Arena matchmaker, has been trying to clinch a match between Jack Kid Berg, English sensation, and Bruce Flowers for many months but something has always arisen that interfered with the match. The fans are anxious to see this British whirlwind in action and Flowers should give him a good argument.

Al Gordon is still on the Coast fighting.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

JOHNNY DUNN, local featherweight, was awarded a well-earned decision over Heine Hart, Allentown battler, in a ten-round bout at John L. Hernon's Motor Square Garden. Dunn won the bout by a wide margin.

The first ring fatality in some years occurred here when Billy Hatch, local Negro, died of a brain clot caused from blows received in his bout with Georgie Tomosky, of Wilmerding, Pa. The bout was fought at the Palisades, in McKeesport, Pa., where a benefit card was arranged later, the returns of which went to Hatch's wife. He was married only four months ago.

Lebero (Lee) Sala, Donora, Pa., middleweight, is back home from New York after a successful fistic campaign of the East. Among his victims were Kid Nitram, former middleweight champion of France. Lee is a brother of Bruno Sala, New York light heavyweight.

"Tiger" D. Kelly, Dublin, Ireland, lightweight, who recently came to America on the advice of Mike McTigue, would like to appear in bouts here. He is now fighting in the Maritimes of Canada. Promoters desiring his services should get in touch with the scribe.

Young Saylor, veteran star, of Charleroi, Pa., stopped Mickey Solomen, New Castle middleweight, in the ninth round at Francis Flynn's Moose Temple Auditorium. Solomen was knocked down eight times.

The three other bouts on the Saylor-Solomen card also ended in knockouts. Jackie Wilson stopped Young Burkel in two rounds; Don Frazier, Chicago Negro, flattened Frankie Lanz also in two rounds and Walter Bey stopped Amos Jones in one heat.

Willie Davies, flyweight, disposed of Freddy Edwards in a ten-round bout at the Junction Park arena in New Brighton, Pa.

Johnny Risko, the Cleveland Baker Boy, was in Duquesne, Pa., where he attended a Slovak reunion. George Panka, undefeated Slovak heavy from Homestead, was there likewise.
George Panka, by the way, is a fine prospect.

Sergeant Sammy Baker, welterweight contender, defeated Vincent Hambright, Cincinnati Filipino, at the Motor Square Garden. Harry Williams, local Negro heavyweight, was given an unpopular decision over Patsy Pirrone of Canton, O.

Young Rudy, Charleroi, Pa., lightweight, received a ten-round decision over Freddy Edwards, of West Virginia, at the Washington, Pa., Coliseum.

Al Fay, heavyweight, of Charleroi, Pa., fought a ten-round draw with Big Boy Peterson down at New Orleans.

Eddie Doherty and his welterweight, Sammy Evans, of Great Falls, Montana, are planning an extensive fistic tour throughout Pennsylvania in the late summer.

All communications pertaining to boxing in this section will be appreciated by the scribe. Mail them direct to me at Donora, Pa.

Mike Savko is associated with Danny Dunn, of Cleveland, in managing fighters. Savko, by the way, has a good heavy in Pedro Lopez, Mexican champion.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY of Trenton and Roxie Allen of Camden, rival welterweights, fought to even terms in a ten-round bout staged by the American Legion at the Armory. This was one of the biggest turnouts in Trenton.

In the semi-final, Jesse Foss of Trenton scored a knockout over Gene Johnson of Elizabeth in the fifth. Johnson was dropped three times before he took the full count.

Ralph Fulton put on a fine boxing exhibition in winning from Kid Brooks. Both of these boys are of Trenton.

Joe Vulla, who formerly fought under the name of Joe Walker, won by a knockout over Jack Kelly of Ireland in the third.

Bucky Jones of Morristown made his debut in Trenton by scoring a victory over the rugged Lew Miller of Trenton, in six rounds.

Frankie Cabana stopped Jerry Hart in the third. Both boys are of Trenton.

In his second start since his come-back, Tommy West, Trenton light-heavy, scored a knockout over Gene Descher of Newark, in four rounds. In the fourth, West shot a left to the stomach and a right to the head and Descher went down and the bout was over.

Georgie Sacco gave an amazing display of gameness in winning over Savarrio Picarella of Rider College in an eight-round bout. Sacco was floored four times.

Dick Anderson of Manasquan, weighing 158, knocked out Manus Hartman, 170 pounds, in two rounds.

Jimmie Rivers won a six-round decision over Kid Brooks. Both are of Trenton.

Jack McVey of Hopewell, and Tony Marino of Trenton boxed a four-round draw. This was McVey's first fight and he did remarkably well.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welter, got a tough break when he lost on a foul to Willie Wiggins in the second round.

The semi-final between Ray Rivera of New York and Willie Patterson of Philly, supplied the fireworks for the evening. This bout was declared a draw, but Rivera appeared to have the better of it.

Sammy Glate of Canada won by a knockout over Jake Guth of Trenton in the first.

Six Cylinder of New York won as he pleased over Bushy Brooks of Trenton in six.

Paulie Walker of Trenton scored a one-round knockout over Charlie Klus of Newark at the Laurel Gardens in Newark.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

FIDEL LA BARBA romped off with the decision over Tommy Paul in a hot ten-round bout at the Crescent A. C. The boys had previously met in a six-round bout here before Paul was of age. La Barba won a split verdict over young Tommy last June but this time Fidel made it a sure thing.
Paul put up a slashing battle. Unfortunately, however, he was handicapped by a sore thumb. He wants one more crack at La Barba.

Lou Scozza, who in my opinion was entitled to the verdict in his bout with Jimmy Slattery, is going along winning fights. Lou feels he is Slattery's master.
The big match for Buffalo is Scozza vs. Maxie Rosenbloom and if this is not obtainable, Larry Johnson, the slugging Chicago Negro and Scozza would just about fill the Broadway auditorium.

George Parker, sensational amateur lightweight star, has taken out a professional license. If all the good things that are being said about the youngster come true, Parker will come close to being the lightweight champion. The Crescent club outbid all others for Parker's services and he will box exclusively for this organization.

Jimmy Goodrich is back from the Pacific Coast. He fought in 'Frisco, Denver and Cleveland, all within three weeks. Paul Pirrone, youthful Cleveland welter, beat Jimmy at Cleveland last week.

Baby Face Matty Matheson knocked out Newsboy Taylor of Toronto in one round here on the La Barba-Paul card. Matheson appears to be a great bantam prospect. He gave up his flyweight ambitions when he found he couldn't do 115 and be strong. From this on Manager Tommy Ryan says he'll fight the kid at 118 pounds.

Frisco Grande and Jose Routis, Filipino flyweights, are making Buffalo their headquarters. They do their training at the Crescent gym and can be addressed for matches at 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo.

Buffalo will see some good outdoor matches this Summer if the plans of Buffalo promoters materialize. The Crescent A. C. expects to stage a match between Al Brown, world's bantamweight champion and Tommy Paul. The match will be at 118 pounds for the title.
Kid Chocolate vs. Tommy Paul is another choice morsel.

Ray Keller, university student, and Paul Peterson, giant Dane, are two likely looking young heavyweights here. Peterson has won eight consecutive battles in as many starts.

Good boxers of all weights looking to locate in a good boxing center will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, matchmaker, Crescent A. C., 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo. Besides promoting shows for the Crescent club in Buffalo, Shannon and his partner, Grant W. Quale, are owners of the Rochester Sporting Club, Rochester, and the Coliseum A. C. in Syracuse.

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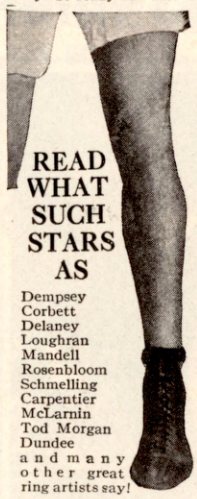

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Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

ONE of the early spring boxing features given in Paris under the auspices of Jeff Dickson at the Velodrome d'Hiver, in aid of the sufferers from the flooded districts of Southern France, was a big success. The main attraction on the card was a twelve round contest between "Spider" Pladner and Andre Regis, and Pladner won.

The supporting bout to the above was a ten-round match, Kid Francis and bantamweight Bert Taylor, of England, which Francis won. In one of the preliminary bouts Louis Logan, of Spain, defeated Van Haeckle, of Belgium.

Kid Olive, new fly-weight champion of Europe, defended his title successfully against Frank Ash of England in a twelve round bout at the Salle Wagram arena. Young Pothnier and Guy Bonaugure, the latter a brother of Kid Francis, fought a ten-round draw at a Paris entertainment. The boys are featherweights.

Marcel Thil, the French and European champion middleweight and Al. Pegazzano, former military title holder, fought a draw at the Salle Wagram.

Arthur Vermaut, the light heavyweight champion, and Alfred Sportiello, fought a twelve-round draw. Vermaut, the new light heavyweight champion of France, is only a fair boxer. The present crop of the big fellows in practically all of the European countries is of very mediocre quality.

Charley Liggett, the youngest fighter in Europe. He hails from England

Jack Walker lost on a foul to Al Pegazzano at the Salle Wagram. A riot started and to avoid serious consequences Promoter Dickson notified the fans that he would compel the men to finish the bout after a rest of half an hour. As it is against the French Federation rule for two men to contest twice within twenty-four hours, Dickson announced that the men would resume in what would be known as an exhibition bout. They did, and it turned out to be one of the best fights ever staged this year in Paris. Although Dickson broke no rule he received a summons to appear before the Federation and explain the occurrence, which he did in a satisfactory manner to the committee.

Emile Romerio, former French welterweight crack, has outgrown the poundage of that class and is now boxing as a light heavyweight. He and Al Deschamps fought a draw at the Salle Wagram.

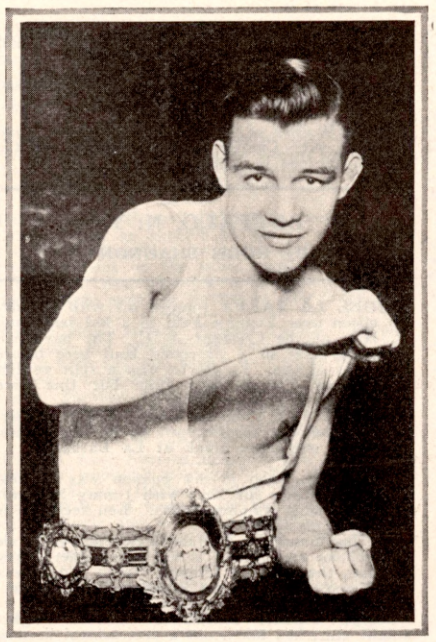
Pierre Charles, the Belgian, who is the European champion, is the best heavyweight in Europe.

Maurice Griselle, of France, is a likely prospect but he needs much schooling.

France has a new heavyweight champion in Gardebois. He is still a bit light for the class. He is a young man, quick on his feet, but he lacks the punch. He has already defeated such English battlers as Reggie Meen and Harry Crossley, but such victories mean little.

Arthur Vermaut, the French light heavyweight champion is a fairly good boxer, as is Felix Sportiello, who I think would make a good prospect if handled properly. There is a youngster named Alonzo, a colored chap, who has the making of a good fighter. He will shortly compete for the French title against Vermaut.

Andre Routis, who has lain on his back in a hospital for two months after an operation on his right eye, is now fully recovered. He has abandoned the ring and is trying to form a boxing stable.



Ernie Izzard, still ranked among the leading British lightweights

Jeff Dickson has just made his 92nd round trip between London and Paris by the Imperial Airways. All the pilots on the Imperial Airways are boxing fans and it is nothing unusual to see one of the great 8-ton airliners making a landing at Le Bourget or the Croydon Aerodrome with Jeff Dickson sitting in the cockpit next to the pilot.

Promoter Dickson is at the present time making arrangements for the Phil Scott-Stribling fight. This contest will be held in the Clapton Stadium, the seating capacity of which is about 50,000. This is the first time in his five years of promotion that Jeff Dickson has launched on such a big venture.

Francois Descamps still remains the leading fight manager of France. He has a first-class stable containing Maurice Griselle, Jack Walker, middleweight champion of Italy, Andre Regis, featherweight champion of France and Perrlet, the middleweight champion of Switzerland.

Moise Bouquillon, the French champion, has returned from the United States after a somewhat unsuccessful tour.

Edouard Mascart, the former featherweight champion, who was well known in America five years ago, made a fair sized fortune out of his ring work, but unfortunately it is all wiped out through stock speculation, and he is back in the ring trying to retrieve some of his losses.

The City of Paris has refused Jeff Dickson the right to erect his new sports palace in the center of the town upon the plot of ground already secured. For an explanation, the officials stated that having the building on the proposed plot would cause a congestion of traffic. So a new site will have to be secured.

Wilbur Cohen, who was billed as a Jewish colored light heavyweight from Washington, D. C., stopped Marcel Schoenfeld in the eighth round at the Boxing Bullier Club of Paris.

Raymond Defer, former champion of France, beat Sarfati, the featherweight champion of North Africa, and Schwartz defeated Rachel.

George Gourday, of France, was defeated on points by Bert Taylor, of Birmingham.

Louis Logan, who has been boxing in Spain for some time, being billed as an American, had a bout in Paris against Van Haeckle, of Belgium, whom he defeated, and Desnonlet, French feather, defeated the Greek champion, Miliarakis, by a knockout.

Kid Kessler beat Raymond Lefort at Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram. They are good welterweights.

George Aziz, the Egyptian champion flyweight, added another victory to his credit by knocking out Tom Bull, of England. The Egyptian is one sturdy, tough little boxer and is a splendid prospect.

Pierre Gandon, of France, defeated Fred Shaw, the English boxer, in ten rounds at the Bal Bullier Club, of Paris.

Ernie Jarvis, one of England's leading flyweights

Nick Bensa, the new French featherweight champion, is one splendid boxer. He also is clever and can punch.

At a recent boxing carnival held at Nice, "Spider" Pladner, the former champion, defeated Young Denain. Mascart, the former French featherweight champion and Jean Ferret went ten rounds to a draw.

The Central Boxing Club of Paris, which promotes two entertainments each week, is known as the nursery of boxing in France. The bouts given there have mostly rounds of two minutes. The pay received by the contestants is as a rule small. However, a winner here usually finds his way into Jeff Dickson's bigger organizations.

Yvon Trevidic, who was defeated by Frankie Genaro, has outgrown the flyweight limit. Trevidic is just about twenty years of age and has a good future before him.

At Jeff Dickson's Paris boxing entertainments two announcers work, one a Frenchman, and Paul Farrell, an American, introduces the battlers in English.

Jack Root, the former heavyweight boxer, is back in Paris for a short vacation.

Ring Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

BOXING in England has taken on a new lease of life since the advent of Jeff Dickson as one of the promoters. His policy of staging high class shows has won over the English and has instilled new activity in the fight game.

By far the leading news of the month is that pertaining to Harry Mason, former lightweight king who defeated Jack Hood for the welter crown. A return match is now in order.

On the same card, Dick Corbett added to his prestige when he whipped Kid Pattenden at Albert Hall and is now in line for a crack at the title which Teddy Baldock holds. A bout between this pair would pack any club.

Over in Scotland, another championship changed hands when Steve McCall beat Alec Ireland for the middleweight crown at Waverly Markey. At Sheffield that same night Ted Broadribb's good fighter, Don Shortland, whipped Maurice Griselle, of France, in 15 rounds. Don is sure to take much of Scott's prestige from him before the summer is over. Don looks like the best heavyweight developed in England in years.

Dom Volante, who recently returned from the United States, stopped Marcel De Lobelle, of France, in 90 seconds at the Stadium, of Liverpool.

Phil Scott has now followed in the wake of many other "actors" and joined the "Talkies." He is lecturing to film audiences and explaining how the World's Championship was stolen from his "hip" pocket.

Al Foreman, Canadian champion, made short work of the two opponents here. Roy Beresford succumbed to him in the fourth round, and he K. O.'ed Douglas Parker in the second. If Foreman and Volante were to be paired, it would provide a hectic scrap.

Len Harvey stopped Francois Stevens of Belgium in the third round. Harvey needs more work with the top notchers.

Bert Kirby, our flyweight champion, was K. O'ed in the fifth at Manchester by Rene Ghalange, of France. The fatal punch appeared to be of the low variety. Kirby led up to the K. O.

It is about time that referees should make a practice of naming an offender when "bawling" out "Don't Hold" or "Break Away". Nothing is more vexing, to see "dud" officials gavotting around the ring and pretending to look clever.

Teddy Baldock was hard put to it to gain the decision over Lew Pinkus recently. Ted's one-time snap and hefty punch were conspicuous by their absence.

Fight fans here were thrilled with the reports of the Kid Berg and Joe Glick fight in New York. 'Tis a pity that some of our heavies are minus the "guts" of Whitechapel Jack.

Willie Smith, the South African bantam who beat Teddy Baldock about two and one-half years ago, has returned to London. It is likely that he will fix up with Baldock for a bout in the summer, and meanwhile it is probable that he will be opposed to Dick Corbett. The latter has been smiting opposition right and left lately.

Reports just to hand from Australia tell us of Johnny Peters' great victory in his first contest "Down Under," and unless I am mistaken, he will do a lot more "damage" before he returns to England. Johnny is a future champion.

The new Earl of Coventry in Wales is keenly interested in the noble art. As Viscount Deerhurst, he was the first president of the Welsh Boxing Association and Control Board. He also holds a referee license.

Jack Davies, a well-known figure of the knuckle era of the British ring, has passed away at the ripe old age of 74, at his residence, The Bridgend Hotel, Pontygwaith. Old Jack in his early days had fought Jem Smith for the championship of England.

Bill Beynon, of Taibach, the ex-Londsdale Belt holder, has at last decided to pack up his boxing tools. Up to a fortnight ago Billy was actively engaged in the Welsh rings and competing with opponents who had not been born when the old bantam champion was at his best.

At the Premierland—Al Foreman K. O'ed Douglas Parker in the second. Len (Tiger) Smith beat Stan Jehu on points; Bert Cannons K. O'ed Kid Brooks in two; Con Lewis and Jim Ashley boxed a 15-round draw; Leo Wax and Alf Simmons boxed a 15-round draw; Boy Edge defeated Moe Mizler; Al Foreman K. O'ed Tiger Smith in the ninth round; Jack Negal beat Len George over a dozen rounds; Con Lewis had all his work cut out to beat Evan Lane.

At the Holborn Stadium—The concluding stages of the middleweight competition resulted as follows: Second series, George Porter K. O'ed Billl Berry in two; Jack Haynes beat Phil Green; Sandy McKenzie beat Joe Bloomfield, and George Gordon stopped George Brown in two. In semi-finals, Haynes beat Porter on points and Gordon beat McKenzie on points. The final resulted in a K. O. win in the second for Jack Haynes.

At Paddington Baths—Nipper Pat Daly defeated Aine Gyde, of France, in 15 rounds; Jack Wright beat Billy Reynolds; Johnny Gibson K. O'ed Dod Oldfield in the ninth round, and George Aziz, of Egypt, beat Young Siki.

At Kilburn—Billy Bird stopped Harry Jennings in the sixth; Joe Batten stopped Andre Beghin in the ninth; Billy James beat George Aziz.

At Edmonton—Haydn Williams gained a comfortable victory over Billy Edmunds; Gunner Clements also gained a clear-cut victory over Wally Dakin; Johnny Summers beat Ernie Mason, and Sam Walters outpointed Billy Granely.

At Fulham Baths—Sonny Bird boxed a draw with Fred Green; Albert Ryall won over Harry Lane; Jimmy Lindsay beat Wyndham Blake.

At Greenwich Baths—Arthur Rees beat Jack Griffiths; Marine Trinder defeated Alf Noble, and Dick Stubbings boxed a draw with Arthur Webb.

At The Ring—Len Harvey K. O'ed Francois Stevens in the third; Sammy King stopped Johnny Smith in the sixth; Billy Bird stopped Ocky Davies in the twelfth, and Dick O'Brien K. O'ed Johnny Bridges in round two.

At Kingston Baths—Arthur Lloyd and Billy Reynolds drew in 15 rounds, and Ernie Johnson beat Frank Baldwin on points.

At The Embassy Hall, Catford—Jack Thompson narrowly defeated Bill Chilton.

Over in Ireland at the Stadium, Belfast, Jack Bunting beat Johnny Clark; Dan Cannon and Ted Edwards boxed a terrific draw, and Jim Learoyd outpointed Con McCann. Pat Bradley defeated Pat O'Brien on points; Dan Cannon just snatched the decision over Gunboat Smith; Jack McWilliams beat Billy Murphy, and Jim Whelan beat Pat Bradley.

At the Premierland—Kid Pattenden K. O'ed Jimmy Rowbotham in the 14th round. Jack Garland beat Con Lewis, and Harry Brooks drew with Johnny Curley.

At Paddington Baths—Nipper Pat Daly very easily defeated Len George.

At the N. S. C., Holborn Stadium—Billy Jones beat Ashton Jones, and Ted Higgins K. O'ed Drummer Barton in the second.

At Edmonton—Haydn Williams stopped Branca Guiseppe (Italy) in the eleventh.

At The Ring—Charles Desmet defeated Jim Shippen.

At the Stadium in Liverpool—Johnny Cuthbert, featherweight champion, clearly outpointed Aine Gyde. Alf Howard returned to business after the "hiding" he recently received from Harry Corbett, and scored a dramatic K. O. over Ashton Jones in 50 seconds; Selwyn Jones stopped Tommy Walsh in the eighth.

At the N. S. C. of Leeds, Farmer Jackson K. O'ed Tommy Grayson in the fifth; Johnny Summers and John Melia boxed a 12-round draw; Steve McCall scored over Mickie Libert.

At Granby Halls, Leicester, Gipsy Daniels caused Reggie Meen to retire at the end of round nine owing to a damaged optic. Arthur Boddington K. O'ed Billy Hill in the fifth.

At the Stadium, Sunderland, Charlie McDonald stopped Billy Green in five rounds; Ginger Rennie easily defeated Willie Sharkey on points, and Gipsy Daniels K. O'ed Frank Berwick in the seventh.

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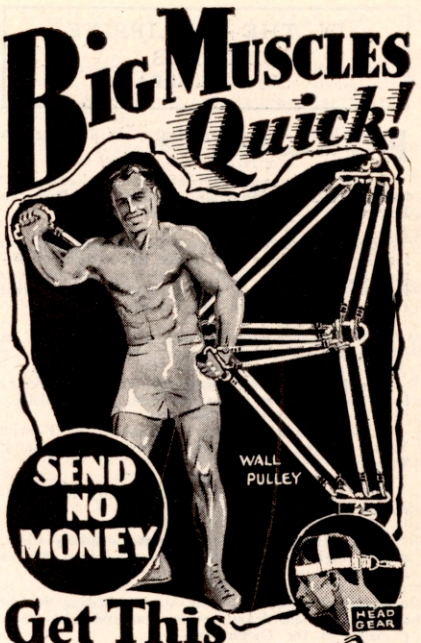

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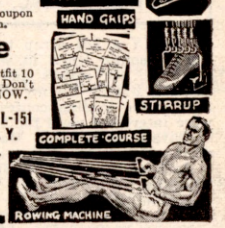

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IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

FRANKIE Aragon and Harry Wills fought a slow ten-round draw.

Teddy Fox successfully defended his lightweight title by beating Mariano Adriano, the Baclaran Bearcat.

Young Nacionalista knocked out Kid Johnson for the second time in a junior lightweight championship match. Nash scored four knockdowns in the second round and stopped the so-called Iloilo typhoon in the third canto.

Harry Telesco and Bulldog Morgan fought an interesting eight-round draw.

Trench King, stablemate of Young Nacionalista, journeyed to Cebu and beat Kid Bulldog.

Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, fought a 12-round draw with Young Tommy.

Kid Gabo beat Kid Pacana in an eight-round bout.

Jimmy Hill, holder of the welterweight diadem, scored eighteen knockdowns over Irineo Flores in a ten-round tilt at Cavite.

Young Nacionalista and Varias Miling fought a good 12-round draw for the featherweight championship of the Orient.

Frankie Aragon, the Mexican stablemate of Nacionalista, is going like a house afire. He beat Steve Arce and Irineo Flores and stopped Kid Arca of Cavite in his first three starts.

Young Nacionalista's last appearance here was against Max Tarley. Nacionalista and the others under the management of Johnny Sampson have returned to the United States.

The Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation staged a successful national boxing championship with the following results:

Flyweight—M. Sandoval outpointed R. Lueban; bantamweight—A. Dola won a close decision over Torreda; featherweight—Oscar de la Rosa easily won against Fulgencio; lightweight—A. Lopez knocked out Sagarbarria in the first round; heavyweight—Torres defeated Berlanga.

NEWS FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA
By K. O. KING, U. S. MARINES

MANY a hot scrap took place here this past month, bouts in which American marines, U. S. sailors and boys from the French and the British "Army of Occupation" took part. Among the leading contests in which U. S. boys were interested were the following:

Private Deer, U. S. Marines, beat Red Stanton, of the Royal Army Service of England.

Battling Nelson, Manila, beat Young Nicko, Shanghai.

Marine Zavelitsch, U. S., and Eddie Moore, of Kobe, drew in eight rounds.

Young Walker, Hong Kong, scored over Jules Lamblain, French navy.

Babe Russ, Shanghai, drew with Bob Lacey, British forces.

Kid Andre, light heavyweight champion of China, was knocked out by Marine Smith, of British forces, in one minute of the first round, the title changing hands.

All of the bouts here drew capacity houses. The boxing game is extremely popular in China, especially since the foreign soldiers entered Shanghai. It won't be long before we'll have a new boxing menace, the Chinese, to threaten Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

SEVERAL high-class bouts were staged here the past month. The most important of them was that between Jack Haines, middleweight champion, and Ted Monson, for 15 rounds. The bell saved Monson from a kayo in the fifteenth. He was on the canvas three times.

Tommy Fairhall, veteran welterweight, won the championship by beating Wally Hancock at the opening of the new Leichhardt Stadium before a packed house.

Other contests in Australia resulted as follows:

Freddie Welsh (England) won on a foul from Lee Brander in seven rounds.

Wally Hancock knocked out Joe Goode in four rounds.

Billy Shields knocked out Ted Dargin in nine rounds.

Stan Love knocked out Reg Storen in 12 rounds.

Vic Symons knocked out Dave Jackson in seven rounds.

Jimmy Kelso and Ted Nelson boxed a 12-round draw.

Archie Hughes and Young Halliday boxed a 12-round draw.

Sid North knocked out Fred Hallam in two rounds.

Dealer Wells beat Rus Critcher and Alby Roberts in 15 rounds and won on a foul from Jack Paul in seven.

Keith Lawson knocked out Ron Lewis in nine rounds.

Ted Monson knocked out Billy Edwards in six rounds.

Billy Richards beat Alby Roberts and Jack Paul, each in 15 rounds.

Bill Tyson beat Young Lew Edwards, 15 rounds.

George Thompson knocked out Pat Redmond, 12 rounds.

Alby Roberts knocked out Tommy Carr, nine rounds.

Rosenchi Ochoa comes from Equador, S. A., and is anxious to try himself out against the American lightweights

OKLAHOMA BOXING NOTES
By L. H. TITTLE

TIGER JACK DILLON, Oklahoma's light-heavyweight pride, stopped Humberto Curi, champion of the Argentine, in a sizzling bout at Oklahoma City staged by Sam Avey, Tulsa promoter. Curi's seconds tossed in the towel to save their charge further punishment.

On the same card Earl Wise won on a foul in the seventh from Chick Rains. Wildcat Monte, slugging lightweight from Drumright, took the nod over Brownie Thurman, of Chicago, in ten.

George Hoffman got credit for a kayo over Joe Packo when Packo fell from the ring and failed to get back before the count ended. On the same card Humberto kayoed Bernie Irving in the third. Fred Uncio, of Dallas, kayoed Frankie Holman; Jimmy Johnson, Marshall, Oklahoma, welter, had Mike Mallory on the floor eight times in the four rounds but couldn't keep him down. Sparky McVey and Kid Granite drew in four.

Promoter Nate Jackson packed the house when he brought Kid Kober, of Dallas, and Jimmy Owens together at Oklahoma City. Kober took the nod. Bobby Calmes, of Duncan, kayoed Eddie Murray, flashy Tulsa feather, in three. Fred Uncio failed to come out for the eighth round with Kid Granite.

Clyde Chastain chalked up another when he beat Billy Adkinson at Sammy Stearn's Fort Sill show. Hugh Gray lost to Soldier Crom in eight and Earl Wise kayoed Vernon Richardson in the first.

Carlos Garcia lost an unpopular decision to Lou Avery at Tulsa. Bobby Calmes kayoed Howard Scott in the third. Bobby Hamilton, Tulsa heavyweight, drew with Wilson Dunn in ten. Jimmy Merritt won by technical kayo over Luther Platton, of Pampa, Texas, in the eighth. Glenn Nate beat Sparky McVey in six.

Clyde Chastain beat Clyde Hull in ten rounds at Oklahoma City. Earl Wise took the decision from Norman Brown. Bobby Calmes kayoed Jack O'Brien in the fourth.

Denny O'Brien took a kayo at the hands of Bobby Calmes in the third, at Duncan. Eddie Garcia was knocked cold by Kid Granite in the fifth. Joe Patterson lost decision to Ward Whitehead, Shreveport middleweight, in eight rounds.

Wilson Dunn, Tulsa Indian, and Red Foster drew in ten at Muskogee, and Kid George took the nod from Henry Harjo in six.

A correction: Last month Speedy Snow, of Seminole, should have been credited with a victory over Norman Brown. Apologies.

A movement to legalize boxing in Oklahoma is under way and is gaining momentum. All fans, fighters and managers are urged to get in touch with the writer at Duncan, Oklahoma, as their support can be used to great advantage.

Out of state boxers, of all weights, can do well in Oklahoma if they are tough. These rugged Western boys are hard to beat and the fans will pay well to see them go their best. Write any of the above promoters as well as the Capital City A. C. or refer to the writer.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

TOM PACKS drew $38,000 with the Bass vs. Shea title contest. Shea wound up with a draw. Johnny Kaiser stopped Mike Moran in eight on the same bill and Joe Ghnouly gave Matty White a strenuous tussle in six rounds.

Ray Palmer, hard hitting local featherweight, continued his winning streak by stopping Jimmy Sparks, Terre Haute, 128 pounder, at West Frankfort, in eight rounds. and beating Al Vasques, Mexican feather, at Hannibal, Mo., in ten.

Ray Alfano, East Side lightweight, drew with Jackie Hogan at Indianapolis. Alfano has won 25 out of 26 fights within twelve months.

Tommy Sullivan, local matchmaker, got a tough break when Jack DeMave refused to go on with Otto Von Porat at the Coliseum. Benny McGovern, Sullivan's backer, took the blow like the good sport he is and refunded the customers' money. The prelims on Sullivan's card were good. Mickey Cummings lost a great fight to Eddie Goldberg at 147 pounds. Buddy Schlereth battled Nick Broglio to a draw. Al Stillman kayoed Mack Henderson in two rounds.

In the features on Mique Malloy's bill, King Tut won from Pinkey Kaufman in ten. Johnny Kaiser and Lou Terry were ordered from the ring in the eighth round. The bout was too slow to please the referee, although both boys tried their best to make it interesting. My Sullivan knocked out Jackie Horner in the first round. Al Stillman won from Tiger Cline. Jack Barry defeated Shuffle Callahan. Mickey Cummings beat Eddie Goldberg. John Schwake kayoed Genio Peru in the second round.

Boxing will likely take a back seat here this summer. Baseball and dog racing cut deeply into the gate receipts of the promoters and what boxing will be done will likely feature the lesser lights. The past season has been wonderful, with the top gate at $48,000. Practically every show was well patronized and nearly everyone in the game made money.

Local fighters who have made the grade are: Lou Terry, 130 pounds; Johnny Kaiser, 126 pounds; Ray Palmer, 126 pounds; Joe Ghnouly, 126 pounds; Al Stillman, 160 pounds; Jack Horner, 150 pounds; Ray Alfano, 135 pounds; John Schwake, 220 pounds; Mickey Cummings, 147 pounds; Eddie Goldberg, 147 pounds; Pee Wee Terry, 118 pounds and George Daw 155 pounds.

The active promoters here are Mique Malloy, Tom Packs, Tommy Sullivan, Jack Tippett, and Eddie Felix.

Jack Horner, local 150-pounder, lost no prestige through his one-round kayo by My Sullivan. Horner flew at Sullivan and was clipped before he got warmed up.

Boxers wishing work here get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gym.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

THE greatest fight seen here in years took place when Jackie Fields, a real fighting champion, and Tommy Freeman, his closest rival, got together in a scheduled twelve-round bout at the Public Auditorium. The fight was stopped at the end of the fourth round when Freeman was unable to continue due to a very bad cut lip and the blood could not be checked between rounds.

For thrills, a fight like that has never been equalled in this city. Freeman had Fields on the verge of a knockout in the third round and it looked very much as if the champion would take the count, but through a clever display of ringcraft, Jackie lasted the third and came out fresh for the next round.

It was surely a tough break for Tommy as he fought the greatest fight of his career and it will be years before Cleveland will ever see such an exhibition again.

Paul Pirrone whipped Jimmy Goodrich in the semi-final. I expected Pirrone to finish Goodrich before the distance but Paul looked very good and is improving in each fight. He boxed like Carl Tremaine in his palmy days.

Jim Scarney knocked out Leroy Bryant in the sixth round. Young Lindsey kayoed Young Edwards in one round and Mickey Cohen whipped Patsy Farr in the four-round opener. The house drew $24,387.00.

Jack Pallat, Johnny Papke's heavyweight, who won the Golden Glove heavyweight championship, then the State title, went to Boston to win the Nationals a few weeks back. He knocked out three men to win the championship of the United States. Eddie Mack of Boston tried to buy Pallat's contract but Johnny refused to sell him as he has an agreement with Tommy McGinty to handle him. He is only 19 years of age and weighs 195 pounds.

Paul Hamilton's gymnasium at 722 Superior Avenue was set on fire but was fixed in time for Jackie Fields to do his training there. Paul has one of the best equipped gymnasiums in the country and should make plenty of money with it.

Rosy Rosales won over Joe Sekyra on a foul in the first round in Buffalo and then fought a twelve-round draw with Roy Williams at Dayton. It was a great fight and the promoter plans on bringing Rosy right back again.

Bryan Downey is promoting at Columbus and he is making matches that are bringing money into the house.

Jimmy Avon has his boys fighting in good form and keping them busy. Vito Mazzeo gave Willie Davies a good fight at New Brighton and then went on to whip Jackie Powers.

Suey Welsh is drawing big crowds at Akron and giving them shows to talk about.

Tom Andrews and Mique Malloy are after a Phil Zwick-Bud Taylor match.

Allie Downs has a good little boy in Babe Triscaro. He was nosed out of the flyweight championship by Joey Kushner after an extra round of fighting.

Eddie Mead had Johnny Farr winning two good fights last month, down at New Orleans where he licked Chico Cisneros and in Boston where he gave Honeyboy Finnegan a trimming. Farr is like the Old Man River. Just keeps rolling along.

Johnny Cox, Mead's right-hand man, is on the move all the time, travelling and sending out plenty of publicity on their boys.

Russell Bradford won his 106th fight at Erie. He has had a total of 113 battles, which makes it a pretty good record.

K. O. Morgan was disqualified in the seventh round of his bout with Al Brown for not trying. He also was fined $1,000 by the Toledo Boxing Commission.

Jimmy Ballinger fought a draw with Homer Ronan at Newark, Ohio.

Benny Gershe scored another knockout, this time over Al Taylor at Lorain in two rounds.

Phil Zwick easily whipped Johnny Helstein in ten rounds at Buffalo. Charley Murray wants to use him back again with Kid Chocolate.

K. O. Kelly kayoed Jimmy Mason in three rounds at Barberton. Harold Walsh and Stub McKinney are doing the promoting.

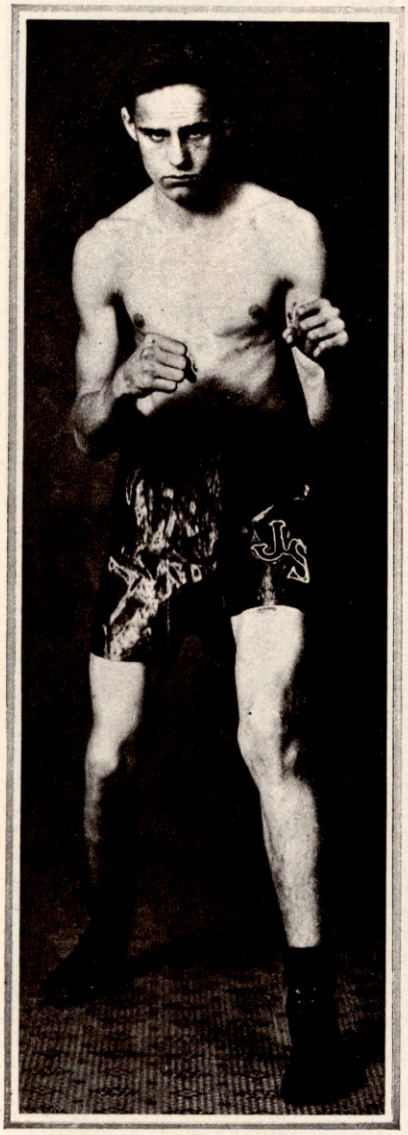
K. O. Christner won over Joe Sekyra in a rough battle in Akron.

Al Zill has started promoting again at Youngstown.

Jim Jennings, who manages Young Scarney, is promoting at Niles, and is drawing some good houses. His last attraction was between Vito Mazzeo and Jackie Powers.

Eddie Mead will probably be the matchmaker at the Taylor Bowl this summer. Tommy McGinty, who owns the Bowl, will be too busy with his racing interests to bother with making matches.

The Van Sweringens intend to build a Madison Square Garden in Cleveland very soon. They will use it for boxing, hockey, polo and all indoor sports.



Joe Spacek, promising lightweight youngster from Cleveland

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

THREE of New Haven's leaders in the boxing field are Dick Gray, promoter, Bob Mele, his assistant, and Mickey "Babe" Gibbons, manager of the Elm City Gymnasium.

At New London, Eddie Shapiro defeated Matty Owens, of New Bedford in eight rounds.

At Hartford, Pinkey Kaufman, 141, knocked out Clickey Clarke, of Holyoke, Mass., 146¾, in the first minute of the opening round.

Joe Smith, Hartford middleweight, knocked out Mike Toronto, Bridgeport, in three rounds.

Sammy Kraft, Bridgeport lightweight whipped Benny Smith, of Long Island.

Marty Martino, Hartford feather, stopped Al St. John in two rounds.

James "Joy" Howard, Bridgeport's fighting truck driver, 187½, put the "skids" under "Iron Mike" Roberts, 178, in three heats.

At Bridgeport, Georgie Paulin, state flyweight champ, continued his unbroken string of victories by knocking out Battling Ray Ortego in three rounds.

Eddie Moore, Bridgeport welter, won the duke over Joe Emmons of Waterbury.

Lou Piquette scored a four-round, technical K. O. over Ernie Palmer, Waterbury southpaw.

Billy Bridges, Norwalk, stopped Jimmy Dillon, New Haven, in four.

Roland Daniels, Stamford, out-pointed Jackie Oneill, of Fairfield, in four rounds.

A quartet of Stamford amateur boxers entered the state championships at New Haven and did quite well. Tom Donahue, middleweight, lost to Billy O'Brien, state champion. Walter Daniels, feather, lost to Texas Adams. Ace Petalas lost to Vincent Gullo, and Solly Angelo lost to a Derby boy.

Jackie Pilkington, Meriden lightweight, is registering numerous victories.

Ralph Nischo, formerly of East N. Y., is now working out of Waterbury. He is being handled by George Barber, popular Waterbury sportsman.

Bobby Mays, Connecticut lightweight champion, expects to start on a tour soon. His stablemate, Irish Hughie Devine, will accompany him.

Joe Besade, Norwich fight manager, is opening a new gymnasium at Franklin Square.

Some of the boxers fighting out of Norwich are Al Koziol, Billy Hart and Johnny Kop, 135 lbs. Tommy McCarthy, Jimmy Quinn, 126 lbs., Al Beauregard, 118 lbs., Johnny Sheik Leonard, Mushy Moriarity, Curley Reta, 147 lbs., Honeyboy Ernest Garvin, 124, Vic Dorr, 140, and Freddie Besade, 155, Pat Ferra, 160 lbs., and K. O. Benny Dempsey, 165 lbs.

Willie Lewis, Stamford's colored lightweight, is cleaning up the state. His latest victim was Harry Goldberg.

Stamford's popular colored middleweight, Rudy Marshall, stopped Frankie Konchina, New York, in 8 rounds. Chico Gonzales, 140 lbs., lost to Eddie Connelly, Danbury, in 8 rounds.

Roland Daniels, Stamford, 132, whipped Young Lafferty, 137, Haverstraw, N. Y., in six.

Billy Bridges won the duke in a hectic six-rounder with Izzy Cohen, of New Canaan.

"Jigger" McCarthy, state referee is back on the job again after a long layoff, due to an injured foot.

Frankie Portello, of Hartford, and Chick Creaton, of Bridgeport, are the two best bets of the month as referees.

Batt Battalino stopped Joe Hall in four rounds at Waterbury.

Rudy Marshall lost an unpopular decision to Marty Sampson, of N. Y., in the semi-final.

Irish Jimmy O'Brien, Bridgeport, junior welter, scored a knockout over Alex Tourraine and whipped Frankie Di Giovanni. O'Brien may be used against Jack Kid Berg at New Haven.

Alex Tourraine flattened Irish "Timmy" O'Brien.

Frankie Smith, of Norwalk, is the new amateur featherweight champ of the state. Billy O'Brien, of Derby, is the 160 lb. champ.

Danbury Veterans of Foreign Wars have decided to run semi-monthly shows in the Hat City.

Tony Esposito, of Stamford, whipped K. O. Graw at Toledo, Ohio, in a four-rounder.

Greenwich Knights of Columbus are planning professional boxing shows for the summer.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Promoter Joe Chimbole, of the Stamford Sporting Club, in the recent death of his oldest son, James, a first-year student in High School.

State Athletic Commissioner Thomas E. Donahue splits with N. Y. Boxing Commission on world's champions. New York does not recognize Slattery, Walker or Brown as champions.

Commissioner Donahue's list is as follows: Flyweight, Midget Wolgast; bantamweight, Al Brown; featherweight, Christopher Battalino; lightweight, Sammy Mandell; welterweight, Jackie Fields; middleweight, Mickey Walker; light heavy, Jimmy Slattery; heavyweight, vacant.

Promoters Dave Rose and Benny Hertz are staging amateur boxing shows at Norwalk, featuring the new state champions.

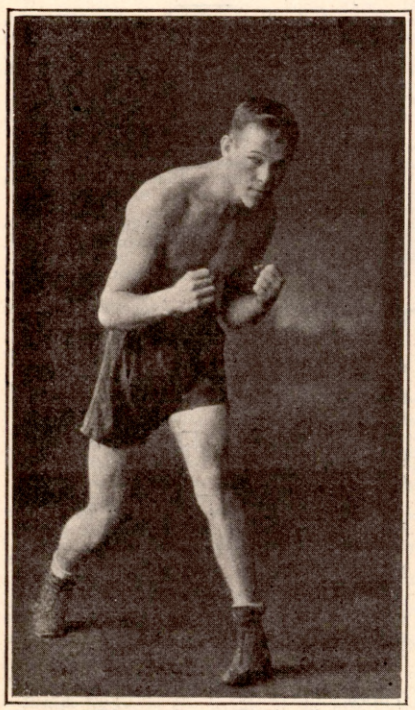
From Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY BOUSLOG, Sports Editor, Detroit *Daily Illustrated*

THREE, and possibly four, clubs will operate outdoors in Detroit this summer. Olympia, Floyd Fitzsimmons, the West Side A. C. and the old Fairview Athletic Club are the probable starters in an attempt to beat the weather during the summer months.

Last year was the deadest summer boxing has ever had here since the game was legalized. Only two big shows, one each by the Olympia and Fitzsimmons, were promoted. But this year all three of the bigger clubs are seeking important bouts. The Fairview will devote its dates, if a favorable decision is reached, to bouts featuring local and state fighters.

The only big fight in the past month brought together Ray Miller, the Chicago left hook artist, and Eddie Koppy, local lightweight. Koppy, a preliminary boy until this bout, knocked out Mickey Darmon at Olympia last January and his victim died six hours later without regaining consciousness. Koppy retired but changed his mind. The Miller bout was his first start after the accident. He floored Miller in the first with a glancing blow to the chin but was knocked down himself twice in the second. In the third round he chased Miller and carried the frame, but went out himself in the fourth when Ray shifted his attack to the body. The bout was stopped on a technical knockout. Miller looked good.



Harry Memering, Indiana's crack lightweight who has turned in twenty straight wins

On the same card Domencio Bersaconi, Italian bantamweight champion, made his first appearance here and knocked out the veteran Ward Sparks with only a few punches. Sparks was up and down twice but the bout lasted only a minute. It was Sparks' first kayo in more than 100 fights.

Other results that night follow: Jimmy Harvey, Lansing, and Pee Wee Wilson, Michigan bantam champ, fought their second draw in two weeks; Terry Roth, Brooklyn, and Johnny Minella, Detroit, drew; Pablo Dano, Filipino flyweight, beat Jimmy Campbell, of Scotland, and Marty Stone won over Benny Ray, Dearborn, in the former's debut as a junior lightweight.

The state heavyweight title changed hands again when Whitey Gorsline, slugging Brown City southpaw, whipped Kid Hans, of Mt. Clemens. Hans won the title by beating Tom Sayers just a month to a day after he lost it in the same ring. Gorsline entered the ring a top-heavy favorite and won going away. The Brown City youth is one of the hardest hitters in the game today and is having trouble finding opponents. Among his victories was one over Frankie Simms, hard hitting Cleveland heavyweight who formerly fought under the name of Kayo Clemmons. Gorsline, if he can get matches, should give any right-hand puncher plenty of grief.

Frankie Wallace, Junior National Amateur bantamweight champion. He hails from Cleveland

One of the best fights of the month saw Dick Landig, Wales lightweight, getting off the floor in the first round to win a 10-round decision over Jack Gillispie at Danceland. On the same bill Soldier Dombrowski, veteran southpaw feather, and Sparkplug Russell drew in 10, and Rudy Thomas won over Johnny Clancy.

Morrie Sherman, state welterweight champion, fighting Joe Rugguzzoni, Italian welter invader, took a belt on the whiskers in the middle of the bout and after taking a nine count, fought like a wildcat and won the mill. It was something new for the fans and Sherman, after several years of unpopularity, is riding the crest now. Al Werbe, veteran manager of fighters, bought his contract and is gunning for big game.

Jack Dempsey made two trips into the state in the last month to referee. The house was sold out on each occasion. The first visit to Battle Creek found him giving Russell Bradford, Pontiac, the decision over Eddie Rugman, of Akron, O., and the next time he refereed the Stob-Baker bout at Kalamazoo.

Franklyn Young, Jimmy Brady's colored flyweight, has been winning steadily. In the last month he has whipped Steve Rocco at Hamilton and Frankie Farr at Fort Wayne.

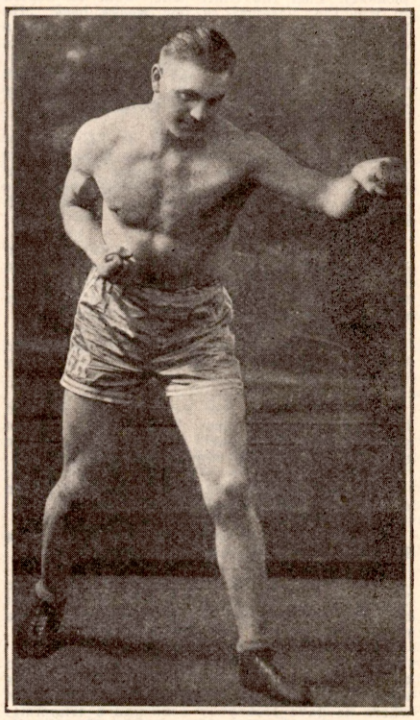
The only small club operating in Detroit at the present time is the Dearborn A. C.

Wrestling has been trying a comeback in Detroit but so far hasn't succeeded. Strangler Lewis was booked to show at the Armory here recently but the day before the bout wired his apologies. His excuse was illness and injury.

Charlie Elberts, youthful heavyweight, has been having a big winter in the small clubs.

Dick Dunn, general manager of the Olympia, has announced that he will go to court if necessary to stop the proposed Fields-McLarnin championship bout in New York on September 11. Dunn announced that he had Fields under contract to fight McLarnin and had a telegraphic confirmation of acceptance of terms from Pop Foster. If the Madison Square Garden tries to go through with the match, Dunn will seek an injunction to make Fields and McLarnin live up to their contracts with him.

Harry Dublinsky, substituting for Roger Bernard at a day's notice, went to Flint for his first appearance there and won an eight-round knockout victory over Herman Wallace of Brooklyn. Dublinsky is a big drawing card in Detroit and will probably get a lucrative shot during the outdoor season. He may be Ray Miller's next opponent here.



Tony Myszka, Grand Rapids heavyweight, coming along swiftly around Michigan

HOOKS AND HEADLOCKS FROM MONTANA

By F. C. HYDE

A FAIR sized crowd of enthusiastic fans turned out for the boxing card at Glendive. In the main event Ferd Melhoff, Glendive, won from Soldier Thompson, of Minot. Chick Taylor, Miles City, and Bobby Laurant, Fargo, boxed a fast 8-round draw. Billy Peoples, Glendive, and Tony Kipp, Beach, North Dakota, also drew in 6 rounds. Ken Jensen, Glendive, won his first professional start when he stopped Young Mayer, Sidney, in the second round. Another card is planned for the near future.

Two of the best looking prospects in this part of the country are Chick Taylor, Miles City, and Ken Jensen, of Glendive. Taylor, a featherweight, has had some experience in the squared circle. Jensen got off to a fine start on the recent card at Glendive.

Due to sickness, Dixie LaHood, veteran Butte featherweight, has been forced to cancel several bouts.

In California

By THERON FISKE

OUR little community has regained its topographical balance but the Carnera bout certainly did this section plenty of harm.

Geologists assured us beforehand that all would continue on the level during the visit of Primo Carnera, never-the-less a severe shiver was detected by the seismograph in the immediate vicinity of Oakland.

Result, little Primo is banned for life in sunny California, the place which was so much like his own country, and the licenses of his managers Leon See, Bill Duffy and Good Time Charley Friedman were revoked. Frank Churchill, western representative of the Ambling Alp troupe, was politely handed an indefinite suspension as were Tim McGrath, Bob Perry and Bob Laga, manager and seconds respectively of Leon Chevalier, Primo's little playmate in the Oakland shindy.

The Oakland thing was the second of two scheduled appearances of Carnera in California. Los Angeles got the first peak at this hugh colorful freak when he bowled over Neil Clisby in round two at the Olympic before a five-dollar audience.

Carnera looks and acts like he can fight, but the big bruiser from Italy, by way of France, doesn't have to . . . his opponents or someone else attend to that.

James Woods, Southern California representative on the State Boxing Commission, was chosen chairman of the board at its regular meeting at the Whitcomb Hotel, San Francisco. Mr. Woods, formerly of Los Angeles, but now a resident of San Francisco, succeeds William H. Hanlon, of Sacramento.

Frankie Campbell, San Francisco heavyweight, suspended a couple months ago for failure to keep a date with one Ray Spiker, at Los Angeles, was reinstated. At the time Campbell complained of a bad shoulder.

Max Baer, Oakland heavy, was also reinstated.

Pete Sarmiento, Filipino bantamweight, who is anxious to try a comeback, was reinstated. The one-time buzz-saw of the ring was laid off because of physical unfitness.

As a result of the towel pitching episode terminating the Carnera-Chevalier shindy at Oakland, the Commission adopted a rule that in the future no referee shall take cognizance of a towel, sponge or any article heaved into the ring as a token of defeat, but, if the second, chief second and none other thinks his fighter unable to continue, he shall step into the ring and so notify the referee, thus disqualifying his boxer.

New plans to revive the Eastside Arena, Los Angeles centers around Joe Levy as matchmaker for the finance company which was left holding the bag. Now somebody is getting smart. Levy could arrange shows that would open your eyes.

Andy DiVodi, New York welter, scored a fifth round k. o. over Madison Dix at the Dreamland, San Francisco. This was the second meeting of the pair within a week, their first meeting ending in round one when Dix fouled the New Yorker. Commissioner Traung ruled the low punch unintentional and ordered a rematch rather than suspend Dix.

In the second ten-rounder, Les Kennedy, Los Angeles heavyweight, won over Bud Doyle, of San Jose.

A great fight . . . a poor house. That was the outcome of the Dave Shade-Joe Anderson fight at the Olympic, Los Angeles. After ten fast rounds of spectacular fighting and thrills, referee Jack Kennedy called it a tie. Many, however, figured Shade a shade.

Jimmy Murray, Dutch Meyers, Tom Kennedy and Emmet Ledwith, Los Angeles fight managers, have one and all closed up their spacious offices and are doing business in the old fashioned way again. Frank Churchill is now the only one with a stenographer.

Homer Sheridan evened an old score with Joe Bitto at Hollywood and in the same arena won over Jose Peregrina.

Flo Mae Flowers, widow of the late Tiger Fowers, former middleweight champion, is living in Los Angeles, stranded and an invalid.

Speed is mightier than sock. Les Kennedy proved that at Hollywood when he gave the top-heavy and ponderous Vigo Doman a ten-round pasting to waltz off with the decision.

Ace Hudkins has just about lost all desire for fighting but will probably snap out of it under pressure. The Wildcat is now playing polo and living the life of a sportsman and gamboleer.

Dr. Harry Martin, of Hollywood, is still waiting for his appointment to membership in the State Boxing Commission and has been so waiting since December of last year.

Chairman James Woods of our Boxing Commission seriously contemplates running for lieutenant-governor.

Jimmy Murray has virtually settled in Fresno, where he is matchmaker and part owner of the boxing club there.

Bill Loller and Newell Miller, ticket men at the Olympic, Los Angeles, haven't seen a hali dozen fights since the game was legalized.

Mushy Callahan is home again and minus his trick title. Mushy went to London at the invitation of Joe Jacobs, the smooth little guy who showed Max Schmeling out this way, to battle Jack Kid Berg in one of those overweight things. When Mushy arrived in London, the promoter told him that Berg couldn't possibly get over 140, the title weight. Callahan was stuck properly but he went through with it, took Berg at 137, took a licking and dropped his title and is now home again with less than $4,000. Mushy was guaranteed $7,500. Out of this the promoter deducted Jacobs' cut and he had to buy his own tickets home.

At one time Mushy could have gotten $30,000 less the third managerial cut. Later on when Mushy grew sick and tired of managers and decided to do his own business, he was guaranteed $20,000 without a cut by Frank Churchill.

Some think managers are parasites who do nothing in return for their end. Mushy's experience should do much to correct that impression.

Abie Miller is home from Boston where he won the National A. A. U. championship in the 118-pound class. Little Abie plans to turn pro thus increasing the fighting Miller brothers to three, Benny, Hymie and Abie.

Harvey Petitt, whose stable of fighters have hogged much of the big money at the Olympic, Los Angeles, the past year, is reported on his way to New York with the stars of his stable, Goldie Hess, Tony Portila and Sammy Jackson. They are driving.

Frank Moran, the most popular boxing inspector California ever had, is back from a hurried trip to Paris. He went to attempt to collect his end of the purse for his fight with champion Jack Johnson staged in the French metropolis nearly 15 years ago.

The money, which would have meant a tidy fortune, didn't materialize, but win or lose or draw, Moran wears the same old smile. He has been a gamester always and takes life as it comes.

Billy Townsend repeated. For the second time in two months the little Canadian gamester scored a seven-round knockout over Armando Santiago, the Cuban, at the Olympic, Los Angeles.

The fighting stable of Jersey Jones that consists of all Joe's. Read from left to right: Joe Velarde, Mexican featherweight; Joe Banovic, Binghamton 175-pound Slav; the irrepressible J. J.; Joe Stone, Jewish lightweight; Joe Gainor, Syracuse German light-heavyweight

Their second meeting wasn't the thriller their first encounter was but far better than the average rematch.

Max Baer, Oakland's sensational young heavyweight, made his Los Angeles debut at the Olympic, winning over Ernie Owens in ten rounds. Baer scored five knockdowns and took all Lanky Ernie offered with a smile. This was the first time in Owens' long career that an opponent has knocked him off his feet.

Baer has been fighting less than a year. He has engaged in less than twenty battles, few of them going more than two rounds.

Young fighters wanting work in California and ambitious to get somewhere in the game are invited to get in touch with this writer at 5007¼ South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles.

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In Southern Ohio

By JIMMIE AMANN

THE feature bouts during the past month in Southern Ohio were the Bushy Graham-Billy Shaw mix, and the Joe Anderson-Haakon Hanson bout. Both cards were staged at Music Hall under the auspices of Herman & Maxwell Katz of the Cincinnati Parkway Club.

Graham, making his first appearance in a Queen City ring since his scrap with Freddie Miller, knocked out Billy Shaw of Detroit in one minute of the first round. Graham cuffed Billy with two lefts and the same number of rights and the fight was over.

In the semi-windup Jackie Cress, Jack Moran's latest entry from Miami, Fla., won on a foul in the third, with Jackie Stewart of Chicago. The latter was leading up to the low blow. They are featherweights.

Al Gahn of Columbus beat Jimmy Sanzone in 6; Billy McLaren shaded Art Schwartz in 4 while in the opener Joe Benziger trimmed Jimmy O'Toole in 4.

Joe Anderson that fiery young gentleman from Covington, Ky., who is making a remarkable comeback, added another victory to his list when he beat Haakon Hanson, of Chicago.

In the six round semi-final, Jackie Stewart ended the three year winning streak of Tony Leone, of Dover, O. Joe Griffith beat Al Finley in 4; Al Gahn shaded Simmie Ballinger in 6; and Wade Aulick kayoed Charlie Ross in 2.

"Ping" Auber, veteran Akron, O., fight pilot bulletins that his two aces Sammy Harris and Press Johnson are going great guns up their way. Harris, a colored lightweight, is a fine prospect while Johnson is causing quite a stir in the featherweight division.

Myron Bradley, the scribes' side-kick, sends in the following, Toledo, O. results: Johnny Farr, Cleveland, O. and Eddie Anderson of Casper, Wyo., drew in ten, with Jack Dempsey as referee. In the other show of note K. O. Morgan, Toledo's bantam pride easily trimmed Pee Wee Wilson of Detroit in ten rounds with Ollie Pecord as referee. Both shows were promoted by the Shea Brothers.

Midget Guery, of Newport, Ky., trimmed Jackie Dugan of Louisville in the six round feature at the Freeman Avenue Armory. Joe Dragon beat Georgie Annarino in the semi-windup six. Charlie Court outpunched Bobby McGowan in 6; Homer Ronan beat Windy Meyers in 6; Pee Wee Sams shaded Jimmy Wynne in 4, while in the opener Art Gobel knocked out Alfred Del Favero in three heats.

My rating for Southern Ohio fighters is as follows:

Heavyweight—Joe Sekyra, of Dayton; Tiger Williams, of Dayton; Long Tom Hawkins, of Cincinnati.

Light Heavyweight--Joe Anderson, of Cincinnati; Pedlar Palmer of Columbus.

Middleweight--Joe Anderson, of Cincinnati; Kid Farmer, of Sugar Grove; Jack Gardner, of Lancaster.

Welterweight—Frankie Palmo, of Cincinnati; Pete Petroskey, of Cincinnati; Vince Hambright, of Cincinnati.

Lightweight—Johnny Curtin, of Dayton; Jess McMurtry, of Cincinnati; Jimmy Neal, of Cincinnati.

Junior Lightweight—Al Gahn of Columbus; Charlie Baxter, of Columbus; Simmie Ballinger, of Cincinnati.

Featherweight—Freddie Miller, of Cincinnati; Mike O'Dowd, of Columbus.

Bantamweight—Joe Dragon, of Cincinnati; Johnny McPherson, of Cincinnati; Pee Wee Sams, of Cincinnati.

Flyweight—Young Heebe, of Cincinnati; Cricket Helson, of Cincinnati.

Jack Davis, a former New York amateur fighter, is now making the Queen City his home and would like to get in touch with some good boys who have no strings on them. Jack can be reached at 515 Armory Ave., Cincinnati, O.

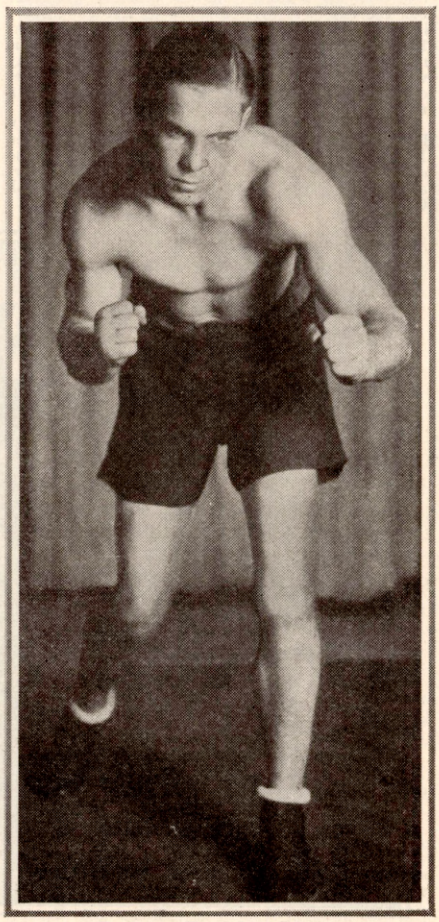
Frankie Palmo, Cinci's leading Italian welterweight won the decision over Lonnie Bowden, of Huntington, W. Va. in six rounds. Johnny McPerson, the Queen City's rising Scotch bantam won in six rounds over Harry Ward, of Dayton, O.; Simmie Ballinger won from Earl Baker in 6; Young Heebe and Cricket Helson, drew in 6; Harry Kriendler beat Bobby McGowan in 4 while Wildcat Hebner outpunched Johnny Weesey in a four.

From up Middletown, O., way comes the report that Charley Urbanitz, a former Steel City boy has a great little welter in Battling Tomasek, of Loraine, O. Tomasek, fighting in the Eleria, O., amateur bouts kayoed Kid Wakefield in the second.

Lancaster, O. continues to hold the spotlight in upper Southern Ohio. Under the direction of Jack Dear, the athletic club has been presenting with unparalleled success, semi-monthly card, playing to wonderful attendance.

Joe O'Malley, of Columbus, O., 167 lbs, knocked out George "Iron Man" Siler, of Cincinnati, same weight, in the fifth round. In the semi-windup Cowboy Martin, hard hitting bantam, knocked out Windy Straits, of Lancaster, O., in the third. Sonny Boy Wells won in six over Jack Hoster; Ed Westhoven and Eddie Deam drew in 4 while in the curtain raiser Jimmie Ringheiser defeated Slim Meadows in 4.

Joe Dragon, one of the Queen City's leading bantams proved that he is still there when he easily trimmed Luis Carpentero, Toledo Filipino in the six round feature at the Armory. Benny Holub defeated Charlie Court in the semi-final six. Kid Heebe earned a six round decision over Frankie Gil of California. Mutt Morsch trimmed Gil Bernard. Danny O'Keefe and Frankie Miener drew in four, while Ted Graham punched Tiger Davis "out" in the initial round.



Jimmy Evans, Pacific Coast welterweight, now fighting out of Cincinnati

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One of the new faces that may appear in a Southern Ohio ring is Leonard Cook, sensational Bridgeport, Conn. lightweight. The Easterner's services can be acquired through the scribe.

Any information in the fight game around these parts can be had by enclosing a two cent return reply, while addressing the writer at 810 Philadelphia St., Covington, Ky.

Fred Amann, prominent local cartoonist, is now handling his own business, working on exclusive Sport Cartoons. Fighters, wrestlers, managers, promoters and clubs who desire A-1 work in the cartoon cut line, should get in touch with Fred at the scribe's address.

Joey Medill, Chicago's fast coming Jewish lightweight, was too clever for Billy Rose, of Cincinnati in their ten round bout at Music Hall. Medill won easily. The bout was staged by the Parkway Club.

One of the rarest incidents in the boxing game was witnessed in the semi-final of the Medill-Rose card. Wade Aulick and Ivan Joerling, two burly heavies clashed in the first heat scoring a double knockdown. Both boys arose on the three count—groggy but weathered the storm. Joerling won on technical knockout in the second. Al Gahn stopped Jimmy Sanzone in six rounds. Joe Benziger and Willie Sullivan fought a drew in six rounds but the judges ruled in favor of Benziger. Bernie Smith beat Johnny Burns in a four.

Around about town with the punchers and their pilots . . . Billy Griffith proclaiming Johnny Mack as a great fighter and not recognized . . . Herb Davis laying off of the fight game to deal in Municipal affairs . . . Williams and Amann, the latest entry in managers duo, getting their boys started with the Havlin Hotel their quarters . . . Sammie Smiley exhibiting his famous clog dance in celebration of his new find, Bob Rappaport . . . Johnny McPherson taking his daily jaunt in Eden Park . . . George Liddy taking his regular Sunday training-dancing sessions on the Island Queen. . . .

Jack Moran and Cole Parks angling for a suitable spot for a new gym . . . Jack Dear, upstate promoter, keeping his boys busy in four different towns . . . Chip Selby, former ace lightweight, content with promoting shows when he could accumulate a neat fortune with his fists . . . Johnny Kusic objecting to Billy Rose as junior welter champ of Southern Ohio through his manager Carl Faust . . . Long Tom Hawkins' failure to get work in the East . . . Wants Jim Maloney for Redland Field this summer . . . Mel Kaufman still raving about the time he first brought Harry Fierro to Cinci. . . .

The Island Queen carrying several well known pugs on its regular Sunday excursion . . . In the crowd, Klein, Palmo, Hamilton, Liddy, Koshover, etc. . . . . Johnny Mason back from Hot Springs sick . . . Irish O'Connor picking the winner in the Derby . . Max Koshover recuperating at his Avondale home after an operation . . Jack Davis with a contract on a new boy ready to get going . . . Fred Amann keeping busy with his cartoons . . . Harry Hartmann with his ever ready cigar, mingling with the baseballers. . . .

Jack Moran, manager of fighters, recently sold his contract on Indian Tiger West to Butch Kistener, wealthy Quaker State sportsman. Moran has taken over the management of Jack Kress, a Florida featherweight.

AMONG QUEEN CITY GRAPPLERS

By JIMMIE AMANN

THE feature mat bout of the past month was the "light heavyweight championship" title contest between Hugh Nichols of Mexia, Texas, and Joe Banaski, of Chicago. The match was held at Music Hall in Cincinnati under the direction of the Quality A. C. Nichols took the only fall in one hour, twenty-one minutes and twenty-five seconds, catching Banaski with a rear leg split.

In the preliminaries Walter Stratton, Akron, O., middleweight, threw Fred Kupfer of Nashville, Tenn., in 18 minutes with an armlock. Bobby Roscoe tossed Cyclone Massey with a slam in 18 minutes while in another George Sauer slammed Mike Polo, of Seattle, in 14:45.

The Freeman Avenue Armory was the scene of the Alan Eustace-Fred Grubmeir, 2-hour finish match, which Eustace won. Jack Tibbats was referee.

Bobby Roscoe, the durable Finn, threw Basanta Singh, the Praying Hindo of the welters in 22 minutes and 15 seconds with a short-arm scissors. George Sauer won from Fred Kupfer via the body slam in 15:10 and Ad Santell, Detroit heavy, pinned George Hill of Chicago in 26 minutes with an arm scissors.

The wrestling game is going over big in this section. Any information in regards to the same can be had by dropping the scribe a line at 819 Philadelphia Street, Covington, Ky. Please enclose stamp for return reply.

Billy Thom, the "Human Torpedo" from Indiana University, beat Yaqui Joe, Mexican Indian, in two of three fall matches.

Steve Savage won a 30-minute decision over Big Jim Browning of San Francisco. Walter Achui, Dayton Chinese, defeated Sammy Vangler of New York with an airplane slam in 15 minutes. They are welterweights.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

THE rapid advancement of Minnesota as a nation-wide fistic center has been plainly noticeable in the last months. Such fighters as Von Porat, Bud Taylor, Primo Carnera, Matt Adgie, Armand Emanuel and Gorilla Jones are among those that have been imported for the fistic entertainment here. And now comes "The Shriners' Golden Glove Tournament". The show will determine the Northwest's amateur talent and already a list of some seventy entries have been okayed.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute's blond terror, knocked out Paul Wangley in five fast rounds at the Minneapolis Auditorium.

Jack McCann came from behind to punch out a ten round victory over Mike Mandell, of St. Paul.

Johnny Tillman, showing the effects of his long layoff, was defeated by Johnny O'Donnell, veteran St. Paul welter.

Bobby Duffy, of St. Paul, defeated Harry Muller, of Minneapolis. Bud Glover, crack Minneapolis lightweight, dropped Bert Duchane in three rounds.

Jack Doran, a St. Paul fistic promoter, is still angling for a Jackie Fields-My Sullivan go.

At Duluth, Charlie Retzlaff, Minnesota's great heavy, belted Dr. Ludwig Haymann, of Germany, out of the picture in one stanza and "Bearcat" Wright won from Lee Jackson, Chicago. On the same card Meil Coleman dropped Ted Lacey, St. Paul Negro, for the count in the second, and Andy Puglisi scored a technical knockout over Jerry Kucera, of Chicago, in the fourth round.

In St. Paul, Otto Von Porat, Norway's heavyweight champion beat Angus Snyder, Wichita heavy.

Wayne Short, Minnesota's featherweight champ, had an easy time with Sonny Lloyd, whom he stopped in three rounds.

Nisse Ramm, Von Porat's Swedish heavy protege, stopped Tom Haley, of St. Paul, in three rounds and Jim Gibbons, Mike Gibbons' pride and joy, came from a disastrous start to a triumph by a knockout over Fred Reese.

Jack Lasky, formerly Wyoming Warner, outpointed "Honey Boy" Conroy in six rounds.

Any manager in Minnesota wishing to keep the writer posted in their boys' activities out of town, can reach me at 5328 York Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

SHORT SOCKS—Billy Petrolle is refereeing fights in Duluth—Petrolle recently stopped Joe Azzarella in Indianapolis—King Tut's shot with Mandell seems "out". Tut was fined a cool grand for fouling Flowers—Johnnie Tillman is thirty-seven years old—Tillman has fought since 1912—Earl Sather won the amateur heavy title at Pott's Gym in Minneapolis—Al Godfrey was the runner-up—Chick Sullivan won the 160 pound title—Roy Mickelson is back—Charley Retzlaff, of Duluth, stands out as the month's best prospect.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

WASHINGTON fans were disappointed when Henry LaMar was compelled to cancel his proposed bout with Marty Gallagher in Baltimore recently. LaMar received a damaged lip while training and was compelled to call off the match indefinitely. Gallagher who has recently got back into the good graces of the Washngton public by his victory over Al Friedman will meet LaMar in an outdoor bout in Baltimore this summer.

Walter Cobb, Baltimore heavyweight, has applied for reinstatement to appear in Maryland rings. Recently Cobb made a come-back in Philadelphia and went over big.

Frenchie Debeve, former lightweight champion of France now working out of Washington, scored a victory over Ernie Caesar in Philadalphia. Debeve's stable-mate, the dusky Billy Edwards is also going great guns in Philly. Both boys are under the management of "Mons" Guerin, Washington antique dealer.

Toney Ross, Baltimore featherweight, bested Sailor Eversham at Portsmouth, Va. The Sailor boy had plenty of backing from his Naval friends who turned out en masse to cheer him.

Joe Smallwood, Washington welter who has been working around Boston, Mass., returned to these parts and scored a knockout over Reds Journee at Salisbury, Md.

Sailor McKenna, Washington lightweight, made a good effort in winning over Lew Raymond in Baltimore.

Benny Franklln and Lew Fisher, Baltimore's leading promoters, working under the direction of the Maryland State Athletic Commission, promoted a monster benefit show for the families of Bobby Garcia and Kid Williams. Promoters and managers from all parts of the country donated to the program and to date a net of nearly $8,000 is deposited with Joe Kelley, Secretary of the Commission for distribution as the Commission sees fit.

Benny Goldstein, Baltimore featherweight, continues to win his bouts. He scored over Lou Guglimini and Al Martin and knocked out Manny Sharkey during the month.

Phil Raymond turned the tables on Tommy Leberto at Baltimore. Raymond secred an easy victory over the hard hitting York boy who prevously scored a K. O. over Phil.

Washington's latest fistic sensation is "Reds" Barry, 16-year-old light-heavyweight. Reds made a wonderful hit in Baltimore, scoring a victory over Joe Finazzo there. Reds also wan a popular decision over Joe Kirckwood, at Roanoke.

Tommy Bashara is Virginia's best featherweight. Recently Tommy fought a bang-up draw with Sidney Lampie at Norfolk, Va.

Arthur Emmerson's Oasis Club at Portsmouth, Va., continues to run weekly shows with considerable success. Emmerson has one of the best equipped houses in the South. Emmerson is also looking after the interests of Joe Kirckwood, who recently knocked out Joe Galzer at Portsmouth, Va.

ALABAMA NOTES
By SAM CARPRI

IN the show of American Legion Post No. 1 in Birmingham Cecil (Kid) Como, shaded Claude Wilson in a fast ten-round bout. Luther Orr, of Memphis, scored a sensational knockout over Bill Cather in the sixth. Carl Dowdy won over George Lehner in six.

Battling Bozo beat Jimmy Byrne, Louisville heavyweight, in a ten. Chief Wilbur, a strong middleweight, beat Joey Edwards, of Ohio, in eight. Jimmy Box drew with Young Hambright in a sixer.

Tony Leto, Tampa featherweight, stopped Jimmy Flynn in the second round. Dick Clark, of Memphis, held an edge over Gene Tillman in eight. Sam Lavoy outpointed Jimmy Musso, a junior welter. Bull Martin shaded Ted Ross in a four-rounder. Young Solom stopped Wallace Gladden in the third.

Battling Bozo won by T. K. O. in the fifth round with Jack Humberto, heavyweight of Mississippi. Battling Kelly fought a hard, close fight with Luther Orr, in the semi-final. Kid Harry, of Mississippi, kayoed Jack Osborne in the fourth.

For Post No. 115, Jay J. Thomas is matchmaker. At his last show Babe Hunt, of Oklahoma, trounced Pietro Corri, of New York.

Bob Godwin, Florida light-heavyweight, outpointed Jess Akers, of Mississippi. Jack Dempsey, the former world's champion, refereed this fight and how he made them fight. Dempsey packed the auditorium. Chief Wilbur beat Tarzan Leggett in the semi-final.

Jack Tunney, Birmingham light-heavyweight, lost a close decision to Jess Akers, at Tupelo, Mississippi.

Huntsville, Ala., Tommy Baker stopped Gus Moss in the fifth. Dummy Robinson stopped Gene Turner in the second.

Jess Akers drew with Jack Taylor in ten. Battling Blue Steel, Negro, slugged ten rounds to a draw with Fighting Mason, Negro.

Jack Tunney, Birmingham light-heavyweight, was knocked out in the fifth by Jack Humberto, of Mississippi, at Greenwood, Miss.

Bill Cather, Birmingham welterweight, kayoed Carl Knowles in the third round at Rome, Ga.

At Selma, Ala., Canada Jack Dempsey kayoed Chub Burns in the fourth.

Battling Bozo's stock went up several notches when he beat Jimmy Byrne, Louisville heavyweight.

At Post No. 1, in Birmingham, Cecil (Kid) Como won easily from Boots Antley, Columbus, Ga., lightweight. Battling Kelly and Carl Knowles, of Rome, Ga., drew in the semi-final. Frankie Doyal, of Rome, kayoed Bob Miller in the fourth.

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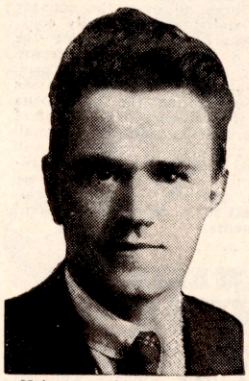

Mr. H. A. Wild, whose photograph appears at the left, is among those who acknowledge complete satisfaction from the use of Kotalko.

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Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

CREDIT the Boston Garden management with launching an innovation—something boxing clubs here and there all over the country are bound to watch—and, may, eventually copy. It is an open professional boxing tournament—the first of its kind ever in this country that we are aware of—a bringing together of every "pro" in New England from each of the eight classes for the purpose of uncovering the eight bona fide champions, also the bringing to the front of many boys who hitherto have received but small recognition. To the champion in each class will be awarded a diamond belt by the Garden management while it is to be presumed that those boys who make good, whether the eventual winners or not, will figure to a considerable extent in its future tournaments.

The initial tourney got underway when 18 four-round bouts were staged in the fly, bantam and feather classes with the result that the fans saw plenty of action. The winners, also about 30 other entrants in these classes who could not be taken care of the first night, will compete in the next tourney, some of them over the six-rounds distance. Eventually, these winners will box eight rounds, and finally ten. The tourney is modelled after that of the A. E. F. held abroad after the World War. The shows are conducted by Alex MacLean, the present matchmaker at the Boston Garden, assisted by a committee. Gene Tunney, later to become world's champion, was one of those uncovered in this A. E. F. affair.

The winners in the initial show were:
112 pounds—Gene Rochon, Cambridge; Emile Marquis, Nashua, N. H.; "Scoops" Roulier, Salem; George Ostrow, of Revere, recently crowned National champion, since turned "pro"; 118—Johnny Ross, Boston; George Holmes, Lynn; Arthur Nadeau, Cambridge; Joe Williams, New Bedford; Tony Reggio, New Bedford; Umbert Sciarri, Providence, R. I. 126—Billy Herman, Springfield; Al Gillette, New Bedford; Hugh Devlin, New Bedford; Johnny Villa, Worcester; Chick Suggs, Newport, R. I.; Johnny Delano, East Boston; Whitey Hurwitz, Dorchester.

We have seen quite a number of fights in our time—some very good ones—but the best of the lot along the lines of pure bing-banging staged in Boston between heavies since Sam Langford defeated Joe Jeanette here in 1917—an Armory A. A. affair of 12 rounds—was the Al Friedman-Joe Monte melee at the Boston Garden. It went the full route of 10 rounds with Friedman the winner. Both men were pretty well marked up.

The famous Perlick twins—Herman and Henry—lightweights who have met with considerable success elsewhere, rode to a double defeat in the ring of the Argonne A. A. at the Mechanics Building. They appeared in two 10-rounders. Henry lost to Hy Diamond, of Boston, while Herman, supposed to be the better of the pair, was taken into camp by Bruce Flowers.

One of the best Boston fighters to appear on the card was Jimmy Rogers, of Cambridge, a colored middleweight, now managed by Johnny Carr. He was pitted against one labelled as the "Patent Leather Kid" of New Bedford, and had no trouble defeating him in three rounds via a K. O. Rogers has done quite a lot of fighting in Boston and New England rings—is a good boxer and hard hitter.

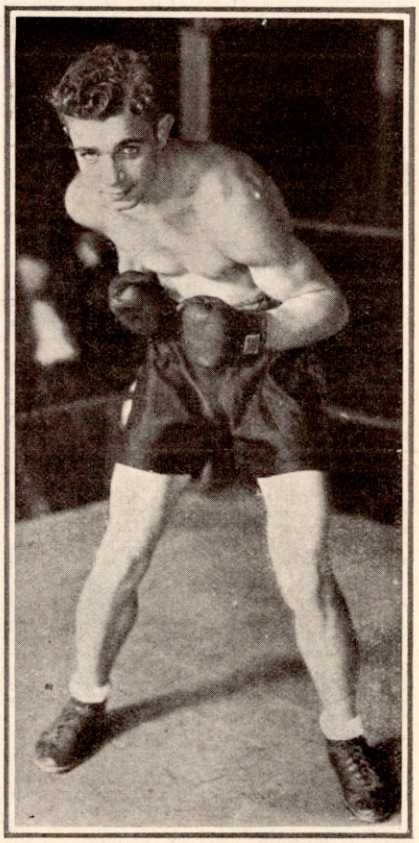
Al Mello, of Lowell, New England's welter and middle title holder, continues to remain on the sidelines. In his fight here with Gorilla Jones on June 3, 1929, which he lost in six rounds by a kayo, a nerve in his shoulders was injured to the extent that Mello has been unable to do any fighting of moment since.

The National amateur championships were held in boston for the twenty-fifth time on the nights of April 7. 8 and 9. A total of 82 contests was staged. The majority of these were very good—much better than seen here for several years. This was largely due to the tryout tourneys held in the various states prior to the grand finale in Boston. The total gross for the three nights was $30,786.50, and the net, $26,421. The total attendance, 15,257, with a house of 6,850 on the final night.
The winners of National titles were as follows: 112—George Ostrow, Revere, Mass; 118—Abie Miller, Los Angeles, Cal.; 126—Ray Meyers, New York; 135—Alex Santora, New York; 147—Charles Kelly, Newton, Mass.; 160—Ring Larsen, Quincy, Mass.; 175—Frank Tucker, San Francisco; heavy—Jack Pallat, Cleveland, O.

The outstanding performers as all-around ringsters of the 91 boys who weighed in and were accepted by the examining physicians were George Os row, of Revere; Frank Wallace, of Cleveland, O.; Ray Meyers, of New York, and Joe Bernal, of San Francisco. The latter, fighting in the 147's, lost by a very fine decision to Kelly in the final. Many present thought Bernal entitled to the verdict.

A sad blow to New England and Boston followers of sport was the death early in the month of Sam Carrick, a veteral newspaperman and sports writer on the staff of the Boston American. As he stepped off a bus near his home in Somerville, Mass., he was struck by a passing auto and died a few hours later from the injuries he received. He was a kindly, lovable man—a member of the "Old Guard" of the city in sport matters. He was famed as having the ability to answer off-hand, and that correctly, any question pertaining to sport happenings in the last 50 years.

Jack Johnson, former world's heavy champion, and "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, who have teamed up together, staged a three-round exhibition bout at the Mechanics Building in connection with a regular scrap between Dick "Honeyboy" Finnegan and Johnny Farr, of Cleveland. The veterans made quite a hit. Johnson, always a great defensive boxer, had little trouble in holding O'Brien off.



Frankie Moore, one of New England's star lightweights

The main bout of the night—that between Finnegan and Farr—went the distance of 10 rounds and resulted in a win for the Clevelander. It was Finnegan's first bout after a layoff of nearly a year. He left after the fight for California.

The Argonne A. A. headed by Eddie Mack, former matchmaker at the Boston Garden, has secured leases of the Boston Arena for its indoor shows, also of Fenway Park, the Red Sox grounds, for its summer tournaments. Hitherto Mack has been staging his shows in the Mechanics Building.

Funds are being raised for the placing of a monument over the grave of George V. Tuohey, known as "Little George," at Holy Cross cemetery, Malden, Mass., now unmarked though he died several years ago. Tuohey, originally from New York, was a former sports editor of the Boston Post and was also connected with the staff of the Police News. His interest in wrestling and revival of the sport in Boston won for him the title of "Father of Wrestling" in this section.

In connection with various matters pertaining to boxing now before the legislature there is an agitation in favor of limiting to two the number of boxers controlled by any one manager appearing in a tourney. The idea is to prevent two or three managers contributing practically all the talent for any one show—to give the smaller stables a chance. Such a rule is now in effect in New York, New Hampshire and many of the other states.
The present system of counting over a man down on the canvas—"One-and-two-and-three-and-four" etc., according to A. A. U. rules governing amateur contests, is coming in for considerable criticism. According to timing watches, a boxer down for 8 seconds in reality gets about 16, all of which is fine for him but hardly fair to his opponent.

As a result of his win over Dick Finnegan, Johnny Farr, of Cleveland, is to be given an early "shot" here at Andy Callahan, of Lawrence, a claimant of the New England lightweight title.

Oddone Piazza, the middleweight member of the former Italian amateur team of boxers which made such a fine showing in Boston and elsewhere about the country during the latter part of the winter, made his "pro" debut at the Mechanics Building. He won easily over Tom Quigley, of Cambridge, a towel being thrown from the latter's corner early in the third round.

In another bout on the same card, Werther Arcelli, the welterweight of the Italian team, fought his first "pro" bout in Boston. He beat Jimmy Murphy, of Somerville, in six rounds. Both Piazza and Arcelli are now enrolled in the Phil Buccola stable.

Jim Maloney, Tom Kirby, Hy Diamond and Dick Finnegan, all of the Dan Carroll stable, are out on the Pacific Coast where they will be joined by Andy Martin, New England feather champion. Johnny Buckley, Martin's manager, will remain East caring for the affairs of Jack Sharkey.

Speaking of Sharkey, he is predicting that he will register a kayo at the expense of Max Schmeling when they collide in New York in the early summer. The "Squire" has come out with this statement in answer to several of the sport critics who are contending that the German will take him.

Any time Kid Chocolate wants $15,000 and expense money, he can have the same by signing a contract to fight Andy Martin, of this city, in the Boston Garden ring. Johnny Buckley, Martin's manager, guarantees the 15 grand.

James Brown, formerly of Chelsea, Mass., and now chairman of the Michigan Board of Control, was in Boston recently, visiting relatives and old acquaintances.

According to Chairman Tom Donohue, of Connecticut, the National Boxing Association has never accepted the resignation from its organization of the Rhode Island Commission and the latter merely has to pay its dues to have a voice in the N. B. A. convention to be held in Quebec next September. Several months ago Chairman Edward C. Foster, of Rhode Island, had some difference with President Stanley M. Issacs over wrestling matters and announced that his commission was out of the fold.

The wrestling game, which is outdrawing the boxing game fully 10 to 1 all over the state, had another huge inning at the Boston Garden on the night when Paul Bowser, the wrestling-showman, staged Gus Sonnenberg, the champion of the world, vs. "Count" George Zarynoff, of Russia, in his feature. The event attracted about 17,000 sport followers who paid from $1 to $5 per to see the tourney, and drew a total gate of close to $50,000. The match, a sensational affair, resulted in a win for Sonnenberg. The champion was made to look very foolish at times—as strict wrestling was outclassed. He lost the first fall in 1:04:40, but gained the next two and the match in the times of 22:45 and 20:10.

Johnny Vacca, the New England bantam title claimant, has had a good month. In three weeks' time he has scored defeats over Armand Midget Levigne, at Burlington, Vt.: Paul Salvio, of New York, at Salem, Mass., and Vernon Cormier at Worcester, Mass.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By PAUL A. SEEGER

JOHNNY Colangelo, of Little Falls, N. Y., is making a hit here. To date the kid, who is 19, has knocked out 19 straight victories, with only a couple of draws to mar the record, and last year he scored 17 while in Florida.

This Colangelo is about as clever a lad as ever threw a glove in a Florida ring, and is popular all over the state.

Pee Wee Jarrell came down from Grand Rapids Mich., for his return bout with Manuel Quintero in Tampa. The bout was so close that Manuel got the decision by only a round. Most of the cards gave Jarrell a draw.

Jarrell then came over to Miami and took on Relampago Saguero and the Cuban stopped him in the first.

Ernesto Sagues took a few minutes off the other night to put away poor old Whitey Melner up in Orlando.

Relampago Saguero used Dwight Fryer so rough in their bout here that Frankie Osner tossed in the towel in the third.

Eddie Frisco sprung something of a surprise when he won from Jose Estrada up in Lake Worth. At the same club Johnny Colangelo licked Jimmy Ellis and Frankie Sacco and then polished off Ginger Jernigan.

Tod Smith clubbed down Ben Spivey in the fourth round.

Jimmy Flynn and Henry Santos, feathers, put up one of the greatest scraps we have seen in Miami. A couple of wildcats who traded blow for blow throughout the bout with Santos barely under the wire ahead of the Cuban.

The game is picking up slightly over in Tampa and Miami is drawing better crowds than is the rule at this time of year. Pop Taylor has given us consistently good shows and the fans appreciate his efforts.

I have a letter for Red Riley, or rather two of them. Better write me, Red.

Harry Graham, our best-known referee, says business will call him to Chicago next month, but he will be back in the fall.

Old Mike McTigue dropped a decision to Bob Godwin here. Mike busted a thumb early in the bout.

Farmer Joe Cooper put away Tod Smith of Canton, Ohio, in the fifth frame up in Lake Worth.

Pietro Corri pulled out a decision over Mike Firpo which was not popular with the crowd here.

Previous to that Corri went 10 rounds with Young Stribling over in Tampa and had the Georgia boy on the floor in the ninth. Strib busted a fin in that bout and did no more fighting before he left for Europe to take on Scott and two others.

Young Fernandez slapped down Joe Dundee in the fourth down in Key West.

Boxing promoters of the state who plan on keeping going this summer can send me in their dope and I believe I can use most of it if it is in my hands by the 20th of the month. Address is 1537 N. W. 36th Street, Miami, Fla.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES
By WILLIAM GALLICK

WITH the approach of summer, with tourists hitting the trails for their northern homes, it was generally supposed that the many boxing clubs would suffer in attendance, but such is not the case. Many winter amusements, like dog tracks and Jai-a-lai have closed, but the attendance for the fight clubs has increased.

Jimmie Sullivan, Florida's middleweight champion, fought a sensational draw with Young Bob Godwin at Daytona Beach recently.

Bob O'Hara. Augusta, Ga., welterweight, surprised West Palm Beach fans by beating the tough Louis Gonzales.

Phil O'Connell, West Palm Beach boy, now attending the University of Florida where he won the conference lightweight title, made his professional debut against John Nebo of Key West and brother of the famous Pete, and won a sizzling eight-rounder.

O'Connell, one of the brightest prospects in this section of the south, has cast his future under the management of "Pa" Stribling.

Pietro Corri, Austrian heavyweight and Mike Firpo, Cuban slugger staged a whale of a ten-round slugfest at Coral Gables recently, Corri winning.

At the Lake Worth American Legion arena Johnny Ginger Jernigan, of Columbus, Ga., lost to Ramon Perez, of Cuba.

Michel Maurer, German heavyweight, has recuperated from the fractured ribs received in his bout with Jack DeMave at West Palm Beach in March. The German has spent the past month on the Stribling farm in South Georgia.

BOXING IN HAVANA, CUBA
By MILT BARON

AFTER one year's vacationing around New York, Chicago, and Canada, the writer has returned to Havana, and is greatly pleased to resume his work with THE RING magazine.

The boxing game has improved a great deal, and the attendance at all fights has been excellent.

The Cubans are mighty proud of their "Arena Polar" which is a magnificent structure and contains a ring equal to that of any in the world.

The Arena Polar is being conducted by the Compania Cubana de Espectaculos, consisting of five prominent men in Havana, Sr. Sanchez Aballi, Louis Gutierrez, Peter Armenteros, Sammy Tolon, and Louis Parga, the official matchmaker.

Freddy Malibran is Cuba's latest heavyweight sensation. His victories over Mateo Osa and Jose Mata have put him in the limelight.

Albert Leon, of Tampa, has shown here several times. He is a consistent winner. Chino Alvarez, Baby Miller and Patent Leather Kid are also fine prospects. Patent Leather Kid, although losing to Manuel Gonzalez, of Spain, showed gameness and a much improved style of milling. Adolfo Font is handling these boys, assisted by Sr. Reina, also of Tampa. The amateurs here are a classy lot. Toribio Ferro is one of the fastest featherweights here. Cuban Benny Leonard and Kid Sullivan are doing well among the amateurs.

Joaquin Penarve, colored lightweight, is making a hit in Cuban rings.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

ART FEESER, Lebanon's sensational lightweight puncher, continues his string of victories. After scoring a technical knockout over Billy Buck, of Allentown, and easily defeating Hal Murray, of Harrisburg, Feeser gave Jackie Daley, of Philadelphia, an artistic licking. The Lebanon lightweight has lost only two decisions in 26 battles.

Pat Igo, Shenandoah's left hook socker, knocked out Eddie Kid Wagner in two rounds at Pottsville.

Billy Coleman and Mickey Doyle, rival coal region feathers, staged a great battle which resulted in a draw.

Al Swilp, Tamaqua's promising light-heavy, easily defeated Andy Smulley.

Ray Miller, of Chicago, stopped Johnny Canzaoneri, of Alpha, N. J., in fifty seconds of the first round, at Allentown.

Reading closed its doors for the indoor season. In the last show, Joe Kuhns was given the decision over Danny Cooney.

Tommy Liberto, of York, now making his home at Mahanoy City, beat Hughie Sweeney, and Tony Liberto, Tommy's kid brother, whipped Red Saunders.

Any good fighters seeking action in these parts should get in touch with the writer by addressing him at the Daily News, Lebanon.

GEORGE STEVENS 2nd

Georgie Stevens, known as the "Upton Park Slasher", and one of the few men to have knocked out Teddy Baldock during the All-England Amateur Championships, is now teaching George 2nd the finer points of the game. The "Slasher", it will be remembered, joined the ranks of benedicts a couple of years ago.

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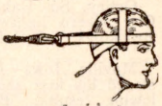

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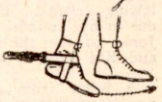

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

MY rating of Sioux City boxers, based on the performances of the boys in the last six months follows:

Heavyweights—Tuffey Griffiths, Ted Sandwina, Fair prospect—Louie Zack.

Light heavyweight—Fair prospect—"Wild" Bill Burke, Ray Sharkey, Eddie Scott.

Middleweight—Homer Sheridan, Billy Jackson. Good prospects—Kid Carr, Ray Mann. Fair prospects—Johnny Lambert, Freddy Fennell, Calvin Jones, and George Kenard. The latter two are Negroes.

Welterweight—Paul Anthoney, Pete McGinnis.

Jr. welterweight—Bat Slater. Fair prospects—Ted Mersch, Jack Bishop, Jack Raven, Kid Ferguson and Marty Krumen.

Lightweight—Sammy Martin (colored), Kid Rappatoe (colored). Good prospect Jimmy Johnson. Fair prospects—Jack Barnes and Red Murphy.

Featherweight—Sammy Sacco, Johnny Burds.

Bantamweight—Babe Barnes, Herbie Kempker. Good prospect—Leo Kimberly. Fair prospects—Mickey O'Donnell, Kid Mallory, Young Edwards, Billy Jennings and Kid Jabo.

Flyweights—None.

Interest in the game in Sioux City has picked up considerably.

The death of Porter Newman, better known in the fistic world as Johnny Schiff, former Sioux City featherweight, came as a shock to his many friends.

Ortley, So. Dak.—Kid Rippatoe, clever Sioux City Negro lightweight, beat Rollie French of Brookings, So. Dakota.

Moville, Iowa—Connie Curry of Sioux City, staged his first show of the season with the following results: Babe Barnes put Art Johnson out in five rounds; Johnny Lambert halted Calvin Jones in the third, and Young Tuffy Griffiths and Kid Jabo drew.

A letter from Aberdeen, So. Dak., with no name but that of "a reader", states that boxing is coming along very nicely in his state under the guiding hand of W. C. Lookington, of Aberdeen, a member of the state boxing commission. Aberdeen, Sioux Falls, Ortley, Webster, Wall, are very good spots. Some of the boys who look like comers are La Reine Udell, Herman Raschke, Toney Brown, Rollie French, Louie Liedtke, Lenard O'Day, Tuffy Dunham, Willard Knight, Clark Connors, and Kid Blyle.

Local promoters are trying to get a City Boxing Commission.

Paul Anthoney, Sioux City welterweight, reports that he is booked for a busy outdoor season.

Bobby Paul, one of the best trainers in the Middle-West wants it known that he has found a great prospect in Freddie Reddy, a bantamweight. Good luck, Bob.

Homer Sheridan, local middleweight, is stepping along at a lively clip on the West coast.

One of the greatest cards that Sioux City enthusiasts of the punch racket had the opportunity of witnessing in a long time was held at the Auditorium by promoter Tom Brislane, in which Tuffy Griffiths knocked out Sully Montgomery in the first stanza. In the eight-round semi-windup, Sammy Martin, local Negro lightweight, beat Charley Hall of Omaha, another Negro. Sammy Sacco shaded Johnny Burds. Chick Slotkin stopped Nick Spencer in the fifth round. Herbie Kempker beat Mickey O'Donnell.

Three days after the appearance of Griffiths and Montgomery, Charley Loch put on his mixed program of boxing and wrestling at the auditorium with the following results: Henry Kolln, Canadian middleweight wrestling king, put Ace Hopkins, of Comfrey, Minn., down in straight falls. Gus Carlson put Frankie Helm down in a one-fall match. In the boxing bouts, Mickey O'Donnell lost to Leo Kimberley in a four-rounder. "Wild" Bill Burke stopped Albert Lee, who hails from Omaha. George Kenard won over Harry Gillan.

Boxers wishing to show in this territory should get in touch with the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

Last minute sparks—Tuffy Griffiths attends a college preparatory school three days a week in Chicago. . . . Babe Barnes lost a six-round decision to Carl Wilfing at Omaha . . . the scribe thanks his many readers for their nice letters. . . . Sioux City fans want to see Ted Sandwina in action. . . . Harry Jones is about ready to open up his outdoor arena with a fine card. . . . Sioux City will have a new gym in the near future. . . . Charley Loch's home is in Omaha, not Sioux City. . . . Sioux City is short of good boxing talent. . . . Fans are wondering how Gagnon stopped our Tuff One. . . .

BREEZES FROM THE DAKOTAS

By BEN ASHMORE

TOMMY PRUITT, colored middleweight of Brookings, knocked out Howard Liedke in in six rounds at Huron.

At Jamestown, Young Dempsey knocked out Bat Byle in the first. The boys are welterweights. Eddie Bauman and Walter Janke drew in six.

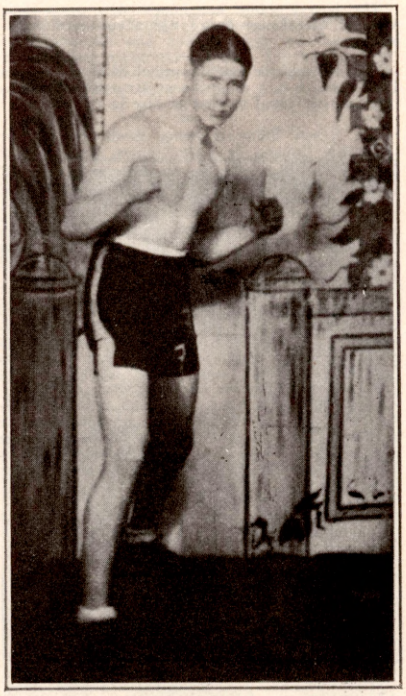
Tony Kipp stopped Howard Dodds in three rounds.

Frankie White, hard socking middleweight, again knocked out Jack "Tiger" Burns in the fifth. Burns was on the floor six times.

Paulie Sidles and Battling Siki stepped six fast rounds to a draw.

Mike O'Day drew with Lee Cavanagh in ten.

Paulie Sidles beat Cowboy Pearson in six.



Bat Slater, Sioux City lightweight

Al Watson and Soldier Nathan drew in four rounds.

Benny Billigmier stopped Otto Vix in two frames.

Big Boy Stemmerman stopped Tony Brown in three rounds.

Big Boy Stemmerman and Louie Liedtke fought a ten-round draw.

At Aberdeen, La Reine Udell and Sailor Liston drew in ten rounds. Big Boy Stemmerman beat Howard Liedtke in eight rounds. Louie Liedtke beat Ted Berkle in six rounds. Bad Boy Knight stopped Bat Byle in the second. Leonard O'Day beat Tuffy Dunham in four rounds.

At Ellendale, Clyde Hull gained a slight edge over Doc Holly of St. Paul in a ten-round bout. Paulie Sidles beat Cliff Hull in four rounds. Battling Siki beat Benny Billigmier in four rounds. Jerry Brennan knocked out Gordon Morrison in two rounds.

Freeman Pepper is visiting relatives in South Dakota and is looking for fights.

KANSAS NOTES

By L. R. FORD

CLAY CENTER, Kans.—Clay Center, a real town with a real wide awake Legion Post, staged a Jubilee and drew a capacity house for its entertainment featuring boxing. The total gate receipts was $2800, and this little town only has a population of 4000, but they came in droves for miles around, giving the appearance of circus day. Jimmie Carter, "The Fighting Fool" of Chanute and Crafty Stevens of Oklahoma City, fought the ten-round main events with Carter winning. Buster Hall, colored heavy, knocked out Speedy Cavell in two rounds. "Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer and Kansas (Kid) Easter stole the show in a fast, hard fought contest, which Kopfer won. Chief of Police Sparrowhawk refereed all bouts.

Downs, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer defeated Jimmie Carter, "The Fighting Fool" in ten fast rounds. The bout between Red Palmquist and Charley Scott, of Calgary, Canada, was stopped, due to the breaking of the ropes. Scott fell out of the ring and was injured. Russell Sanders defeated Kid Boughen in six rounds.

Concordia, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer easily whipped Danny Schwartzkopf, of Lincoln, Nebraska. Russell Sanders defeated Charley Scott, of Calgary, in six. Red Palmquist and Jack Frost fought six rounds to a draw.

Pratt, Kans.—Wildcat Monte outpointed Baby Stribling in ten fast rounds. Kenny Hill knocked out Tiger Strand in the fifth.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Joe Trabon defeated John Smoyge in ten rounds. Jimmy Sayers beat Jackie Evans in ten. Joe Smoyge beat Yankee Elliott in six.

Russell Sanders, a fast hard hitting welterweight, has won six straight. Sanders is a battler and a real crowd pleaser. Sanders is under the management of Robert Sanders, c/o The Beloit Daily Call, at Beloit, Kansas.

Independence, Kan.—Clifford Perkins knocked out Art Hatcher in two rounds. Earl Stephens knocked out Young Paul in three. Farmer Billings knocked out Red Campbell in two. Cherry Williams knocked out Goldie McKane in three. Johnny Miller knocked out Harry Matthews in two rounds. It was knockout night, five fights and five knockouts.

Tulsa, Okla.—Louie Avery won by a small margin over Carlos Garcia in ten rounds. Bobby Calmes knocked out Howard Scott in three. Glen Nute won in six over Sparkey McVey. Jimmy Merriott won a T.K.O. in the eighth and last round from Luther Plattor. Wilson (Indian) Dunn and Bob Hamilton drew in ten rounds.

Kansas City.—Walter Dunham defeated Tiger Johnny Cline in ten rounds. Joe (Kid) Peck and Joe Marcus fought a fast ten-round draw.

Pittsburgh, Kans.—Gyp Zarro defeated Steve Salina in ten rounds. Billy Atkinson knocked out Johnny Estes in five rounds. Dugan Layton defeated Jackie Fell in eight rounds. George Cox refereed all bouts.

Ft. Sill, Okla.—Clyde Chastain won a close ten-round decision over Billy Atkinson.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—"Oklahoma Jack Dillon" knocked out Humberto Curri in seven rounds. This Oklahoma Dillon is a real double-geared battler, full of action. He is a light-heavy, watch him go. Wildcat Monte defeated Brownie Thurman in ten snappy rounds. The Wildcat is a crowd pleaser.

Hamp McNally, the Tulsa welterweight, is O. K. again. He is ready to fight. Hamp was going good prior to the long seige of sickness.

Tulsa, Okla.—Paul Swiderski defeated George Hoffman in ten rounds. Carlos Garcia won over Paul Wangley in ten. Jimmy Merroitt knocked out George Lee in one round. Glen Nute knocked out Mysterious Ellsworth in one round. Chief Harjo beat Johnny Martin in four. Jimmy Craig beat Kid Pancake in six. Dutch Griffin beat Ching Piatt in three.

Okmulgee, Okla.—Johnny Nichols beat Eddie Murray in ten rounds. Billy Morrison knocked out Joe Holleyman in six.

Independence, Kans.—Billy Jarvis beat Clifford Perkins in six rounds. Speedy Landers knocked out Kayo Hill in three. Farmer Billings knocked out Kid Peticord in two. Husky Milhoff knocked out Harry Matthews in two. Red Stone knocked out Red Campbell in two rounds. The last two shows staged here, ten fights on the two cards and nine knockouts scored. A record for this vicinity.

Baxter Calmes, Wichita heavyweight, is hitting on eight and making it miserable for all the heavies hereabouts. Calmes is due to be in the big money in the near future.

Seminole, Okla.—Speedy Joe Snow knocked out Chief Wow Wow, the clever Indian middleweight, in the seventh. Jack Daugherty beat Lester Allen in eight. Tuffy Barnett and Young Leonard fought a draw. Don Oliver won an unpopular four-round decision over Tom McKenzie.

Kansas City, Mo.—Young Jack Dillon easily outpointed Sammy DeSalvo in ten rounds after the Carnera and Trafton farce. Meyer Grace knocked out Ivan Laffineur in six.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

JACK DEMPSEY staged the first big show here in some days when he had Fidel La Barba, undefeated flyweight champion, now a featherweight contender, whip Bud Taylor, ex-bantam champ of Terre Haute, Ind., in the feature ten-rounder at the Coliseum before 8,000 spectators who paid $33,200. Earl Mastro, the Chicago 123-pounder, was to have fought Fidel for Dempsey but cancelled the engagement because of the death of his mother. Earl will meet the winner here in an outdoor show.

The gist of the La Barba-Taylor battle is: A good young man defeated a smart veteran campaigner, although it looked like the fight would end in the initial frame when Taylor landed a vicious right cross on Fidel's chin and decked the former flyweight champion for a nine-count. However, La Barba weathered the period and won the verdict.

Lou Diamond, fight expert for the Chicago Daily Times, picked another winner when he chose La Barba to score over Bud. In other recent big battles in this vicinity Diamond has registered as follows:

Griffiths to beat Uzcudun.
Griffiths to knockout Cook.
McLarnin to beat Mandell, (twice).
Mastro-Taylor (first meeting), predicted draw. It was a draw.
Mastro-Taylor (second meeting), picked Mastro. Mastro won.

Solly Schuman, the West Side youth, made his bow as a full-fledged featherweight when he stopped Ernie North of Waterloo, Iowa, in a feature bout here.

Paul Leberto, the natural-fighting West Side Italian who won the Chicago Tribune Golden Glove in the bantamweight division, demonstrated he will go far as a professional when he knocked out Joey Bosak of Blue Island, Ill., in the second round. The bout was Leberto's second pro venture. He won over a local Filipino in his first start. Bosak is a popular and game little fighter who will improve, and he shouldn't get discouraged by his defeat by Leberto. The latter is a great, natural fighter.

Danny Gasparo, Chicago light-heavyweight, stopped Red Vickery. The victory was Gasparo's second in several weeks. Danny, who is a member of the Winch-Pian stable, which has Mastro and Joey Medill as its stars, was going great guns until a chronic sickness sent him to Texas where he remained for about a year.

Harry Weiss, popular jeweler, a pal of Medill and Mastro, after looking around for a ringster to manage, finally acquired a boy who may develop into a topnotcher. He is Sammy Levine, Golden Glove alternate in the flyweight division. Levine made his pro bow against Frankie Almarez and looked good while licking the latter.

The proposed Tuffy Griffiths-Otto Von Porat heavyweight bout here should draw well. Tuffy is anxious to tackle Gagnon and avenge his recent defeat.

After Griffiths' revenge bout with Jack Gagnon at the Chicago Stadium, the former was to mingle with Von Porat.

Walter George, former secretary of the local fight commission, will make his bow as a promoter and matchmaker at the north hall of the Coliseum. George will stage weekly shows at the north section of the popular Wabash Avenue sports arena.

Ed W. Smith, former sporting editor of the Chicago Evening American, who now writes for the same sheet out of Los Angeles, is scribbling a new series of articles for the local newspaper, entitled "When Fighters Fought." Smith went back to the days of John L. Sullivan and came up through the times until the present.

Eddie Shea and Oscar Battiste, two Chicago gladiators, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., where they knocked out their foes in quick time. Shea, 126-pounder, stopped Steve Nugent of Cleveland in round No. 4 and Battiste, colored heavyweight, stopped Long Tom Jones of California in frame No. 2.

Manager Tom Ford thinks his heavyweight protege, Walter Madey, is one of the hardest hitting big boys now campaigning for ring honors. He is broadcasting to the world the fact that Madey knocked out both Paul Pantaleo and Sergt. Jack Adams in sensational fashion. Ford states that Madey is destined to be a leading big boy.

Duke Barry sends word from Davenport, Iowa, that he has added two battlers to his stable, Harvey Carothers, Moline, Ill., welterweight, and Bert Viscioni, East Moline, Ill., featherweight.

Sidney N. Strotz, new president of the Chicago Stadium, is an aggressive, hard-working young man. Strotz, who was elected president, succeeded Sheldon Clark at a meeting of the board of directors. He has absorbed a lot of knowledge of the ring sport and should become a live wire on his new job. The new president stated that there will be no marked change in the policy of management at the huge stadium on the west side. Strotz has served as financial secretary and treasurer of the corporation since the stadium was erected. He will go on as treasurer in addition to his duties as president.

Clark, who accepted the presidency with the proviso that he be allowed to resign at any time, also resigned as a director of the Chicago Stadium.

Paul Shiffler, Izzy Klein's newly acquired 145-pounder, made his first performance here against Frank Reedy at the Garfield Park Eagles Club on W. Madison Street. He looked like a good prospect while holding Reedy to a draw. Other results on the program were: Jack Phillips, welterweight, defeated Tony Sanders (6); Jimmy Rockford, bantamweight, defeated Balerno Martin (6); Frankie Boyle, 140-pounder, defeated Harry Graham (4); Joe Brown, lightweight, defeated Jack Stevens (4), and Al Warfield defeated Johnny Lazar (4).

After Jimmy Gibbons' technical knockout of Bud Doran, Mike Gibbons, St. Paul manager, left his protege in the care of "Buck" Pape, who formerly trained Mike and his brother, Tom. Pape conditioned the youngster at the Arcade gym.

E. J. O'Hare, president, Hawthorne Kennel Club, Cicero, Ill., arrived in town and immediately received a box of seats to watch Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul heavyweight, perform in a preliminary to the Al Fay-Fred Reese boxing show at the Jai-Alai Fronton on the north side. Eddie Kane, Sammy Mandell's manager, a pal of Ed, purchased the tickets for O'Hare. Gibbons made a big impression.

Jim Mullen, premier promoter, is putting Shuffle Callahan back into harness. The "Shuffler" has been on the sidelines for some days but Mullen figured ringworms still wanted to watch Callahan display his wares. Shuffle's thrilling knockouts over Johnny Mendelson, Bobby Barrett, Teddy Gartin and a host of others are still remembered by local fans.

A. J. Cermak, president of the County Board, is a great ring enthusiast. Besides being the sportsman who furnished Tunney's camp when Gene trained for the Dempsey fight here, he is at the ringside at practically every match of any importance. A. J. has been identified with almost every sport and each year finds him contributing trophies for different events to egg on boys and men to bigger and better athletics.

Bobby O'Hara, Georgia welterweight, is back in the loop with an increase of poundage. O'Hara, who weighed 142 pounds while meeting men like Pete Meyers, will return here with an increase of about ten pounds. During his absence from Chicago, Bobby had two fights and won both. He defeated Sammy Buchanon and Young Gonzales.

Clyde Chastain, Eddie Sears' middleweight hope, met Billy Atkinson of Kansas at Fort Sill and Clyde Hull of Texas at Oklahoma City in two of the matches he engaged in while campaigning in his native southwest. Chastain, who looked like a sure shot for a title match with Champion Mickey Walker after defeating Harry Ebbets and Haakon Hansen, lost to Rene De Vos here before leaving for a tour of the smaller towns.

Frankie Boyle, popular lightweight boxer and hotdog vendor at Kid Howard's Arcade gym, journeyed to Peoria, Ill., and won a battle, but the officials called it a draw.

Nick Clementi, west side fighter, is going good in the bantamweight division. Under the management of Jimmy Kelly, ex-boxer who is best remembered in these parts for his two sterling battles with Bud Taylor, Clementi held to a draw Jimmy Chase, 1928 and 1929 Golden Glove champion. Since that meritorious feat, Nick has been bowling over all opposition and is being heralded as a potential champion.

Baxter Calmes, colorful 180-pounder, made himself a good card in this locality by knocking out Russell Buelick and Walter Madey in his initial Chicago starts. Calmes hails from Wichita, Kansas, and Sutro Pearl is his manager.

Two local heavyweights are big pullers in Milwaukee. They are Paul Pantaleo and King Levinsky. Both have scored sensational knockout victories in Cream City arenas. Promoters Tom Andrews and Billy Mitchell were dickering for a Pantaleo-Levinsky match for the Wisconsin city fans.

Another former college football star has turned boxer. He is Russ Crane, University of Illinois light-heavyweight. As a starter in the professional ranks he defeated Joe Offringa, of Indianapolis at Peoria, Ill.

King Tut, the Minneapolis mauler who has posted a $2,500 forfeit with the Illinois athletic commission for a lightweight title match opposite Sammy Mandell, engaged Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle, N. Y., Negro, at Milwaukee in the first mixed bout held in Wisconsin since 1890. In two previous battles against Flowers Tut obtained a decision and a draw.

Ray Miller, the vicious left-hooker who still bills himself from Chicago, although he hasn't lived or fought here for some days, made an auspicious return here with a knockout victory over Eddie Koppy.

Bud Taylor's knockout of Paul Wangley, ex-Chicago featherweight, was the first kayo scored by the former bantam champ in several months. The Terre Haute (Ind.) buzz-saw showed he can still go with the best of 'em for previous to chilling Wangley, he journeyed to Detroit to knock down and defeat Bat Battalino, feather boss.

A Little of This and That—Two Chicago Tribune Golden Glove winners, Paul Leberto and Sammy Levine, made their professional debuts on the Fidel La Barba-Bud Taylor card at the Coliseum. . . . Johnny Coulon, at one time bantamweight king, is staging amateur boxing shows at the Midway Arena on the south side every week. . . . George Dorsey, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" does his writing during the night. . . . Eddie Geiger, Sports Editor, Chicago Evening American, asked the Illinois Athletic Commission, through his column, "Sports", to correct the evil of poor preliminary matches, because the matchmaker is compelled to use boys he does not need. . . . Nellie Revell, who Arthur Sheekman calls "the queen of press agents," was to be in the city as mouthpiece for Charlotte Greenwood's "Mebbe".

Primo Carnera is going into vaudeville, which is something Arthur (The Great) Shires didn't do. . . . Duke Alexander, cousin of the czar, is reported to be in Hollywood willing to tell a story to the screen people. . . . Teddy Hayes' sinus trouble seems to be in the stable. . . . Jack Kearns got rid of it not so long ago. . . . Lightweight Champion Sam Mandell, after vacationing in Florida, journeyed to Grand Rapids, Mich., for a ten-round non-title combat with Pee Wee Jarrell. . . . Earl Mastro, Mrs. Mastro and their several-months-old baby, Adrienne, toured the south and east in the Chicago featherweight contender's new Buick coupe.

WITH MONTREAL AMATEURS

The 1930 Provincial Amateur Boxing Championships climaxed the greatest year of simon pure fisticuffs ever recorded in the Province of Quebec, or to be exact, Montreal. The titular tournament also lived up to the standard of the year's events as a record entry of fifty-two of Canada's classiest amateur ringsters waged fistic warfare, at the Y. M. H. A. gym. Upsets were recorded in startling numbers and each of the nine classes had new champions elevated to the lofty thrones. Nearly half of the eighteen bouts on the final evening were contested over the extra round route which shows how close the bouts were.

Meet the worthy champions who survived through two hectic nights of leather barrages to earn their highly coveted honors. 108 lbs., Eddie Heathfield; 112 lbs., Harry Gerson; 118 lbs., Johnny Keller; 126 lbs., Paul Mecteau; 135 lbs., Willie Heathfield; 147 lbs., P. Landreville; 160 lbs., Carl Neilsen; 175 lbs. and Heavyweight, Jean Ratello. Defending champions were defeated in the finals of the 112, 147, and 160-pound classes, while the other divisions were open due to non-competing titleholders or jumps to heavier competitions.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

PUBLIC interest in the manly art of self-defense has been revived in "The Heart of the Commonwealth" by the opening of "New England's Outstanding Training Quarters"—The Worcester Sporting Club. It is the best up-to-date gym in the state.

At this writing the club has been in operation for three weeks and boasts of 109 members. Among them are Harry Devine, Johnny Drew, Lou Petrone, Johnny Yagjian, Vernon Cormier, Lou Brouillard, Ero Peterson, Billy Champany, Olli Koski, Jocko Hermans, Owen Travers, Joe Prescott, Tommy Sullivan, Jack Gagnon, Harvey Peete, Harry Alexanian, Johnny Villa, Jack Dudley, John Thompson, Billy Bruinsma, Charlie Ricardi, Gus Sonnenberg, Count Zarynoff and many others of repute.

The writer, who plans to be in Gotham soon, is to make a selection of books from THE RING library in order that members of the club may have authoritative information for ready reference.

Every book in THE RING library sets forth its purpose clearly, concisely and non-technically. It is because of these features that these books are unequalled. Your scribe is well acquainted with these publications and in stating the above, speaks from experience.

Simultaneously with the opening of the Worcester Sporting Club, Gus Sonnenberg and his manager, "Doc" Brown, opened up one of the finest schools of Physical Culture in the country, at Boston.

Two gymnasiums provide for handball, squash, basketball, badminton, golf, tennis, wrestling, boxing, weight lifting and fencing. Among the features in equipment is a vapor cabinet and an electric cabinet. Competent culturists are in charge of diathermy, baking, infra red and ultra violet rays.

Interest has been created by the Worcester County heavyweight elimination tournament being sponsored by the Worcester A. A. The first round found Jack Dudley, of local fame, pitted against Danny Regan, of Gardner prominence. Dudley gained the nod. In the other contest, Billy Bruinsma, "Ike" Dorgan's Worcester protege, outranged Johnny Dwyer, of Athol, to gain the verdict.

Vernon Cormier, Worcester featherweight champ, beat Jimmy Picardi, of Boston, in a return bout. Later in the month the sad news was received here of the death of Picardi after a short illness. He was a clean, good fighter and his death is mourned by his many admirers.

Cormier, who has defeated every bantam of note in New England, has entered the elimination tournament being held by the Boston Garden, under the direction of Alex MacLean. Cormier should come through with the bantam title if he can make weight.

Other Worcester glove-wielders who are in the running are Lou Brouillard, 147; Ero Peterson, 135; Johnny Villa, 126; Billy Bruinsma, 175; Charlie Ricardi, 135; Jack Dudley, 185; Jack Perry, 170, and several other lesser lights.

Johnny Yagjian, who recently left the amateur ranks, is going good as a pro. As an amateur Johnny dropped but two decisions in 63 fights. In his first three contests in the money ranks he defeated Pat James of Brown University, Tony Caprio of Providence and held Albion Holden, former national amateur champion, to a draw.

Harry Devine travelled to Boston and easily beat Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, at the Argonne A. A. Devine took the house by storm.

Arthur Duffy, of New York, is Devine's new manager.

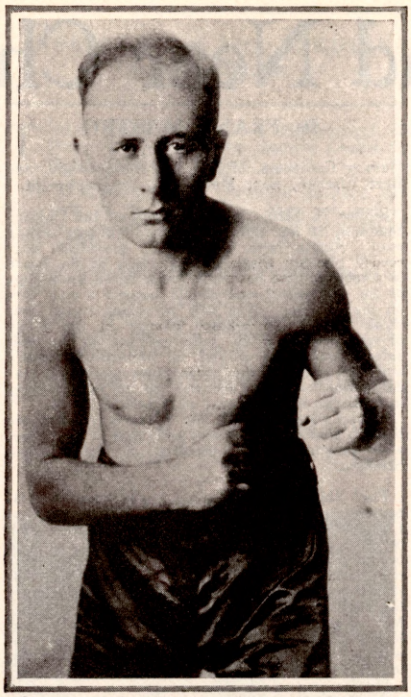
Jack Dudley easily defeated Italian Jack Herman, of New York, in a ten-rounder. Owen "Tuffy" Travers went six rounds with Lou Brouillard. Johnny Villa defeated Pete Lucci in ten rounds. Jack Perry finished Paul Zeramba of Boston in two cantos. Leo Ledoux eked out a very close decision over Lou Petrone in eight frames. Johnny Devens flattened Red Nelson, of Boston, in two braces.

Ero Peterson journeyed to Danielson where he beat Al Koziol in eight.

Tony Santello made a hit at Marieville by holding Sonny Suggs to an eight-round draw.

Francis Carter won the New England amateur lightweight championship at Boston. He was later defeated in the national tournament.

Any fighter seeking to become affiliated with the Worcester Sporting Club may receive the necessary information by addressing the writer at 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass. Also any information regarding activities in New England.



Young Montreal, a cagy veteran with years of experience and is still able to clash with the headliners

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP
By FRANKIE BREARD

THE American Legion of Old Town will promote boxing with Roy Cary and Rex Buzzell as matchmakers.

George Chabot, Montreal, beat Johnny Casper of Michigan, at Portland. Pete Lucci, Boston, lost to Young Lebrun, of Sherbrooke. Louis Nemis kayoed Paddy Mullins in one.

Ash Wing has put his boxing program on the "no fight—no pay" policy, and is "packing them in" at Bangor.

K. O. Stanley Ketchell, Bangor welter, won over Buck Potrin, Lewiston, in Eddie Cormier's first show in Bangor. Young Lazarious, Brooklyn, beat Ish Patterson, Bangor. Jerry Dupree, Bangor, conquered Babe Caron, Brownville, and Young Potrin, Lewiston, kayoed Eddie Mixer, Bangor.

The Dalton Midgets of Brewer are great favorites with local fans.

A record crowd saw Farmer Elvin kayoed by Johnny Bouchard in the first round of their return.

Yankee Brisco, of Manchester, N. H., outpointed Young Lebrun, Sherbrooke, Canada, at Lewiston. K. O. Labbe, Lewiston, beat Young Daniels. Augusta, and Gene Gernier, Lewiston, beat Chunky Owens, Portland heavy.

Maine has a rival for Primo Carnera in Pete Rogers, 269-pound Polish lumberjack, of Monson.

Ish Patterson and Eddie Gauvin drew at Bath. Jerry Dupree, Bangor, beat Kayo Chubbuck, of Newport.

Pat Cormier, of Old Town, handed Al Bouchard a sound drubbing and forced him to quit in the eighth round, at Bangor. Young Lindy, Bangor, halted Young Audet, Waterville, in the third. Speedy James, Waterville midget, beat Peanut Dubay.

Joe Zelinsky, Binghamton, N. Y., beat Harry Martone, Newark, N. J., at Portland, in 12. Jimmy McGonigal, Rumford, won over Frankie Baldi, Boston.

Wild Bill Fleming, a prominent middleweight a few years back, now manages one of the best stables in Maine.

Freddy Vose, of Marshfield, and Spot Ross, of Ellsworth, drew in six. K. O. Beal defeated Lovell Hall.

Marine Russell, former state heavyweight champion, is training for a comeback this summer.

By defeating Paul Junior at Lewiston, Ruby Levine earned the junior-lightweight championship of Maine. Bud Fisher kayoed Ted Lango in the third.

Roney Cont, Augusta welter, was awarded the newspaper decision over K. O. Stanley Ketchell, at Augusta. K. O. Labbe beat Little Jack Dempsey of Boston.

Charley Miller will promote bouts in the Moosehead region this summer with Tex Austin. Charley spent the winter in New York.

Alex MacLean, Boston Madison Square Garden matchmaker, announced a boxing tournament, open to all comers in New England, to decide the professional championship in each class.

Cyclone Violette, Old Town, knocked out Jack Young in 1; Just David in 5; Young McCoy in 4; and won over Wild Bill Deschone in 6; and Granger Elvin in 6.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

IN the best fight of the month, Lou Scozza, Buffalo light-heavy, won a thrilling ten rounder from Tiger Thomas, Williamsport. After being on the verge of a kayo in the fifth round, Scozza staged a rally and won the unanimous verdict of the officials.

In the semi-final Andy Mitchell, brother of Leo Mitchell, kayoed Georgie Saunders, Miners Mills light-heavy, in the second round.

Rex Petrolle, Pittston flyweight, won over Joe Dempsey, Buffalo, six rounds; Marty Horan, Avoca lightweight, won over Jimmy Thompson, six rounds; Joe Vichers, Hudson welterweight, shaded Jack Chip, Swoyerville; Mike Romanchik knocked out Ike Jacobs, one round.

At the Armory A. C., Jackie Britton, clever Pringle feather, spotting his opponent seven pounds, lost a fast bout to Al Jackson, Scranton, in ten rounds. Britton twice defeated Jackson at the featherweight limit in their previous bouts.

Frankie Cawley, Pittston light-heavy, sprung a big surprise by trouncing Leo Mitchell in ten rounds.

"Iron Mike" Kushwara hung up his thirty-fifth kayo when he beat Red Delp, Reading middleweight. Kushwara, who hails from Mahanoy City, is now under the management of Al Janetti, former well known promoter and referee.

Frankie Gallagher, East End welterweight, continued his winning streak by beating Jack Tillman at the Hazelton Legion A. C. In the semi-final Walter Levan, Wilkes-Barre, kayoed Dick Flain, Hazelton, in three rounds.

WITH THE AMATEURS
By HUGH A. CARR

Close to 1,000 fans witnessed the amateur bouts staged at the Sacred Heart Athletic Club, Luzerne. The results were as follows:

Nick Allapeck, Luzerne, 141, won over Jack Driscoll, 141, Askam; Walter Stook Plains, 129, defeated Stanley Bumba, Nanticoke, 130; Packey Hazinsky, Swoyerville, 154, kayoed Tony Kapensky, Nanticoke, 136; Frank Sabrana, Hilldale, 123, won over Eddie Pahalsky, Nanticoke, 125; George Minkle, Askam, 129, defeated George Gacha, Luzerne, 132; Jimmy Gallagher, Larksville, 136, won over Pat Barton, Plains, 137; Mickey Goobic, Hudson, 135, defeated Joe Labensky, Sugar Notch, 136; Marty Vance, Nanticoke, 124, outpointed Jack Sisko, Kingston, 121.

Other winners in the tournament were Jack Allen, Andy Sisko, Frank Nawdney, Mickey Guba, Adam Guyeski, Bill Buchnack, Tony Ostowski, Andy Vance, Tommy Shires, Mickey Newman and Joe Zelinsky.

Every available space was filled in the Nanticoke State Armory at the amateur show held there the past month. The winners were: Joe Farrell, Dan Albanese, Tony Gray, Carl Morris, Charley Skippalis, Joe Vuti, Oliver Perren, George Mikel, Joe Kaminski, Joe Sweeney, Billy James, Bernie Lasto, Eddie Paholsky.

More than 1,200 fans attended the semi-finals held by the American Legion at Pittston Armory. The winners were Eddie Puchalski, Frank Delregno, Tommy Kennedy, Matty Vance, Joe Reap, Frank Shebby, Glen Clisham, Stanley Vance, Bill Butscho.

Ken Hargraves, a good 130-pound lad, is now under the management of Doc Lancelot of New Kensington.

OREGON FLASHES
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

THE card sponsored by Promoter Gruman, featuring light-heavyweights Harry Dillon, of Winnipeg, Canada, and Young Firpo, of Burke, Idaho, was witnessed by the largest crowd of enthusiastic fans since the inauguration of Private Promoters' Licenses. Both boys are very popular here. Firpo won decision by a good margin. Dillon was floored twice in the fifth round.

Young Georgie Dixon, Portland Negro, won on a foul in the third from Cowboy Jack Wills, San Francisco middleweight. The fight was even when Wills accidentally hit Dixon with a low right. Dixon sank in extreme pain.

Eddie Volk, Portland ex-amateur, easily defeated Happy Chapman, Centralia featherweight, in four.

Lou Sauer and Jack Kentworth, both of Portland, drew in six.

A final count was tolled off for Frank Farmer, veteran light-heavyweight, who died in a bout with "Spark Plug" Boyd. This fatal bout took place in Tacoma, Washington.

Mysterious Billy Smith, world's ex-welterweight ruler who is residing in Portland, can be seen at the various local gyms giving the boys who train there worth while tips on boxing.

In the main event of Harry Hansen's card, Jack Silver, California ex-gob, won a close 10-round decision over Tom Morgan, Dublin. It was a re-match, the first bout being a draw.

Kewpie Riley, 132 lbs., Vancouver, won over Art Akers, 130 lbs., Salem, in six. Floyd Ambrose, 119, Salem, won on a foul over Abie "Perry" Israel, Portland favorite, in three. Joe Levy, former Portland matchmaker, has started promoting in Tucson, Arizona. Levy brought many stars to Portland.

Fred Lenhart, Spokane, finished George "Wyoming" Warner, Cheyenne light-heavyweight, in the sixth round of Harry Hansen's main event. Tom Morgan, Dublin light-heavyweight, technically kayoed Jack Baker, St. Paul, in the fourth.

Lou Sauer, Portland welterweight, kayoed Ted Geish, Tacoma, in four. Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles Mexican, decisioned Neil Kilbane, Tacoma, in six. Eddie Volk, Portland, beat Billy Jenkins, Portland, in four.

Primo Carnera knocked out Sam Baker in the first round at Portland under the auspices of George Moore. The bout took place in the Ice Coliseum instead of the Municipal Auditorium.

At Klamath Falls, Dave Jackson, 140 lbs., Arkansas, beat Billie Breedlove, Bend, Oregon.

Mickey Mitchell, Portland, lost on a decision to Grant Irish, logger from Camp 12, Siletz, at Toledo. At Baker, Brownie Buskirk, Pendleton, chilled Sailor Jimmy Ryan, Butte, in four.

Eddie Eddleman, Portland Indian lightweight, put the skids under Freddie Welch, Marshfield, in four, at Pendleton.

At Medford, Battling Slim Ryan, Bellingham, stopped Dixie LaMar, Oakland.

At Baker, Brownie Buskirk, Pendleton middleweight, kayoed Ted Freeman, heavyweight Negro of Sacramento, in two.

Lou Sauer, Portland, won from Ole Neishem, Marshfield, at Marshfield.

At Klamath Falls, Dave Jackson, Klamath Falls, won a ten-round nod over Del Allen, 150, LaGrande.

At Pendleton, Art Holmes, Walla Walla welterweight, stopped Jack Nash, Portland, in seven.

Jimmy Dolan, Los Angeles Mexican, chilled Freddie Welch, Marshfield middleweight, in two, at Baker.

At Hubbard, Jimmy Dolan decisioned Spud Murphy, Hubbard, in ten.

Boxing is booming in Oregon and should be at its highest this summer. Four competing matchmakers are chiefly responsible.

The writer can be reached at 596 East 60th St. No., Portland, Oregon. He would appreciate any autographed photographs from boxers. Also send me photos of your boys which I will send to THE RING for publication.

BAKER CLAIMS CROWN

Le Roy Dougan, claimant of the bantam title of the south, lost his crown to Buddy Baker of Reyno. Baker won six rounds, one went to Le Roy and the others were even. Baker floored Dougan in the third. With Dougan among Baker's victims, every good boy in Arkansas has now fallen before him. Dougan will soon leave for Philadelphia.

SAN FRANCISCO PUGILISTICA
By J. MALDONADO

THE best looking prospects in each division hereabouts are: Al Robinson, Mike Luizza and Vic Perry, flyweights; Joe Conde, Johnny O'Donnell and Bobby Mars, bantams; Tommy O'Connell, Ray Ravani and Sidney White, featherweights; Babe Marino, Charley Hernandez and Joe Noto, lightweights; Gilbert Attell, Kermit Thompson and Johnny Soria, welterweights; Joe Roche, Jack Connell and Lester Donati, middleweights; Grafield Johnson, Dusty Miller and Al Corbett, light-heavyweights; Les Kennedy, Max Baer and Leon Chevalier, heavyweights.

Babe Marino lost to Joe Noto on a foul in the fifth round at National Hall. Up to the time of the foul, Marino had a big edge.

Gilbert Attell and Kermit Thompson boxed six rounds to a draw.

Gilbert Attell and Sammy Goodrich fought ten rounds to a draw at Stockton.

Abie Israel defeated Young Pancho in a four-round bout. This marks Israel's nineteenth victory in California.

Moose J. Taussig has just returned from Honolulu, where his fast Jap, Kato Nakamura, lost his first fight, but scored a one-round K. O. in the second.

Keep your eye on Johnny Zoria, welterweight. He has the makings of a champion.

Johnny O'Donnell, Dolph Thomas' fighting Irish bantam, craves action.

Pablo Dano, Paddy Ryan's classy little flyweight, has just returned from the East. While there, Pablo lost two questionable decisions to Steve Rocco and defeated Johnny Sili, who recently defeated Rocco.

Lester Donati, middleweight, is coming to the top rapidly. Three fighters have passed away here in this neck of the woods and all three were youths. Dummy Mahan, the deaf mute from Texas, met his death when he jumped out of an airplane and the chute failed to open. Ray Beeney and Russell Wayne are the others who passed away.

Little Al Robinson is making a comeback after a layoff of six months. During this time he has built himself up to a full-fledged flyweight. Al challenges the best of the crop.

Matt Calo is still at it.

Paul Tauson has the makings of a good fighter.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By HAROLD T. BUCKLEY

JOHNNY FARR defeated Chico Cisneros easily in a fifteen-rounder here last month. Farr made a big hit with Crescent City fans.

Johnny Cook is the new Southern lightweight champion. Cook defeated Eddie "Kid" Wolfe in one of the best lightweight contests seen here in many years. Cook won over Ray Kiser and Milton Manguno in previous starts, scoring a quick kayo over the latter.

Big Boy Peterson and Al Fay, Jack Kearns' heavyweight find, fought a draw.

Martin Burke continues to give Crescent City fight fans bang-up boxing shows. The Peterson-Fay and Johnny Cook-Wolfe bouts were the best ever staged by Martin.

Pomp Romero is one of the best featherweight prospects in these parts. Romero hails from Argentina and has won his last ten fights. Should be amongst the headliners this year.

Charlie Rodriquez, popular Crescent City lightweight, is back in training.

Pal Moran, former lightweight star, is in vaudeville with his brother Vic. They have played the "sticks" and reports say their act went over big. Pal made a fortune but lost it gambling.

Joe Cook has taken over the management of his brother Johnny.

The Court House A. C., with Phil J. Gaffney as matchmaker, starts its weekly boxing shows the later part of this month. The club is situated in a good location and should do well.

Gaffney is well known in the boxing game as an honest fellow. With Martin Burke as matchmaker of the Garden A. C. and Gaffney with the Court House A. C., New Orleans has two real hustlers and should see some real high-class matches.

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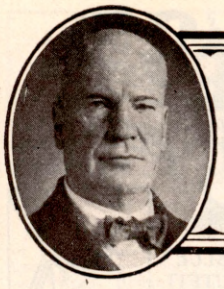

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

George N. Jardine, St. John City, N. B., Canada.

Q.—Was Bob Fitzsimmons the greatest fighter of all time? Did he weigh any more than 165 pounds at any time, trained to condition?

A.—Considering his weight, never more than 170, Fitzsimmons was one of the most remarkable pugilists of history.

Al Ruffo, Fordham, New York.

Q.—What nationality are these fighters: Midget Wolgast, Pal Silvers, Johnny Indrisano, Tony Herrera, Earl Mastro, Johnny Datto, Vincent Forgione, Kid Francis and Carl Duane.

A.—Wolgast, Italian-American; Silvers, Hebrew-American; Indrisano, Italian-American; Herrera, Mexican; Mastro, Italian-American; Datto, Filipino; Forgione, Italian-American; Francis, Italian; Duane, Italian-American.

Russell Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—I want to start in the amateur game. Where can I get started in my city.

A.—Joint the nearest A. A. U. Club.

A Reader, Porto Rico.

Q.—Can an Athletic Commissioner enter the ring and stop a bout at the time the referee is announcing the seconds to the boxer on the floor?

A.—Not under Commission rule in U. S. or Canada. Porto Rican rules may differ in that respect.

Q.—Is "no decision" a correct decision of the referee in the case outlined above?

A.—No. "No decision" means that decisions are not permitted by law. A knockout or foul ends the contest.

Wm. S. Irvine, Quebec, Canada.

Q.—What are the measurements of K. O. Phil Kaplan, Ace Hudkins and Mickey Walker?

A.—Kaplan, 5 ft. 9½ in.; 160 lbs. Walker, 5 ft. 7 in., 160 lbs. Hudkins, 5 ft. 8 in., 155 lbs.

F. Miller, Waverly, Iowa.

Q.—Why was the pivot blow outlawed?

A.—Because it was a dangerous blow and difficult to avoid. It was outlawed after George La Blanche knocked out Nonpariel Jack Dempsey with a pivot in the 32d round, at time La Blanche was a beaten man.

Q.—What was the Peter Jackson shift?

A.—A shift in boxing consists of feinting with one hand to induce opponent to raise or lower guard, and then shooting the other hand to the unguarded spot.

Q.—What were the records of Corbett, McGovern, Herrera?

A.—Young Corbett (William Rothwell) good boxer, hard hitter; McGovern unbeatable bantam, terrific hitter; Herrera, very hard hitter, not good boxer.

John Alcocer, San Lorenzo, Cal.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, and weigh 130 pounds. What will my height and weight be at 25? Can I hope to be a heavyweight? Would training at 15 stunt my growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 11 in. and 180 lbs., heavyweight class. Not if you train rationally. Get a copy of "How to Train."

Edward J. Shieberl, Clarion, Pa.

Q.— Could I train by mail?

A.—Try "Training for Boxers," by Nat Fleischer, with foreward by Jack Dempsey. Send $1 to RING. Also if you want good instruction, subscribe to the Deforest, Martel, Liederman, O'Rourke and Strongfort courses. All are excellent and give fine instruction. Supplement these courses with Nat Fleischer's training book.

William Suter, Brooklyn.

Q.—Who are the leading men defeated by Kid Chocolate?

A.—Joe Scalfaro, Chick Suggs, Bushy Graham, Fidel La Barba, Al Singer, Ignacio Fernandez.

Mickey Stichko, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Q.—How many times did Stribling and Carnera fight? Results?

A.—Twice, once in Paris and once in London. Each won on a foul.

Bill Williams, Brooklyn.

Q.—I am 17 years of age, 5 ft. 2 in, and weight 115 pounds. What class am I in? How may I get my first fight?

A.—Bantam class. Go to the nearest gym and get a tryout.

Subscriber, Honolulu, T.H.

Q.—What was the height and weight of Pancho Villa? What is the height and weight of Frankie Genaro, Speedy Dado, Willie Davis and Izzy Schwartz?

A.—In the order named: 5 ft. 1 in., 110 lbs.; 5 ft. 1 in., 112 lbs.; 5 ft. 2 in., 112 lbs.; 5 ft. 2 in., 112 lbs.; 5 ft. 1 in., 110 lbs.

Douglas Travers, Frankford, Mo.

Q.—I weigh 85 lbs. and am 4 ft. 9 in. tall. What class will I be in when I attain my full growth?

A.—You fail to state your age. If you are 15, you should be a welter at 21.

Q.—Who was the greatest fighter of all time?

A.—As there is no basis for comparing modern fighters with those of early ages, your qestion cannot be answered. If you want the names of heavies who have distinguished themselves during the days of bare knuckles and glove contests: Heenan, Mace, Tom Hyer, Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Charlie Mitchell, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey were among the best.

Jack Ziccardi, Grove City, Pa.

Q.—What is the height of Emmet Rocco, Lou Scozza, Tuffy Griffiths, Battling Battalino and Earl Mastro?

A.—In the order named: 5 ft. 11 in.; 5 ft. 8½in.; 5 ft. 11 in.; 5 ft. 6 in.; 5 ft. 4 in.

Q.—What is the yearly subscription rate to the RING.

A.—Price $2.50 in U. S., Canada and possessions.

Q.—Place the following in the order as to their hitting ability: Griffiths, Sharkey, Stribling, Von Porat, Schmeling and Ruggirello.

A.—Sharkey, Schmeling, Griffiths, Van Porat, Stribling, Ruggirello.

Sam Cubitosi, Paterson, N. J.

Q.—What is Mandell's height? McLarnin's?

A.—Mandell, 5 ft. 6¾ in.; McLarnin, 5 ft. 5 in.

Q.—What is Mandell's nationality?

A.—Italian-American.

A Ring Fan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—What would be the result of a Singer-Bass contest?

A.—Close bout with Singer likely winner. Carnera stands 6 feet 6 inches and weighs 269 pounds.

N. Drudge, Nassau, N. P.

Q.—I am 21 years of age, 6 ft 1 in. tall, and weigh 161 pounds. Can I become a heavyweight boxer?

A.—You are a middleweight at present, but should develop into a heavy in a few years.

John Stromberg, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—How would you rank the following lightweights as to boxing ability? Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Charlie White, Leach Cross, Young Otto, Lew Tendler, Kid Lavigne. Also as to hard hitting?

A.—Boxing ability—Gans, Leonard, Tendler, White, Lavigne, Cross. Hitting ability—Gans, Leonard, White, Cross, Lavigne, Otto, Tendler.

Q.—Why is Mickey Walker not counted in the competition for Loughran's light heavy title?

A.—He seems to prefer to stick to his middleweight class.

Q.—How does Walker compare with Bob Fitzsimmons and Stanley Ketchel?

A.—No chance with Fitz nor with Ketchel.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weight 147 pounds, and 18 years of age. What will my measurements be at full growth?

A.—Probably 6 ft., 175 pounds.

Joe Angelo, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Would weak eyes and hernia interfere with a boxing career?

A.—Unwise to box under such conditions.

Thomas Burns, Renfrew, Ont.

Q.—I would like the record of Robert Fitzsimmons and also of Owen Moran.

A.—Send $1 to RING for Battles of Centuries, which will give you the desired information.

A Reader, Selah, Wis.

Q.—Where can I get a good manager?

A.—Write to Eddie Kane, Garrick Theatre Building, Chicago, Ill. Tell him of your bouts.

Tex Richard, School Commissioner

(*Continued from page 7*)

help. He seemed never too busy to give his attention to the school's affairs. His advice was always constructive.

But the Rawhide boom was short-lived. The few pockets of gold petered out so quickly that within a few months all our pupils had drifted away, the Northern was boarded up, Tex had gone back to Goldfield, and I had come on to the coast —and the Rawhide school board was but a memory.

I cannot let this opportunity, while recalling memories of Tex, go by without reciting two outstanding incidents which show him, the first an idealist, the second a humorist.

The first shows that his heart was always in the right place so far as the youngsters were concerned. The second shows him as a quiet practical joker.

One day I was watching the play at the faro table when a young girl came in to solicit contributions to some camp charity, after the manner and as I recall, in the garb of the Salvation Army lassies who used to pass the tambourine in the saloons of former days. She was the beauty of the camp—as bright, pretty and attractive a young girl of 13 or 14 as I have ever seen, and a great favorite with every one.

She was busily passing her cigar-box about the gambling tables and bar, and obtaining liberal contributions from all the players, when Tex suddenly came through the swinging doors and saw her. Instantly he had grasped her sharply by the arm and led her outside. Then he reached for his "jack" and dug out a twenty dollar gold piece—we had no paper money in those days—put it in the box, and said:

"Now don't you ever come in here again." Then he added, "And that means other saloons, too! I am going to see your father about this." And he proceeded to do that very thing at once.

Then there was the time when Elinor Glyn came to Rawhide to get some local color of a boom mining camp—and she got it. Sam Newhouse, the copper magnate from Salt Lake, had wired Tex that he was bringing Madame Glyn, whose "Three Weeks" was just then at the height of its fame, and her party, to Rawhide, as her ladyship was writing a "Western" and wanted background and atmosphere. He asked Tex to do his bit and stage the scene for the author.

I have never seen anything from her pen employing the material we furnished, but Tex, Nat Goodwin, and George Graham Rice had a lot of sport setting the stage properly for Elinor Glyn. The Rawhide Hotel, where the party stayed, was, like all such hurriedly-built affairs, just a wooden floor with three or four side boards, a tent-roof, and canvas partitions between all the rooms. It was nothing unusual, therefore, for the guest in one room to overhear all his neighbor had to say. Well, we put Elinor up in one room and for her benefit, without her knowledge, of course, we staged a murder in the adjoining room, an attack on a girl in the room on the other side of her, and a poker game, accompanied by much drinking, swearing, a 'stabbing', and finally a 'shooting', in the room across the passage, where all of the gold in the camp, and most of the firearms and razors, had been assembled, and the stakes were supposed to be in the thousands. From the camp's point of view, the affair was as great a success as one of Tex's championship "Battles of the Century," and poor Elinor Glynn took it all in. She was extremely frightened, got all the local color she sought and thought that what she had seen was a reality.

"There's Many a Slip"

(*Continued from page 41*)

round, Jack," he hissed, "I'll kill you!"

Dunstan stepped back a few inches—then suddenly lifted an uppercut which layed open about an inch of Maxie's lip. The gong sounded.

Exhausted and sullen, Max lay back in his corner. He felt better for a long pull from a bottle of champagne, but it looked a black world.

"Seconds out," buzzed the electric clock, and he glanced towards the Melbourne corner. Dunstan's hair was slicked back, and he looked fresh enough to step twenty more without raising a temperature.

Coming out? Sure he was coming out. And how!

Clang!

Posing for the crowd, Jack lifted himself from the swing seat. He gave the impression of being almost about to yawn. Boring affair. . . .

Maxie shuffled his feet in the resin and took four swift strides forward.

"You catch this one," he muttered, and shot a terrific right straight to Dunstan's jaw.

Jack's legs wobbled. He swayed drunkenly as if about to fall forward. Then, like a marionette, the guide string of which has suddenly snapped, he fell backward with his legs spread-eagled, and the back of his head hitting the ground with a sickening thud.

Somehow, the referee seemed to know that ten seconds counted was ten seconds wasted. He raised Maxie's right glove while ring helpers lifted that funny, awkward looking bundle from the ground, and hurried it off to the dressing room—thence to the hospital.

Two hours later, what had been Jack Dunstan, fighter, was removed to the City Morgue.

"Cerebral hemorrhage," the coroner called it. He exonerated Maxie, and the charge of manslaughter was withdrawn. . . .

The most unfortunate feature of this short short story is that it is true.

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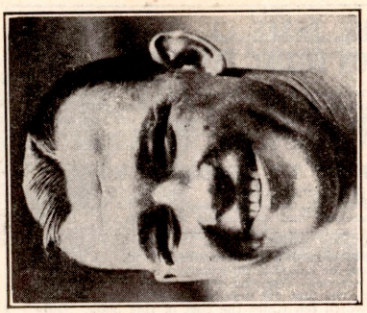

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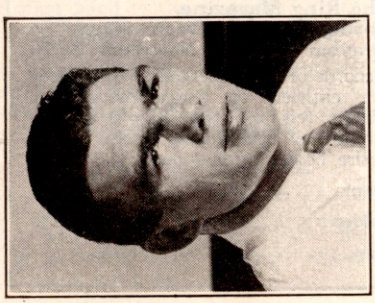

MONTREAL FISTIC NOTES
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ALEX MOORE, Canada's leading promoter for the last half dozen years, inaugurated his recent appointment as matchmaker for the Canadien Hockey Club with a classy card at the Forum and, after an absence of more than six years, the Gayety Theatre was the scene of boxing entertainment when the popular local impresario, Jimmie McKimmie, with Rosaire Delisle as his matchmaker, promoted some interesting bouts. These offerings were the boxing highlights for the month.

McKimmie informed the writer that he will run two shows a month at the Gayety throughout the season. There is little doubt but that the "Old Fox" intends to live up to his announcement providing sufficient enthusiasm is shown by the fans, and he will stick to his present method of developing local talent as well as carding good fighters from other cities. Moore is a matchmaker of the shrewd and effective type. Alex will stage his bouts at the Forum and the baseball stadium.

Al Foreman, whose hammering fists have listed over sixty knockouts, scored his third straight kayo in London rings when he stopped Tiger Len Smith in the ninth at Ilford Rink. The Canadian thunderbolt had previously flattened two tough oponents in short order at the Premierland A. C. and has made himself a great attraction in "deah ole Lunnon." Al is signed to fight Harry Brooks and Johnny Cuthbert. If Fred Webster recovers from a broken hand soon enough, he will have a fifteen round titular battle with the British lightweight champion.

Leo Kid Roy defended his Canadian featherweight championship against Sam Hackett, his youthful Toronto rival at the Forum. Hackett plied effective enough points to win, but the decision was against him.

Hackett had the Toronto lad down in the first round.

Pete Sanstol, blond Norwegian speedball who is a great favorite here, stopped the rugged sturdy Duluth bantam, Ollie Bartlett, in the eighth. Petey had Jack Britton, former world's welter king, in his corner.

Bobby Leitham again challenged Sanstol.

Alec Moore would do well to match these popular boys. Leitham is the best bantam in Canada. He proved this by beating Joe Villeneuve, under the titular weight limit, 118 pounds.

Roger Bernard, a French Canadian lad from Windsor, Ontario, who has been doing some good battling in and around Detroit, was also shown on this card. He beat Jackie Cohen, rugged New York feather in a ten round, spicy mill. In the eighth round, Cohen was floored for a nine count.

Johnny Rousseau, Jimmie McKimmie's lightheavy star, turned in a classy performance when he whipped a rugged Brooklyn fighter, Johnny Hogan. This six rounder was a hummer. Rousseau also outpointed Sig Hoiseth, local middleweight star, two weeks later at the Gayety Theater.

Art Roger, heavy hitting local feather, slugged his way to a merited six round victory over Tommy Lorenzo, New York. Harry Hill, mite English flyweight who once held the Canadian crown, won on a foul from Irish Timmy Butts, tough local mitt wielder. Timmy is coming along while Harry is slipping fast.

Harry Liebovitz, a great local flyweight prospect, punched too hard for the comfort of Lou Worthing, New York, and the latter was kayoed in the second. Ed Oullette, well-built but glass-chinned local feather, dynamited Bobby Griffiths, of Rutland, Vt., in three stanzas. Henri Legros, southpaw lightie, stepped too lively for the wild slugging K. O. Pelchat and won a six rounder. Art Gagne, a clever local speed merchant, shaded the aggressive Freddie Smith.

Battling Tracey is making good his claim as Middleweight Champion of Canada. Tracey has been making his headquarters in New York for some time and his mentor, Dan Hickey, who managed Paul Berlenbach, has been tossing him in with good middles and light-heavies with more than average success.

Jimmie Connolly, former Canadian bantam champ in the simon pure ranks, will be making his local debut at the Forum in the near future. This cyclonic performer turned pro over a year ago and turned in a string of victories in the New England States but has yet to get a shot in a local ring.

Lawson Bampton, your correspondent, would like to notify his readers and New York correspondents, through this column, of his change of address, effective May 1st. This humble writer will no longer be located at 279 Villeneuve St., but at *4838 Park Avenue*, Montreal, Canada. He will be as willing as ever to answer any queries as regards the game or certain boxers in Canada and urges those who have yet to be answered to write again to the new address.

IN EASTERN CANADA
By LAWSON BAMPTON

YOUNG LEBRUN, H. Rappaport's fast rising featherweight protege, continues to keep busy almost every week. He seems to be headed for a brilliant fistic career if he can maintain his present form. Wherever this colorful Sherbrooke lad unleashes his two-fisted style of milling, he is a tremendous hit with the fans and the promoters. Lebrun is a popular performer in Portland where he held his own in three terrific six-round tornadoes with Pete Lucci, one of New England's leading featherweight campaigners.

At Windsor, Quebec, Lebrun stopped Young Jackie Berg in five rounds. A week later, the Sherbrooke star drew with "Yankee" Jimmy Briscoe, of Manchester, N. H., at Lewiston, Maine. The writer recommends this popular fighter to all promoters. Alex. Moore, debonair little matchmaker of the Canadien Hockey Club, should bring Lebrum back to Montreal rings.

Sherbrooke has a coming flyweight star in their 105-pound midget battler, Kid Lapointe. After punching out a clever six-round win over "Flashy" Burns at St. Hyacinthe, Que., this "Pee Wee" ace was paired with Vic St. Amand in the feature ten spot two weeks later and came through with another clean-cut victory. Watch this lad. Two Montreal boys entertained at St. Hyacinthe during April with Tony Dillulo tacking the K. O. on Jack Kelly in five heats. This town is getting better fights than ever this year and the fans are turning out in numbers.

The Eastern Townships are making rapid strides in the mitt game with Sherbrooke showing the way. Bert Heathfield, slashing welter, and Rene Taillefer, shifty lightweight, are "hot" favorites in the hilly city. H. Rappaport is the leading impresario in the Eastern Townships. Among his boys are Young Lebrun, Kid Lapointe, and Rene Loubier, a colorful lightweight. For boxers of any weight, promoters would do well to get in touch with Rappaport at 8 Queen Street, Sherbrooke, Que.

HALIFAX JOTTINGS
By VERNER A. BOWER

GLACE BAY is the prominent boxing center of the Maritimes. Johnny Nemis and Louis Nemis are Nova Scotia stars.

Jack MacKenna of North Sydney, formerly a prominent boxer, has a training camp named the Buccaneer. He has the following fighters: Geo. Rahey, 160; L. Rahey, 135; Dace MacLeod, 118; Carl Adair, 115; Max Lovett, 147; R. Groves, 125; Sam Osborne, 155; Baker Wilkie, 125; Charlie Bonner, 130; mostly amateurs.

A bill is in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia to authorize the appointment of a Boxing Commission to control "pro" bouts for the Island of Cape Breton. Amateur bouts will be handled by the M. P. B. A. A. U. C.

Tiger Kelly of Ireland landed in Halifax for bouts. Kelly has an impressive number of European fights and in America has met Eddie Beaurivage, Young Tunney, Frankie Belanger, Young Lebrun, and others.

In the inter-collegiate championship matches between Dalhousie, Nova Scotia Tech, Kings, and St. Francis Xavier, staged at Halifax, Dalhousie teams won. Prominent boxers for the black and gold were Big Jim MacLeod, maritime amateur heavy champion; Dan Wallace, Dalhousie C. O. T. C., light heavy; and Fred Foresthall, bantam. Roy Chisholm refereed while Battalion Sergeant Major A. J. Hill announced.

Capt. James Cody of the Halifax Firefighter Club, has been staging weekly cards. Prominent among the fighters appearing at his show are Buck Jones, Kid Petrie, Jack Baker, Dick Hunt, and Bat Lawson.

The Olympic Athletic Club, a new club under the direction of Hooker Harris, will open shortly. The club has its own training quarters and its advent marks a new interest in boxing in Halifax. Including Dalhousie, Fire Fighters, Olympic, Crystals, St. Mary's, and others, Halifax now boasts a fine number of exponents of the fistic art.

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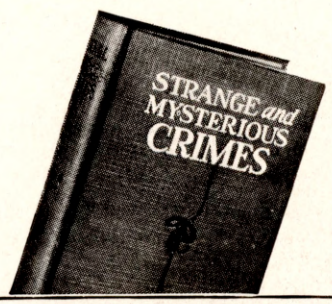

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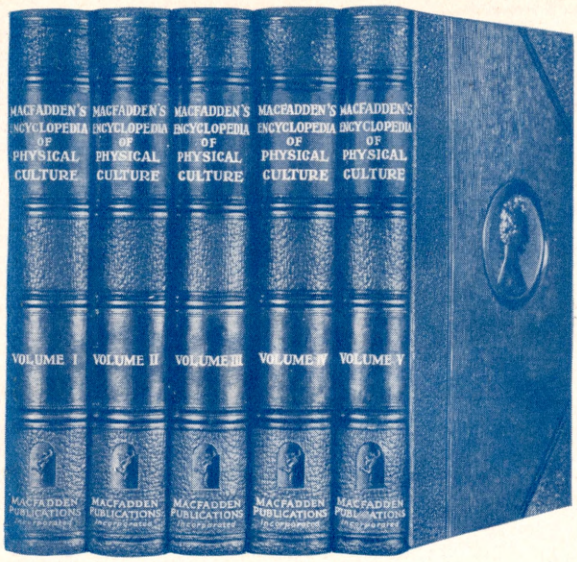

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recognize diseases by manifestations
build nervous energy
treat the common form of disease
understand the process of reproduction
benefit by laws of sex and marriage
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